

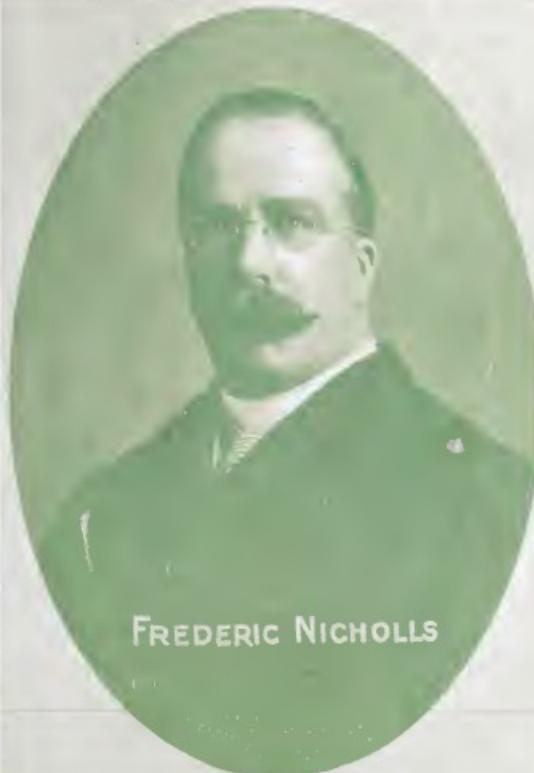
THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

THE CREAM OF THE WORLD'S MAGAZINES
REPRODUCED FOR BUSY PEOPLE.

Vol. XI. No. 5

MARCH, 1906

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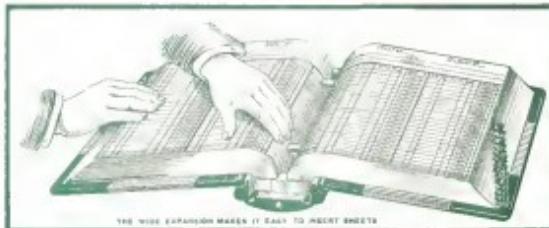
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THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

(Formerly "Business" and "The Business Magazine.")

Reproducing for Busy Men and Women the best
Articles from the Current Magazines of the World.

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Inside With the Publishers

WITH steady upward strides the circulation of *The Busy Man's Magazine*, we inadvertently omitted to mention that it was the November number we were noticing. A reader, who lives in New York City, glancing over the table of contents observed an article which interested him, "Some Stenographic Slips." He immediately wrote to us inquiring which issue of *Success Magazine* that appeared in, stating that he was most anxious to read the article.

This is a particular case. Had we said in our review that the article appeared in the November number of the *Success Magazine*, he would not have needed to write to us and we would have known nothing whatever about the matter. It follows that, because we always refer to the dates of magazines published, many readers must profit by the lists which we publish and secure copies of those numbers which contain articles that interest them.

* * *

The results are most gratifying. Every mail brings us in inquiries for sample copies of the magazine, in addition to subscriptions. In very few cases, indeed, does the sample copy fail to bring in its subscriber. Working along in this way we are laying a broad and deep foundation for a circulation never before known in Canada.

* * *

As an example of how our magazine is helping the sale of those periodicals whose contents are listed by us month by month, we need only refer to a case which recently came to our notice. Usually we are most particular to specify the issue of the contemporary, which we are reviewing, but in the November number,

in referring to the *Success Magazine*, we inadvertently omitted to mention that it was the November number we were noticing. A reader, who lives in New York City, glancing over the table of contents observed an article which interested him, "Some Stenographic Slips." He immediately wrote to us inquiring which issue of *Success Magazine* that appeared in, stating that he was most anxious to read the article.

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Opportunity

By the late Senator John J. Ingalls.

MASTER of human destinies am I!
Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait,
Cities and fields I walk: I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late
I knock unbidden, once, at every gate!
If feasting, rise; if sleeping, wake before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death. But those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury and woe,
Seek me in vain and ceaselessly implore;
I answer not, and I return—no more.

THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XI.

MARCH, 1906.

No. 5.

Frederic Nicholls, Power Promoter

BY AUGUSTUS BRIDLE.

Coming to Canada in 1884, when this country was an infantile Siberia, the man who is now General Manager of the Canadian General Electric Company, and the founder of many another important institution in this country, made his way here, taking with him funds from the savings of his country and studying its needs. Then at the critical moment he launched himself into the work of development, and to-day the results of his labors stand as a lasting monument to his name.

At Toronto Junction just at the edge of Toronto city limits, there is a large foundry, machine shop, locomotive works, structural steel works, and various other concerns. North and east from this plant, devoted to the iron industries of Canada, is a large colony of workers, many of whom have built their own homes in the suburb. The inhabitants of North Dovercourt, which is in itself a good-sized town, largely depend on the Canada Foundry Co. for work. Somewhere in that vicinity is an electric transformer, and from it run south and east the steel towers and copper wires of the Toronto-Niagara Power Co. At the other end of the line with its hundreds of miles of copper and its tons of steel, is the mammoth power plant of the Electrical Development Co. at the Canadian Niagara. At the foot of Bathurst street, in the City of Toronto, is the shipyard of the Canadian Shipbuilding Co., where just the other day a new steamship was launched to ply next Summer between

Toronto and Niagara. Nearly two thousand miles eastward are the works of the Dominion Iron & Steel Co. which have lately taken a new lease of life through a drastic reorganization policy.

And if you would find the one man to whom more than to anybody else these correlated industries, with their bridges and ships, locomotives and generators, electric transmission lines and electric railroads, blast furnaces and steel rail mills, owe their development—you must find him at 20 King Street East behind the sign "Canadian General Electric." There, if you are able to find a few moments when the organizer of this system is not immersed in work you may see one of the most aggressive and epoch-making Canadians that ever came out of England—Mr. Frederic Nicholls, conveniently known round those offices as the "G. M."

There is nothing spectacular about Mr. Nicholls. He is invariably neat in his attire, and well-groomed; customarily wears a small bouquet, and

"ways moves with the straight-ahead, and that bespeaks rapid energy. If he has anything to say he says it in terse, impetuous English. He greets the visitor in a most gentlemanly way; has no suspicion of posing, neither does he become confidential. For jokes in business hours he has no time. He sails into a subject with a fair wind and lands strong on the vital point. When he begins to talk of Canadian development and the industrial Canada of the twentieth century, you begin to realize that Frederic Nicholls has been in Canada just about one generation; that he knew this country when it was miles back in the woods, before there was any talk of nationalism north of the great lakes, and a few years before even the National Policy and the tall chimney got into the public imagination.

Not so very long ago, if a stranger wanted to get a working idea of what Canada was like, he pulled down a volume of poems by one or more of a crew of promising writers down at Ottawa, or read through an oration of some eminent divine down at Montreal. This was the academic and religious period in Canadian development. Most young countries have such a basis. The United States had it less than a century ago in New England. In those days the Channinges, the Emersons and the Longfellowes had the United States by the heart-strings. They are all dead now.

The great Republic may be worse or it may be better in consequence; but, if the United States had kept on producing poets and philosophers at the same ratio to population, Carnegie might have been a college president and Rockefeller a Baptist preacher.

And so in Canada we were bent on

turning out good verse, fine sermons and dry histories, peering through academic fog at our dubious destiny and shuddering at almost infinite geography. Political ideas were plentiful, and orators dignified the House of Commons. And if Canada had continued in the production of poets, politicians and preachers as the main order of business—well, it's quite likely Frederic Nicholls would have got a respectable business mediocrity and nothing more.

When the present general manager of the Canadian General Electric came to Canada in 1874 this country was an industrial Siberia. The harvest of the Reciprocity Treaty was all in and Canada was getting about as many flouts as Free Trade England is to-day. It was poor time for anybody looking for a snap to come to Canada. Frederic Nicholls was then a youth of eighteen. As a boy in London, he had been interested in electricity, and once upon a time amused himself making an arc light by means of a Bunsen battery, largely in order to play croquet with the new white light. This was the toy period in his development, following which he went to Stuttgart for a year or two in technical training. And at the close of his Stuttgart period he came across the sea.

This was in 1874. Mr. Nicholls went to Ottawa where he spent five years mainly looking round and learning the way of the country; incidentally getting familiar with a few public questions at the Capital. In 1879 he went to Toronto which, dull as it was, seemed to be a much livelier town than Ottawa except when Parliament was sitting. He was not long in Toronto before he became acting secretary of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association whenever Mr. A.

W. Wright, the secretary and present Conservative organizer, was absent. The C. M. A. was then a body with some history, having taken a leading part in developing the National Policy and founding "Tory Toronto."

Mr. Nicholls was a young Conservative. He liked the temper of the association and he had already begun to make a hobby of the tariff on which in later years he became an expert authority. Because of his fiscal enthusiasm, Mr. Nicholls got the secretaryship of the association in 1882. He was beginning to gain, and little did any of his confreres dream what a gift this same young Englishman would strike before the close of the century. There were a few who said Nicholls would be sure to enter public life, for he had such an appetite for the tariff. And in those days he could have easily got a constituency as a lieutenant of John A. Macdonald.

Mr. Nicholls entered public life by another route. He joined the great army of un-elected parliamentarians and became an editor. In January, 1882, he bought a paper published in Ottawa and called the *Industrial World*. This paper he brought to Toronto and set up in business with it at 6 Wellington street west. The name didn't suit him because it was too general. Wanting something more national, he called it the *Canadian Manufacturer*. This paper he made the organ of the Manufacturers' Association, of which he remained secretary till the year 1890. So that he was the first editor in Canada to make a business of advocating a protective tariff.

This was the time during which Mr. Nicholls made a special study of economic conditions in Canada. The theme was a novelty. It fascinated

him. The fiscal revolution in Canada began to seem as epochal in its day as Free Trade and Cobdenism had been a generation previous in England. Frederic Nicholls needed no tutor. He plunged into tariff problems very deep. As editor of the *Manufacturer* he became perhaps the best practical authority in Canada on the tariff. In 1887 the *Manufacturer* contained a number of interesting cartoons. They were all of Mr. Nicholls' invention and most of them were devoted to lambasting the Commercial Unionists, particularly Ben Butterworth, who moved the Commercial Union proposal in the United States Congress, and Ernest Wiman, his lieutenant. All through that sentimental era between '86 and '91, when the N. P. seemed too slow for a lot of people who thought they preferred the Stars and Stripes to the Union Jack, Mr. Nicholls' strenuous organs waved the red rag of independence.

In those days trade papers had a hard row to hoe. Trade was small and manufacturers infantile. Advertisers were not clamoring for full-page spaces. It fell to Mr. Nicholls' lot to educate some of them along that line. He knew that merely being an organ of protection would not pay rent, cost of paper and wages of printers. The *Manufacturer* was not able to afford a staff of experts. Even after Mr. Nicholls was relieved of the editorial end he still contended the economic backbone of the paper. Having studied the theory of tariffs he had a fine chance to bump up against the men who needed the tariff in their business. He was his own advertising solicitor, subscription canvasser, business manager and editor. One week out of the two each issue he devoted to getting copy ready, readied

ing proofs and attending to "make-up." The other one he devoted to hustling out on the railroads after subscriptions and soliciting advertisements.

Some time during his early years on the Manufacturer, Mr. Nicholls became Canadian agent for the Thompson-Houston Electrical Co., an American firm just beginning to get its tentacles on Canada. He combined the selling of electrical supplies with his duties as publisher—for by this time he was able to afford help on the editorial end. The present proprietor of this paper and Mr. Nicholls' successor in the secretaryship of the C.M.A., took the editorial work.

In spite of all his experience in hustling up against the public he was very shy. Once when soliciting business for his firm, he met the representative of another local trade paper.

"Well," said the other, "how do you like this kind of business anyway?"

"Like it!" echoed Mr. Nicholls. "Do you see that office down at the corner? Well, before I got my courage screwed up high enough to go in and ask the head of that firm for business, I had to walk three times around the block."

To this day Frederic Nicholls is proverbially retiring when it comes to newspaper publicity. He rarely or never appeared in public, and so far as is known was never a stump politician. His early reluctance, however, to thrashing the claims of his business on the notice of other people he has pretty well overcome. If he had not, there might have been no Canada Foundry and no Canadian General Electric to-day. There are hundreds, perhaps thou-

sands, of commercial travelers, advertising solicitors and subscription canvassers in Canada to-day who have had the "three-times-around-the-block" feeling on their first trip out over the route. The chances are that many of these shrinking men develop into the very best material on the road. The young man who is so cocksure at his first "Good morning" to a prospective customer that he is able to hand out pointers how to run the business, is liable to reach a few bumps before he goes the round again. The man who has to tramp out of his nervous system the horrible shyness that gives him the three-times-round-the-block feeling is likely to be a rattling good man when he gets the feeling out of his system.

It was in 1886 that Mr. Nicholls put another spoke in his wheel. He went into the machinery business. In conjunction with Mr. Howland he opened what was known as the "Permanent Exhibition," down on Front street, opposite the Queen's Hotel.

It was in that year that the first electric car was ever run in Canada and, so far as is known, either the first or the second in America. That was the trolley which at the Industrial Exhibition of 1886 ran across the exhibition grounds, starting at Dufferin avenue and ending at Stinch-
an avenue on the east.

In his office on Front street Mr. Nicholls thought out good many things on that line. He was in the midst of wheels. This "Permanent Exhibition" was the first thing of its kind in Canada; the first time that any one firm undertook to act as selling agents in one office and show-rooms for a large number of Canadian manufacturers. There had now been eight years of National Policy, most of which had been devoted to getting

protectionism grafted on to the country's growth. This aggregation of Canadian manufacturers, presided over by Mr. Frederic Nicholls, was one of the National Policy's first fruits.

One year before the close of that Exhibition—1890—Mr. Nicholls retired from the desk of the C.M.A. There were other possibilities looming up, and he decided to get in on the ground floor. The late '80's were the years during which electricity got hold of the American continent as light, and in the '90's as motive power. Back in the early '80's, however, are lighting had come into vogue; a few lamps here and there as far back as 1884, but not enough to constitute a system.

This was the public curiosity stage of the electrical development era, when an arc light sputtering and swinging on a street corner or in a store door was as much the subject of speculation as the automobile was to the farmer four years ago. And as yet people generally had not begun to swear at trolleys, strap-holders were unknown, and most people calculated that electric cars were about five miles an hour too swift for their nerves.

All this electrical development was profoundly and particularly interesting to Frederic Nicholls. The School of Practical Science in those days was a sort of experimental side-show to the University; while some aesthetic people regarded as a red-brick eyesore in front of the ancient Norman pile in Queen's Park. Its students were few. There were more students in one year of Arts than in all the years of the S.P.S. multiplied by two. And electricity as a form of commercial power had not yet

been heavily exploited on the current.

But Frederic Nicholls had the kind of brain that doesn't wait for a college lecture. He knew enough about electricity to believe that it was a revolutionizing power as great in the closing decades of the nineteenth century as steam had been in the days of James Watt.

It was in 1888 that Mr. Nicholls became interested in electricity from a national standpoint. In that year he organized a syndicate for the purpose of investigating, somewhat after the manner of a Royal Commission, the possibilities of electrical development in Canada. This syndicate consisted of ten men, each of whom subscribed \$1,000 to a central fund for the purpose. One of the results of this enterprise was the organization of the Toronto Incandescent Light Co. The utility of the arc lamp had its limitations. It was easily seen that to make electricity a commercial and economic success for lighting purposes some more elastic method of distribution must be secured. The incandescent system was the result, and the Toronto Incandescent Co. was the first organization to exploit this system in Canada. This Ternbury street station was built in 1888 with a small equipment consisting of a couple of small engines and generators supplying a mere fraction of the service which, beginning in offices and stores, has since ramified into homes, schools, churches, halls and street cars.

The next year Mr. Nicholls took another step, following out a developmental idea and keeping in mind the central principle of consolidation. He saw that it would be an economic advantage for a company dealing in electricity to undertake its own eco-

structural works. For this purpose the Toronto Construction and Electrical Supply Co. was formed with Mr. Nicholls at the head. This company laid the first underground system of wires ever laid in Canada. They hauled their wires under the streets while the "knockers" stood around and told them they were hurrying their money. The underground system has since become an economic necessity.

By this time there were a number of American electrical companies beginning to exploit Canada. Chief among these was the Edison General Electric Co., which somewhere in the '90's built a plant at Peterboro'. Mr. Nicholls' company entered into decided active competition with the Edison Co. for possession of the Canadian field. The struggle was sharp and decisive—and what was a rare thing in those days, the Canadian company won out. In a short time the Edisons capitulated and sold their plant at Peterboro' to the Toronto Construction and Electrical Supply Co. And this merger was the nucleus of the present Canadian General Electric with its feelers all over Canada.

The progress of the new merger was rapid. The output from the Peterboro' plant the first year after its acquisition was under \$500,000. To-day, including the business of the Canada Foundry Co., the output is more than \$5,000,000, an increase in less than a decade of more than 1,000 per cent.

In 1891 Mr. Nicholls abandoned his Permanent Exhibition on Front street, which up to that time had been headquarters for all his electrical operations. In that year the Toronto Street Railway began to lay off its horses. The first trolley line

was run in Toronto in 1892, a few years before Mr. Wm. Mackenzie, who at that time owned not a mile of railway anywhere, became the new president of the company. As yet, however, Mr. Nicholls was not a director of the Street Railway Co., although he was identified with the Canadian Northern enterprise at its inception.

In 1893 Mr. Nicholls decided to retire from journalism. He had fought for a protective tariff; he had hoisted the Manufacturers' Association; he had lambasted Butterworth and Erastus Wiman; he had been vice-president of the old Toronto Press Club. In all this he had a distinctly national as well as personal aim.

Now, however, he began to see that his polemic days were about over. The foundation was laid. A bigger field lay before him; a field which seemed to possess boundless possibilities and called for an entire concentration of his energies on practical development. He sold his paper to its present owner and swung into the power field. In that field he was easily the most conspicuous figure. But his grasp of electrical problems was not confined to volts and amperes. There were plenty of men available for technicalities. Mr. Nicholls had other work. Once he had mastered the tariff. In half a generation the Canada of free trade and depression had passed into a land of factories and of power problems. Capital was being attracted to power investments. Canadian financiers were beginning to see that the money which makes wheels turn is developing the country; that transportation problems were no longer confined to the steam locomotive, and that factory motive power was not summed up in the steam engine.

In 1891 Mr. Nicholls abandoned his Permanent Exhibition on Front street, which up to that time had been headquarters for all his electrical operations. In that year the Toronto Street Railway began to lay off its horses. The first trolley line

In short, it became evident that the transmission of power contained possibilities almost as great as the generation of power. The central station idea was born—the principle that once having got a plant for the generation of power, it pays to run it with a constant and as far as possible a full load. In fact, there was a strictly commercial side to this technical problem. But between the technician's machinery and the financier's check-book is sometimes a big gap. This gap Mr. Nicholls, with his practical and commercial knowledge of power problems, was able to fill. He was no longer the hesitant young man who walked three times round a block before tackling a customer. He became a promoter of power problems. By his clear-headed grasp of the power situation and his perspicacity in seizing on the salient points, he won the confidence of a group of capitalists who were practically waiting for a man of that stamp to arrive.

But there was yet another side and a greater possibility. Mr. Nicholls had not forgotten his earlier acquaintances with machinery. He was not merely absorbed in an electrical fad. He was not confined to the generation and transmission of power. The other member of the industrial trinity, the application of power, was quite as important. Get these three into a working partnership with a strong backing of capital and there was a chance to organize the greatest aggregation of power enterprises ever known in Canada.

That project was brought to a head in the organization of the Canada Foundry Co., of which Mr. Nicholls is the general manager and the leading motive power. In 1900 the nucleus of this mammoth organization was developed when the St. Lawrence

Foundry Co. with works in Toronto was bought, becoming the property of the Canada Foundry Co., which as yet had not begun to build its present big plant at Toronto Junction.

In 1901, still following up the merger organization, the Canada Foundry acquired the Diamond Machine and Sewer Co. and the Toronto Ornamental Iron and Fence Co., manufacturing finishing iron and all kinds of fence wire. The following year saw the absorption of the Northway Pump Co. In 1903 the present mammoth works of the Canada Foundry Co. were built at Toronto Junction.

By this time Frederic Nicholls was the leading industrial figure in Canada. In less than ten years since he had quit the publishing business he had climbed to what in some men's experience would have been a dizzy height. But there was no dizziness about Mr. Nicholls. There were other horizons to clutch, other organizations to prosecute, more consolidations to effect. He was in a world of big potential problems; a marvelous fascinating world of more practical interest than the ploughings of Wall Street. Still under fifty, this man, who in the reciprocity era had come to Canada an unknown youth, had become the central figure in the vast aggregation of allied interests which stands midway between production and transportation. The country was rapidly forging ahead. In spite of political theories the epoch of Liberalism, coupled with a protective tariff, had pushed Canada on to the high road of industrial prosperity. In the big co-operation of interests that formed the Canadian General Electric and the Canada Foundry Co. there were political figures of both stripes; but they all believed in a

protective tariff because it had brought the tall chimneys and the industrial wheels.

So rapidly did one enterprise after another develop in this aggressive capitalistic and industrial ring that it is scarcely possible to observe any chronology. The same year came to witness a whole group of developments. It is even now necessary to revert a few years in order to catch up with the procession.

A fresh power had come into the field. It was hydraulics, the oldest power in Canada except wind and yet, wedded to electricity, the newest and to some minds the most economic. The water powers of Canada got into the public imagination. Niagara became the focus. The Electrical Development Co. came as a result. When it did the central plain figure was once more Frederic Nicholls; the man to whom instinctively capital turned whenever it needed direction into profitable channels. It became the fashion whenever a man with a new industrial idea came to look for field to work in Canada to tell him, "Well, you go and talk to Frederic Nicholls. If he says that project is a possibility in this country you can reckon it will go. He knows the industrial end far better than any of the financial men."

So it was that when Americans began to grab Niagara it was counted time for Canadians to be on hand. If there was to be an industrial Niagara it must be international. Canada must have its share. This is not saying just where electrical development companies ought to get off in the matter of harnessing the cataract; that will probably be settled by government. But to make Niagara effective in Canada, Canadian capital must be invested there

and Canadian enterprise turned in that direction. No man was so well able to pioneer this project as Frederic Nicholls. He had experience, knowledge and capital at his back. He was at the focus. The Canadian General Electric, already an empire of business interests, was ready to exploit its share of the new power and to sink into the enterprise capital, the loss of which would have ruined any private individual. The net result of this is the Electrical Development Co. with its hundred thousand horse power at the Falls.

Out of that again came the Toronto-Niagara Power Co. with its miles of copper wire and steel towers. From that also came Mr. Nicholls' connection with the Toronto and Hamilton Railway Co.; his presidency of the Niagara, St. Catharines and Toronto Railway Co.; his directorate on the London Electric Co. at the end of the commercial belt; his presidency of the Alhion Power Co., N.Y.; his presidency of the Electrical Transmission Co., Niagara, N.Y. He was already recognized by the United States as a dominant figure, a practical though somewhat paradoxical reward for the lambasting he had given American ideas about commercial union when he was editor of the Manufacturer.

And still there are other sides. With the railway development of Canada it was only logical that Mr. Nicholls should become actively identified. His connection with railroading is not merely dilettante or academic. Ten years ago he was associated with Mackenzie and Mann when they acquired the Lake Manitoba Railway and Canal Co. and began to build the Canadian Northern, of which road he is a director. His directorship on the Toronto Street

Railway came later, as also his vice-presidency of the Toronto and York Radial Railway Co. From the same quarter he got into the James Bay Railway, which is now the north and south line of the C.N.R. All told, Mr. Nicholls is an active member of twenty-eight boards of directors.

But merely sitting on boards is not Mr. Nicholls' limit. All the directorates of which he is a member are in a co-related group, and the thread that holds them in the group is Frederic Nicholls. For instance, cars must be made. It pays the organizer to be in on the ground floor of all the co-related interests. Mr. Nicholls is a director of the Imperial Rolling Stock Co., Ltd., and a director of the Canada Car Co. On the power end he has switched the Canada Foundry Co. into the manufacture of locomotives. Two years ago the first locomotive made in Toronto since 1853 was the first one of ten contracted for the C.P.R. The Canadian Northerns have since placed orders for a large number. The Grand Trunk has recently followed suit with several more. The locomotive building is now an integral part of the Canada Foundry Co. For though some people fancy that some sweet day bye and bye steam locomotives will be abolished, Mr. Nicholls understands that civilization can never get along without steam and the steam locomotive.

Again, on the construction end of the railroad game Mr. Nicholls has become a re-organizer through his well-known connection with the Dominion Iron and Steel Co. of Nova Scotia. Three years ago this eastern end of the railroad construction enterprise in Canada was in a languishing condition with a fair chance of obliteration. Again, there was no

man better able than Mr. Nicholls to infuse fresh energy into the concern. For three years he worked on this project tooth and nail in association with Mr. Plummer. The result is that to-day the Dominion Iron and Steel Co. is turning out 450 tons of steel rails a day.

Could there be anything more for one man to accomplish in the development of power and transportation interests in Canada? There was still a field into which prior to 1903 Mr. Nicholls had not directed his energies. It was shipbuilding on the lakes, which up to that year had been carried on in a haphazard way through lack of consolidation. In 1903 the Canada Foundry Co. bought the Bertram Shipbuilding Co. Mr. Nicholls had already been identified with the Niagara, St. Catharines and Toronto Navigation Co. Moreover, being for years a yachtsman he knew a few things about navigation not written in books. Now he is president of the Canadian Shipbuilding Co., from whose yards in a few days now a magnificent new lake liner will be launched for the Toronto-Niagara route, and at whose offices has just been closed a contract for a new 500-foot grain propeller for upper lakes traffic, the biggest boat ever turned out of a Canadian lake marine shipyard.

And there was yet more. Not many years ago—to double back again on this many-phased career—a small group of Canadian capitalists got interested in power and traction schemes in South America. This field had been neglected by the big American capitalists busy developing their own enormous fields. Mr. Nicholls in conjunction with a handful of Canadian financiers got busy in Rio Janeiro, which to-day is setting an

example to all America in civic enterprise. He is now vice-president of the Rio Janeiro Tramway Light and Power Co. as well as vice-president of the São Paulo Tramway Co., whose stocks have been bumping the ceiling the past year.

And so when you come to take breath and reckon it all up, what has this human dynamo accomplished? In a word, it may be summed up in this perhaps—that the small syndicate of ten men organized in 1888 to investigate the possibilities of electrical development in Canada has become a coterie of financiers controlling a vast system of co-related interests and a capitalization representing an aggregate of \$150,000,000. And the chief practical figure in this industrial empire is Frederic Nicholls. Trace up all his ramified aggressions into the industrial field and you find that they amount to a huge cycle of organizations all identified with the industrial development of the country in manufacturing, electricity and transportation. It all resolves itself back to the simple, strenuous days when Frederic Nicholls studied the tariff long before he saw to what tremendous results a protective tariff would lead. It is the case of a man with almost boundless energies and powers of concentration beginning with a fundamental problem and working it out into practical results; of a man having absolute faith in the possibilities of his country. Mr. Nicholls believes in Canada first. He also believes in himself. If he did not he might to-day have been a mediocrity.

As to the lighter side of Mr. Nicholls' character little has yet been said. As a sportsman he is known practically all over America through his yachting. Last year with

the "Tremendous" made him a yachting figure for the time being as conspicuous from a Canadian as Lipton is from a British standpoint. Mr. Nicholls did not learn yachting yesterday. Twenty-five years ago he navigated Lake Ontario in a blundering fourteen-foot lugger that would have given the cold creeps to a landlubber. He is now the foremost figure in the R.C.Y.C., has built another yacht for Lake Simcoe, and is building another cup challenger.

Some years ago, during a yacht race on the lake, Mr. Nicholls' yacht was heading through the western gap when she was run down by a lake steamer. Mr. Nicholls was unmercifully dumped into the gap. He picked himself up and swam ashore. "By Jove!" said an onlooker, "I don't know who that man is, but he's certainly a dead game sport."

Mr. Nicholls has followed the rod and the gun all over Canada. In one room at his home at the head of Homewood Avenue he has a collection of trophies all, with two or three exceptions, shot or booked by himself. These with pardonable enthusiasm he showed the writer the other evening.

"Mr. Nicholls," I said, thinking about the multifarious interests with which he has become identified, "when did you ever get time to sleep?"

He pointed to a camp photograph in which there was a collection of dead animals and one man sprawled out on his back.

"There," he said, laughing, "is the only time—so my friends say who took the picture—that any one ever caught me napping."

In his home life Mr. Nicholls is peculiarly happy. He has a fine

residence, one of the finest in Toronto. He has a huge conservatory in which any man might spend an hour every day of the year. Here he has rare orchids, cinerarias and palms. In every room in the big house he has his famous pictures, one of the finest collections in Toronto, his Turners, Gainsboroughs, Corots and scores of others. Frequently after the rest of the household have gone to bed he takes his habitual pipe and sits for an hour in front of a single picture. Several pianos in the house furnish him with plenty of music. He has a good collection of books, and he has read them all.

In club life Mr. Nicholls has made as many ramifications as he has in business. He is a member of every big club in Toronto except the Hunt Club. He loves a good cigar and a pipe. He enjoys travel, yachting and riding. He projects himself into a vast number of interests and surrounds himself with things in which he takes a vital interest. To see him on the street one might not take him for an extraordinary man. At close range and as a study he is a dynamo. Not yet fifty he is still in the prime of vigor and optimism. On the academic side he is a director of Bishop Ridley College and a member of the Board of Finance of Trinity University,

both of which connections he prizes very highly.

As to the Canada of 1878 Mr. Nicholls remembers well what it was and can picture its melancholy depression and its stagnation of trade. Asked as to what form Canadian expansion is likely to take in the near future he毫不犹豫地 replied—"Railways."

"Yes," he said, "we are on the eve of a great railway era. For years to come we shall build railways and keep industrial prosperity. After the abnormal era of expansion has passed we ought to keep our prosperity through the normal expansion in home trade which must inevitably follow settlement along the railways. Canada's great need to-day is population, not only agricultural but industrial. Unless we get the balance of both, the cost of production will go beyond where it is profitable to compete with outsiders. The cost for labor will more than offset the advantages of a protective tariff. Then we shall be a dumping ground for the United States. If we get industrial population to cope with our enormous gains in agricultural immigration, we shall be able to hold our own against the world. And," he added, energetically, "Canada ought to thank heaven for the Dingley Bill—for it made us commercially independent."



Marshall Field, Storekeeper

BY ARTHUR E. MCPARLANE IN SATURDAY EVENING POST

Names of late years have done more to glorify the country and the state than Marshall Field. The success which he attained stands as an encouragement to every young man. His uprightness is an object lesson to all. With unswerving fidelity to principle he lived a useful life and so death did them better fare.

MARSHALL FIELD, like so many of his kind, came of good, tough, Yankee-farmer stock. His father was reckoned a "hard driver"; but if he worked the lad at home, he gave him not only a common-school education, but also several years in the academy at Amherst. Then, when he was seventeen, he put him into the Pittsfield general store.

Deacon Davis, the keeper of that emporium, was a very short time in deciding that his new clerk "would not make a merchant in a thousand years." What young Field replied to that we do not know. He was always reticent enough. But he probably had his own thoughts. In any case, we find him staying with the Deacons until he was twenty-one. Then he drew his savings from the bank and took the big road for Chicago.

He used to say, later, that every man has two educations—one which he receives from others, and a second—more important—that he gives himself. We know little about those Pittsfield years; but we may take it for granted that before they were ended his second education had begun. For within four years after his arrival in Chicago he had reached business dignity as the junior partner in a big dry goods house, Cooley, Wadsworth & Co. And five years later we find him joining with two kindred spirits and launching forth independently.

It is significant that Marshall

Field's partners—and partners do not come by accident—were Levi Z. Leiter and Potter Palmer. If to these names we add that of Philip D. Armour, we have Chicago's "big four." And just in this connection, it is worth saying that a barrel of nonsense has been talked about the intuition with which these men early recognized the illimitable possibilities of Chicago. Illimitable possibilities are not shinily apparent in marshy land, and a shallow harbor, and a third-rate river to silt into it. They exist in human nerve and brain fibre. Metropolitan sites of unparalleled advantages are only less plentiful in America than boom-time real-estate offices. But when a group of men of a joint and several trading ability to stagger the antique Phoenicians decide to peg down their tent in a given locality, you might as well begin to lay out your county buildings opposite, and give your rod-and-transit men instructions to leave lots of room for parks; for you will soon be face to face with the dangers of overcrowding.

Palmer was the eldest; he was already a kind of Ulysses among the retail merchants of Chicago. To him we can trace the so-called "Field principles" of making a store a public utility and convenience, of selling with the privilege of exchange, and, in general, of giving something for nothing. Leiter supplied an energy which flagged neither by day nor by night. Field, for his part,

evinced three qualities sufficiently rare in the same person—a genius for organization, a yearning for new things, and an eternal caution in trying them. The trio threw from the beginning.

In 1867 Palmer's health began to worry him. He proposed to the two younger partners that they should buy him out. They were to pay him what they could in cash, and give him their notes for the balance. At this time Field, at least, was still sleeping above the store, which does not bespeak any superabundance of ready money. But he was as eager as Leiter to grasp the opportunity. Now, one of the erroneous ideas regarding the man which have received very general credence is that he never gave a note. In the case of this retirement of Palmer, along with Leiter he gave some very large ones; and those notes had a series of painful and humiliating renewals. But in experience they paid Field interest for the remainder of his life. He made it the first principle of his financial existence to give no more.

Having planted this shoot from the tree of wisdom, and beheld it already promising him no uncertain shade and shelter, with his partner's permission he proceeded to set forth a second sprout. And though, according to Field, it came from the same parent trunk as its predecessor, for a long time it looked to Leiter horribly like a cutting from the deadly upas. They were doing a wholesale as well as a retail trade; and, as a wholesaler, Leiter had often imagined to himself a business paradise in which he could do all his paying on long terms, and always he paid himself in cash. Field, against all the arguments of reason and human nature, reversed this. He and

his partner were to pay the cash, and their customers were to get the "time." But, mark it, it was not to be "long time." It was to be shorter time than any of the other Chicago wholesalers were offering them! Could any departure he better calculated for the alienation of trade? We must remember, too, that at that time the small storekeepers of the west were about as cheerfully haphazard in the matter of meeting paper as has ever been a matter of gloomy record in the commercial agencies. In the opinion of Field & Leiter's competitors, they needed encouragement. Field decided that he could best offer them encouragement by making his firm able, through its cash buying, to put them in goods at prices never listed before; and then to insist that a bargain was a bargain. Thence, in the course of things, failures ensued—which failures might otherwise have been staved off for a year or two. And after that an influence for good business methods—for prudence and forehandness and punctuality—began to make itself felt from the Mississippi to the Pacific. It extended itself with the extension of what was to be vastly the greatest business ever done upon this or any other continent. And it is the standing legacy of the mighty Chicago house to-day. Sometime a chapter of the country's commercial history will be written under the heading, "Sixty Days Net."

As for the reflex action of the departure upon the immediate fortunes of Field & Leiter, by 1870 they "were making an annual turnover" of \$8,000,000. And although in the great fire of the ensuing year, by the failure of certain insurance companies, they lost a clear million

which they should never have lost at all, theirs was the only Chicago dry goods company which had to ask for no extension of credit. So great an advantage, indeed, did this give them over all rivals that Field himself confessed that the fire might have been said to be a piece of great good fortune for them.

While the engines were still playing on the embers, they opened up in the old car-barns on the corner of Twentieth and State streets. They had—we have seen—always broken one of the "safe rules for trade" by doing both a wholesale and a retail business at the same time. Now the two were at any rate given separate housing. Upon the old State and Washington site went up that block-front structure which was to be for twenty years one of the Chicago landmarks. The wholesale business was given a block to expand in at Madison and Market. By 1875 the annual retail trade had grown to \$19,000,000—a figure surpassed only by A. T. Stewart's famous house in New York. In 1881, the year in which Leiter retired, a "turnover" of \$30,000,000 ended Stewart's pre-eminence forever. And the big Field "general staff" rejoiced like young lions who have not merely sought their prey, but have found it.

Yet the proper business of this paper is with underlying principles, and not in the glorification of the outward details which make them manifest. Nor must Leiter's value to the partnership be passed over too glibly, for he was steam-box, piston-rod and driving-wheel, all in one. But it was Field who gave the "power" its undreamed-of and measureless activities.

In the first place, what was his chosen power? It was that of abso-

lute honesty and fair dealing. On the surface this must seem the flattest of truisms. But is it? That type of storekeeping cleverness which, taking its standards from the thumblerigger, regards a customer as some one to be done, still survives most plentifully among us. Every town has its examples, and neither starvation nor bankruptcy can teach them anything. To my own knowledge, there is at least one very large and well-known store in New York where you may buy blankets for pure wool which turn out to be largely of very well-prepared cotton. One might, indeed, almost say that all stores divide into those believing that honesty pays and those believing it does not.

Whether Marshall Field made honesty his rule merely because it paid we shall be in a position to judge better later. For the present, a story told by Mayor Dunne may serve as some indication of how far the Field store came in the end to carry its rule of rules. He was buying an umbrella, and upon the end of the counter he noticed several under a reduced-price card. The saleswoman explained that they were damaged. The mayor picked up one which, in honesty, he had to inform her was not damaged at all. Oh, but it must be! And she went over it, stick, ribs and covering, until she found a tiny place which had been ripped and resewn. She pointed it out in triumph! It is a kind of triumph which, I venture to say, was signally uncommon in those good old days of non-advertising dignity, which, we are told to believe, possessed principles that our own pushful and aggressive days can never wot of. The principle that a clerk may misrepresent to a certain extent "for the good of the firm" is

hardly a modern one. Under the Field regime, the clerk who misrepresented once for the good of the firm, and was found out, never did it again—for the good of his own soul.

Now for some business tenets in the regular, but narrower, acceptance of the phrase. If Field paid cash, he saw, too, that he received his cash discounts. These discounts he deducted from his retail prices, and he considered that they must always give him one great advantage over his competitors. So they did, until his competitors began to go to school to him.

In the use of money he guided himself at all times by this sweeping assumption: Only that capital which is a man's in absolute freedom can be of any actual value to him. The most speciously attractive of opportunities could not induce Field to borrow. Fifteen million dollars' worth of Chicago real estate, while he possessed it, never knew a mortgage—and only those who went through the hard-time years with him can understand what that means. He never bought a share of stock on margin; he did not think he was a good-enough guesser. All short-cuts to wealth he regarded as so many runways over baited traps. Breathing the air of Chicago though he did, "he never put any trust in the future;" he at all times carried a huge reserve. We spoke earlier of his having planted certain shoots from the tree of wisdom. With those herewith added, he was in a few years possessed of a windbreak capable of standing up against a financial eveline. Many business men should really be window decorators. They never plant anything but pretty boxwood hedges.

Yet upon the attitude of his em-

ployees must the success of every owner of a great retail store ultimately depend. One of Field's employees tells us that two principles seemed here to govern—one was justice, the other was consideration. Marshall Field early instituted a kind of civil service of his own. Detailed records were kept not merely of the employee's sales, but of his or her deportment toward the public, his or her disposition, neatness in dress and person, general habits even. To each count certain marks were attached. Averages were cast at the end of the year, and upon these averages depended all promotions.

Thus the store became a kind of great training-school. No employee, however high his salary, was allowed to feel that the firm could not do without him. There were others constantly and zealously preparing themselves to take his place. No employee, too, could feel that his position could normally be a stationary one. "I don't want to do business if I can't progress," Field used to say; and he wanted those farther down the ladder to think in the same way about it. Moreover, there was always a final advancement into the firm itself; every man carried the field-marshall's baton in his knapsack. This meant, too, that a man could not only graduate from the staff with honors, but with much wealth, in the bargain. Merely in Chicago one might mention John G. and Lafayette McWilliams; H. J. Willing, Thomas Templeton, Harlow N. Highbotham, H. G. Setbridge, Robert M. Fair, and others—all of whom stepped forth worth from one to five millions. No man ever saved millions on a salary alone.

From the day when he joined for-

tunes with his first famous partners, there has often been comment upon how rarely Field's judgment failed him in the choice of a man. He read human motives and gauged the particular aptitudes of the individual almost clairvoyantly. He could both pick a good man and put that good man where he could do his best work. And, incidentally, that special wisdom which he had gathered from his experience as an employer he was in the habit of applying very hard-headedly to larger affairs. When asked why he opposed the municipal ownership of Chicago's street railways, he said he would believe in the city's capacity to maintain a good street-railway service when it could maintain a decent elevator service in the municipal buildings; Chicago had not yet merited promotion! Could Adam Smith himself have made the point with a more searching incisiveness?

He was always absolutely the master in his own house. When Mr. Higinbotham was offered the presidency of the Columbian Exposition, he had to wait till "the chief" returned from Germany and reluctantly gave him permission to accept. A great compliment had been paid to that State street training-school, but Marshall Field did not view it from that standpoint.

It has been remarked that a Field employee always says "we." Yet the man was never paternal in his manner. When he walked through the big store he rarely smiled and almost never praised. A portrait painter to whom he sat described his face as "cool and grey." He was taciturn and unapproachable. But by his two principles of justice and consideration he succeeded in surrounding himself with an atmos-

sphere of good will, and implanting in the thousands at his command that spirit of communal dignity and *esprit de corps* which alone can make a business, however many-millioned, truly great. When about an applicant for a position there was something just a trifle glib, or slick, or shifty, he had one formula of rejection: "I don't think he is just our kind." And, be assured, every business has its own "kind," to make or break it is the end.

In the meantime, from 1881 on, the names on Field's pay-sheets had been increasing at the astonishing rate of more than five hundred annually. The year 1905 saw his retail store giving employment to 5,000 men and women—a number equal to the entire wage-earning population of the Chicago that Field came to in 1856! One can follow his progress, too, in the very topography of the block in which he first established that retail store. Annex has shouldered extension, each lifting itself higher than its predecessor. Since 1891 the course of building has been almost uninterrupted. Five stories were not enough, nor seven, nor nine. The newest structure gazes down upon its forebear from an altitude of twelve. Indeed, the whole block now presents that craggy irregularity which to the foreigner looks so wilfully formless and ungainly—but which is in reality a great outward and visible index of the rapidity of the progress made. In the present year, the Field architect was instructed to bring the entire store up to the twelve-story level—"without, of course, in any way interfering with business!"

In 1887 the wholesale branch was housed in the great stone structure on Adams street. As for the buying

department, there is a study of commercial evolution in that alone. From the old custom of working through the commission houses, Marshall Field passed to sending his own travelers to Europe. Then he began to keep "travelers" in Europe all the time. Then he sent similar resident buyers to South America, Africa, India, China and Japan. And, following that, in Bradford, Manchester and Nottingham; in Calais, Paris and Lyons; in Flanes, St. Gall, Chemnitz and Annaberg; in Calcutta, Canton and Yokohama—in all these places did he set up factories of his own! If he could not bring the skilled native labor to Chicago, he would use it where it had its natural being. In any case no middleman should come between them! Only in the last few years did he feel that he had got his machine "really running!"

In the last current year his wholesale and retail branches together did a business of \$100,000,000. Since 1895 it has never been less than \$50,000,000. These great sums mean, even at moderate profits, great dividends. And if Field made others wealthy, he became vastly rich himself. At his death it is estimated that his holdings of real estate in Chicago alone amounted to \$57,000,000; no corporation in Cook county could show the like. His stores represent a value of \$25,000,000. He had \$17,000,000 in United States Steel; \$12,500,000 in the Pullman Palace Car Company (and it used to be said that George M. Pullman was only one of Field's head clerks); \$10,000,000 in St. Paul, and as much more in Baltimore and Ohio, Chicago and Northwestern, and other railroads; \$8,000,000 in bank stocks; \$5,000,000 in textile factories.

But these are only figures. And there are other men—whom the Republic does not delight to honor—who could show much greater. What else but the financially astounding has Field left behind him?

There is a great deal else. You may think at once of the million he gave to the Field Columbian Museum; of the half-million in land to the University of Chicago, of the unnumbered smaller sums to kindred works of help and education; and his will has added its own items to the list. I am not speaking of that kind of philanthropy, however, but of something which last year's business history has shown us we need much more. If you like that sort of thing, you may get yards of well-balanced rhetoric from smug chambers of commerce and reverend boards of directors testifying to "the sterling worth of the man," and "how greatly the world of finance will mourn his loss." The world of finance, as represented by these men, is a pompous, plump-hatted, grey side-whiskered, pall-bearing old hypocrite. I prefer to go for my testimonial to a source much less awe-inspiring. Marshall Field was not the richest man in the United States—but he paid the most taxes. In 1905 Cook county received more than \$500,000 from him. He never "dodged." "And," says that collecting officer whom I choose to bear witness in this brief biography, "I think he paid up just because he wanted to be fair and square with the people!" It is a reason almost to make us rub our eyes. So, too, it may also have been something higher than policy that made honesty his first principle in storekeeping.

His was hardly a happy life, as we understand such things. Or perhaps

it would be stating it more truly to say that he loved the battle of life more than he loved life itself. His final days may well serve as an illustration. When informed of the gravity of his state, he called William G. Besler, his personal counsel, to his bedside, and gave himself a few last hours of business. Then he bade farewell to his family and friends. And having thus cleared his decks he made a fight against his malady which his doctors would not have looked for in a man twenty years his junior.

He had contracted the disease playing golf; but golf was his sole active diversion. He led his strenuous life among the push-buttons. He earned little for society. He did not take advantage even of that which builds itself about men in the hours of trade. He did not invite intimacy; his associates never called him anything but "Mr. Field." He had, too, little of that culture which the work of his generation has thrown open to the generation to come. He did not read broadly. Though he traveled much and owned beautiful pictures, he seems to have regarded them merely as things for a tired man to rest his eyes upon. In the collections of fossils brought together in the museum he had established he confessed he could see "only old bones." The notable thing is that he was entirely honest about it.

And that honesty was something that gave him a power which no accumulation of money ever could give. Twice he was offered the Democratic nomination for vice-president. What other multi-millionaire is there in America whose name could for a moment be thought to add strength to a political ticket? "He was," said

a contemporary, "a rich man of whom no one spoke bitterly because of his riches. He had no red silk cushion on the top of his desk, but that desk was a pulpit of a sort we can use a great many more of at the present time."

Again, in the business world he inspired that confidence which in the last resort only honesty can inspire. When, a few weeks ago, the crisis in the affairs of the Walsh banks threatened Chicago with a general panic, he was called from his bed to advise with the clearing-house committee. Yet he was no hankster himself, and as a "financial expert" he did not qualify at all. In his whole career he had never carried through one of those "brilliant series of speculations" of which the papers tell us.

But what he did do was this—and the thing was done so quietly and resistlessly that we can hardly realize the completeness of its accomplishment: He was born to a commercial world that still maintained the old snobbish English tradition that the man who sold by wholesale of necessity belonged to a caste far above him who sold over the counter. Field's life-work broke down those crazy and moth-eaten barriers forever. Not only that. He did much more. He took that sneered-at retail counter, swept it clean of all the meanness and truckling which clung about it, and, by the power of honesty and fair dealing alone, lifted it into the dignity of the great professions.

An industrious Sunday supplement reporter, not satisfied with the commonly accepted sources of the Field millions, has hinted that he has inside information to show that Field also owned a great gold mine. Al-

though you may not find that gold mine in the Transvaal or California or the Klondike, you need not, therefore, doubt its existence. For an ex-

istence verily it has! Furthermore, it is a mine which, by an unwritten codicil in his will, he has left to all other business men whatsoever.

A Mayor and a Man

CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN.

By the special request of an anonymous reader of THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE, we reproduce from the Christian Guardian of recent date the following abridgment of a character sketch of Mark Fagan, mayor of Jersey City, which appeared in the January issue of McClure's Magazine. The figure of Mayor Fagan is one of the most remarkable and exemplary American portraits.

"What is it, Mr. Mayor, altruism or selflessness? Is it love for your neighbor or the fear of God that moves you?"

"He thought long and hard, and then he was 'afraid' it was the fear of God."

"What is your favorite book, Mr. Mayor?"

"The Imitation of Christ. Did you ever read it? I read a little in it, anywhere, every day."

The above is part of an actual conversation between a magazine writer and the mayor of a modern city. The interviewer was Lincoln Steffens, the well-known revealer of the secrets of graft and rascality in several of the cities of the United States, and the interviewed was Mark Fagan, the mayor of New Jersey, the greatest of its railway terminals, the stepping-off place for New York. Mr. Steffens writes it down in the pages of the January McClure's, writes it down with a glow and exhilaration that indicate how glad he is to have something better to tell of his country's vices than the horrible tales of corruption he has for the most part had to relate. And certainly the story is worth the telling, and worth the quoting, as an example of what a quiet,

conscientious, unshayable, unbribable man of Christian conviction and courage may do for a city in face of all the odds that political pull and commercial greed—just the same political pull and commercial greed that make us smart in some places nearer home—can bring to bear in order to frighten or frustrate him.

Mark Fagan was born a poor Irish boy thirty-six years ago in the very ward in which he now lives as mayor of his city. He began active life as a fatherless newsboy, and he fought for his corner. And he has been fighting for his corner ever since—and holding it. Waggon-boy, apprentice to a gilder, undertaker's assistant, these were the several steps of the ladder of honest and kindly work which gave him early the popularity and grip which launched him into political life in his twenties as a member of the board of freeholders of his ward. He was so straight that the hoses could do nothing with him, and would do nothing for him, or let him do anything worth while for the people he represented and was trying to serve, as he had promised while canvassing, "faithfully and honestly." But his popularity was undiminished, and in 1901 at the age of

thirty-two the ex-newsboy became mayor—the Republican mayor of a Democratic city—in the teeth of the "best citizens" and the "solid conservative business interests" of city and state alike.

Thenceforward the story has its humorous side—the story of the disgust and defeat and hamiliation of the "machines" and the bosses that vainly tried to run him, and its heroic side—the story of the calm, quiet simplicity of aim of the man of the people, for the city's, that is, for its people's, real advantage and elevation and comfort, and his invincible determination to steadfastly fight for the things he aimed at and against everything that opposed them. He was "impossible," of course, as a mayor from the very start, but he is mayor to-day, and mayor of a city that his unselfish and unfaltering principle and pluck have gone far to make the city he desired it to be. The vested interests were all against him. First it was the street cars, then it was the railroads, for both were undertaxed, and fought bitterly against the fair play and fair taxation that Fagan demanded. And it was against a combination of such forces, regular and irregular, that he put up his election for second term—going from house to house in his canvass, and promising no before to be "honest and true"—and won. Then, after a year of fighting and partial victory, he was again elected last Autumn. "I find myself at the opening of the campaign," he wrote in his appeal to the people, "confronted by a threefold opposition. First, that of the Democratic machine and its absolute boss; second, the scaredly concealed and treacherous opposition of a Revisionist party leader, whose demands on behalf of his corporate

clients I have refused to grant; third, the secret, but powerful, opposition of a combination of public service and railroad corporations, whose unjust corporate privileges are threatened by my re-election." * * * It is time to come out in the open, and have a square, stand-up fight against the Republican boss, the Democratic boss, and the trolley and railroad corporations which control them both. * * * It is time to fight the boss system itself, by which unscrupulous men set between the people and the public officials by control of the party machinery, betray the people, acquire riches for themselves, and attempt to drive out of public life all who will not take orders from the boss, and his real masters, the corporations." And so he has gone on from the hour of his first election to the present, erecting high schools, increasing the number of public schools, enlarging and improving old ones, building baths, establishing free dispensaries, opening parks, extending and improving parks already existing, improving the fire, street-cleaning, and health departments, and generally making the city a more beautiful and desirable place for its citizens to live in, dealing out even-handed justice to all, and insisting that justice shall be dealt out by all to the people whose servant he is.

What makes Mark Fagan the incorporeal honest and active worker for other people's rights that he is? Everybody believes in his honesty, even his bitterest enemies. And his courage is equally indisputable. What makes him pure and plucky? The fear of God, he told his interviewer.

"Well, what do you get out of serving others, Mr. Mayor? Try to tell me that, truly."

"He did try. 'I am getting to be a better man. You know I am a Catholic—'"

"Yes, and some people say the Catholics are against the public schools. Why have you done so much for them?"

"He was surprised. 'I am mayor of all the people, and the schools are good for the people.'

"Well, you were saying that you were a Catholic—'"

"Yes, and I go to confession every so often. I try to have less to confess each time, and I find that I have,

Gradually I am getting to be a better man. What I told you about baptizing men that were unfair to me shows. Some of them were very unfair; from baptizing them I've got so that I don't feel anything but sorry for them, that they can't understand how I'm trying to be right and just to everybody. Maybe some day I will be able to like them."

This is something more than religionism, whether Catholic or Protestant. It is applied Christianity. And it is what the world needs more of, and nowhere more than in its public men in politics and in civics.

Blackmail in Business

BY T. C. BRIDGES, IN GRAND MAGAZINE

Corruption in business is rampant everywhere and strikes to the very root of things. There is no one engaged in business who has not come into close touch with it. The buyer takes up the job, the selling price on the whole value, the booksman takes off from the retailer and the man never demands favor from the shopkeeper.

WHETHER from the ever-increasing keenness of modern competition or whether from a general lowering of the once strict tone of business morality, there is everywhere noticeable an immense and deplorable increase in bribery and blackmail. All who are directly interested in trade complain of it—wholesalers, retail shopkeepers, commercial travelers, shop assistants, and even customers. Yet no one seems to have the pluck to resist it, and the evil, like a snowball, grows as it rolls, making it year by year more difficult for anyone engaged in business to keep his bands clean.

Take first the case of the ordinary shopkeeper. Very naturally he wishes to buy his goods as cheaply as possible from the wholesale

houses. If he is in a small way of business and does his own buying, well and good. It is his own fault then if he does not make good gains. But it is impossible for the head of a large retail business with several departments and scores of assistants to spare the time necessary to inspect all samples and to purchase all the thousands of pounds' worth of different goods which pass through his shop in the course of a year. He is forced to employ two or, perhaps several, one for each separate department. Here is the commencement of trouble. His complaint is that wholesalers or their agents pay secret commissions to his buyers with the object of inducing them either to deal exclusively with one particular firm or to pay prices which the goods do not justify.

To take a case in point. Not long ago Mr. Justice Grantham had before him a suit in which a firm of cigarette dealers sued a wholesale tobacconist. The former had for fourteen years past been yearly purchasing some two thousand pounds' worth of cigarettes from the wholesale house, and their contention was that the latter had sold them the cigarettes at a higher price than that charged to other customers, and had used the difference in systematically bribing the men whom they—the plaintiffs—employed as buyers. They set the total amount of these bribes at £700, and claimed to recover that sum.

In the course of the proceedings the defendants openly admitted that they had given presents to the plaintiffs' buyers, but denied that any excessive price had been charged for the cigarettes. The jury found for the plaintiffs, but, on the ground that there had been no "fraudulent conspiracy between the defendant and the plaintiffs' servants," awarded only nominal damages.

These "presents," or bribes—for they are nothing else—from wholesalers to buyers usually take the form of a secret commission of about 5 per cent. upon all orders. Consider the temptation thus offered to a man working upon a salary of two to three hundred a year! Such a man will have the buying of from one to two thousand pounds' worth of goods every twelve months. Take it that he buys £1,500 worth. By accepting the proffered commission he adds £75 a year to his income, a sum which makes all the difference between comparative poverty and comfort, which will more than pay his rent or will educate his children. He calms his conscience with the re-

flection that his employer is not suffering, that the practice is universal, and that if he did not take the money someone else would. So it has gone on until bribery of this kind has become the rule, not the exception, and the wholesale house which refuses to bribe finds itself left behind in the race for trade.

Of late years the evil has grown to enormous proportions and is still increasing. Unhappily it is almost impossible to put a stop to it, it being to the interest of both parties concerned to keep all such transactions secret. The German wholesalers are known to be among the worst offenders. They spare no pains or expense to get upon the right side of the buyers. Not only do they pay heavy commissions, but they give presents besides. Their British agents never forget a birthday or a Christmas Day, and they make it their business to become thoroughly acquainted with other of the shop employees besides the buyers. The man who takes the buyer's place during his temporary absence or who is likely to succeed him is not forgotten. In a recent case which came to the writer's knowledge a deputy-buyer in a drapery business who gave a small order to a German house received, the following Christmas, a parcel of household linen of fine quality and of value far greater than the possible profit on his former order. A speculative investment, evidently, on the part of the astute foreigner in the hope of future favors.

The wedding of a buyer is, of course, a great occasion for present-giving. No house with which he has dealings omits to send something handsome. But other domestic events are not neglected, and not

infrequently his Summer holiday is paid for into the bargain.

It is inevitable that in course of time the conscience of a buyer who habitually accepts bribes must get blunted.

Justly or unjustly, Yorkshire has the unenviable reputation of being the most corrupt county in England, commercially speaking. The term "Yorkshire nobblings" is of old standing. It was a Yorkshireman who, some little time ago, received a sentence of six months' imprisonment for illegal practices of this kind. The man was buyer for, and, indeed, manager of, a branch of a large retail business on a salary of some £600 a year. The fact that he lived in a style which twice the money would hardly have supported aroused the suspicion of his employers. He was watched and arrested. At the trial it came out that he had adopted the system of dealing only with firms who would bribe him heavily, and had eventually accepted reduced quantities so as to make up the wholesaler's profits.

From facts such as these it certainly appears that retailers have good ground for complaint. The system is most damaging to them. Without direct personal supervision they can never be sure of the quality of the goods on their shelves, while they are perfectly well aware the commissions paid to their buyers must in the long run come out of their own pockets.

And yet the retail firms are by no means the only sufferers. It can be easily proved that the wholesale people have also good ground for complaint. Some three years ago the Drapers' Record drew attention to the begging letters sent by employees in drapers' shops to wholesale

houses, requesting subscriptions to their annual holiday excursion. A London daily paper, commenting upon these observations, remarked: "Where does the grievance come in? No manufacturer is bound to subscribe to these excursions if he does not wish to do so." In reply the Drapers' Record declared that the wholesalers had no option—that it is perfectly well known in the trade that behind these letters lie both the power and the will to be disagreeable if the request for a subscription is not acceded to. In case of a refusal the buyers will discover that they can get elsewhere the goods which they have, up to that time, purchased from the stingy firm. In the matter of Christmas presents the case is exactly similar. From the head counter-man to the office-boy each expects his or her Christmas box. The whole staff will, on occasion, combine against the house that refuses lavish blackmail.

It is, in fact, of blackmail pure and simple that the wholesale firms complain. They say that they cannot avoid giving these subscriptions, commissions, and presents, however much they may desire to put an end to a system so iniquitous. Such refusal, they aver, spells ruin. That their contention is not altogether groundless is proved by the fact that recently a northern firm of drysalters explained in the Bankruptcy Court that the main reason for their failure was the heavy commissions which they had been forced to pay to their customers in order to do business at all. The buyers of the dyeing firms with which they did business had, in fact, killed the goose with the golden eggs.

Nor is it only of the buyers that the wholesale people complain. They

declare that among the smaller tradesmen who manage their own business are to be found the worst of blood-suckers. Their methods of extracting money are many and some of them extremely ingenious. For instance, a letter was shown to the writer which a large wholesale drapery house received from a customer inquiring, in apparently the most innocent manner, about the decoration of his windows for Christmas—what article, in their opinion, should be given the most prominence. The writer was assured that the real meaning was that the special goods of the firm in question would not be displayed at all unless a special discount was given, a discount so heavy as to cut all profit from the order. This, it appears, is becoming a common practice, and is carried so far that in some cases the retailer expects to receive a quantity of Christmas goods for window decoration absolutely free.

Another grumble, and apparently a well-founded one, is that many retailers and their employees will absolutely refuse to show any proprietary article unless paid to do so. They may keep it, but it is hidden away on a back shelf, and upon the average customer something is palmed off "just as good." Special pay is expected for "pushing" such goods—that is, for giving them a prominent place and for displaying the advertisements connected with them. This practice holds good in almost every branch of trade, from salmon to soap and from pickles to periodicals.

A very usual but perhaps not altogether unjustifiable method of inducing small shopkeepers to push proprietary articles is for the owners of the latter to supply bill-heads and

account-books free to the shops in question.

But it is commercial travelers who can tell the most extraordinary tales of thinly veiled blackmailing. So greatly has the practice of demanding commissions upon all purchases increased that "buying the trade" has become a recognized expression amongst travelers for wholesale firms, and the cruel part of it is that in many cases the unlucky traveler has to pay out of his own pocket to secure business and keep up his returns.

The methods of some of these blackmailing gentry are quite wonderfully ingenious. One, an ironmonger, got himself appointed agent for an accident insurance company. Any new traveler who visited his shop was politely pressed to take out a policy. If he did not do so he never obtained an order. Another, a druggist, ran a money-lending business under an assumed name. It was practically impossible to obtain an order from this man without first borrowing a few pounds. The traveler was not pressed to repay the loan, but a very stiff interest was exacted, and so long as this was paid so long were orders forthcoming.

A common dodge of the small draper is to keep a special line of cheap, showy umbrellas. One of these is insidiously pressed upon the notice of the commercial visitor in search of business, and he is indirectly given to understand that he must purchase one for his own use before he can obtain an order for his firm. He is forced to pay fifteen or twenty shillings for an article that would be at five.

Many travelers for cloth manufacturers possess whole drawers full of

new suits of clothes which nothing but the sternest necessity would ever induce them to appear in in public. These have been made by small country tailors, who have insisted upon a quid pro quo before giving an order for cloth. While their cut and material are suited only to Hodge, the charge has in every case been that of Bond street.

A form of blackmail which is perhaps more familiar to the general public than those already mentioned is that exacted by servants who do purchasing for wealthy masters. That such should ask for and receive commission is hardly to be wondered at, and in France their right to a small percentage on marketing money is openly recognized. But in this country the secrecy of the practice leads to many and great abuses.

Housekeepers, butlers, and coachmen are the worst offenders. The money spent on food, wine, and horse-feed in a large establishment sometimes amounts to thousands of pounds in the course of a year, and in too many cases all this purchasing is delegated to servants, while the masters and mistresses pay the bills unquestioningly. Naturally there is much competition among tradesmen to obtain the custom of a wealthy family, and unscrupulous servants make the most of their opportunities. Some take a regular commission, others receive "Christmas presents." If the desired bribes are not forthcoming veiled threats in the shape of delicate hints about complaints are made. If these have no effect, the unlucky tradesman either loses his customer altogether or else there are long delays in the payment of accounts. The writer knows of one case in which a tradesman in a Berkshire town was prac-

tically ruined by a delay of no less than four years in the payment of the large accounts of a wealthy family. He afterwards found that this was the work of the major-domo, whom he had failed to propitiate in the usual way.

Wine merchants complain bitterly of extortionate demands by butlers in the way of commission, and, in order to save themselves, are driven to substitute inferior or doctored spirits and wines for those which the master has paid for and which he fondly imagines himself to be consuming.

As for the stables, the abuses which result from giving coachmen a free hand are notorious. In a case which came recently under the writer's notice it was found that the coachman and his family had actually been living for years upon the bribes extorted from the coach dealer. This coachman was employed by a wealthy old lady, who had been accustomed to allow the man complete control over all the expenses of her stables. She died and her nephew succeeded her. The coachman foolishly imagined that he could continue his old practices, but was brought up with round turn and barely escaped prosecution. In another case which was reported some time ago in a Lancashire paper the horse-keeper at a large livery stable was said to have found in the sacks of a trial consignment of feed ordered from a new firm a couple of hams and a fine Stilton cheese, presumably bribes to induce him to continue his patronage.

Matters seem to be worst in the drapery business, and probably the grocery comes next. But where all are so bad it is difficult to choose.

The attention of Parliament has been called to this great and widespread evil, but, as may be plainly seen, it is a subject which fairly bristles with difficulties, and the most ingenious legislation will be needed to cope with it. What must come first is a rise in the general tone of commercial morality. There

can be no real improvement until merchants, manufacturers, and tradesmen and their employees realize that bribing and taking bribes is not only morally wrong, but also bound in the long run to destroy Britain's commercial good name and to do irreparable harm to country and Empire.

The Fastest Railroad in the World

BY W. W. WHITELOCK IN SUCCESS MAGAZINE.

High speed is the goal towards which all builders of railroads and trains are aiming, and up to the present the Germans hold the record for speed. On the little military road, twenty-three miles in length, from Berlin to Zossen, experiments in electrically-driven trains have been conducted for several years past with the result that a speed of one hundred and thirty miles an hour has been attained.

FOR some time engineers have agreed that, with our present methods, the practical limit of speed with steam, both on land and water, has been reached. The problem, therefore, has been to devise new methods or to render practicable, in a high degree, some new power of propulsion, such as electricity, as a rival and successor of steam. The latter of these alternatives has proved the more easily solved, and, with the achievement of a speed of one hundred and thirty-one miles an hour on the military road, Berlin-Zossen, Germany, a little over a year ago, a new era in traffic may be said to have been ushered in. Were it otherwise, and were this achievement but an isolated example of phenomenal speed under ideal conditions, without practical application to existing problems, it would possess only the interest of the extraordinary. As a matter of fact, however, these speed trials in Germany possess the highest practical value, and may be said to have established the con-

ditions of further progress along this line. A normal speed of one hundred and twenty-five, or even of one hundred and fifty miles an hour, is no longer an idle dream, but has come within the realm of the immediately probable. Certain conditions, it is true, remain to be fulfilled, but to the present age, accustomed to the achievement of things almost impossible, the overcausing of difficulties of detail presents no serious problem. Certainly, to-day we are nearer a speed of one hundred and fifty miles an hour than the world of 1830 was to one of thirty miles an hour.

The conception of the speed trials on the Berlin-Zossen road is picturesque and interesting. It came about in a simple and informal manner, contrary to German custom. One day, in 1899, Geheimer Baurat Rathenau, general director, or, as we should say, president of the Allgemeine Elektricitäts-gesellschaft, and Director Schweiger, of the well-known firm of Siemens & Halske, were traveling together, and conver-

sation naturally turned upon the present limits of speed by steam and the availability of electricity as a substitute. Would it not be of value to institute a series of trials under ideal conditions for the sake of establishing the practicability of electricity as a motive power for long-distance hauling? The question was no sooner propounded than it was answered in the affirmative, and a short time thereafter the so-called Studiengesellschaft was called into existence for carrying out the experiment. This company was formed from members of the Allgemeine Elektricitäts-gesellschaft and of the firm of Siemens & Halske, and also, as regards the financial side, from representatives of the Deutsche Bank. Its sole purpose was scientific; namely, to conduct experiments with electrically driven cars, not to operate as a commercial money-making company. The attitude of the government toward the undertaking was actively beneficent, rendering it possible to conduct the experiments on the little military railroad connecting Berlin and Zossen. This road is thirty-three kilometers, or something over twenty miles, in length, and, save for a single unimportant curve, it is straight throughout its entire length and free of grade.

Until experience had shown the error, it was believed that the railroad, as it stood, would be serviceable for the series of experiments. But, although the road, as it was thought, was ready to hand, the problem of constructing the cars was unsolved. This, it will be readily perceived, was the chief difficulty—in fact, the only engineering problem of moment—the strengthening of the road presenting no new problem in mechanics. For the all-important

task of designing the cars, two engineers of eminence were selected and commissioned to finish plans along independent lines. One of these was Dr. Reichel, at that time connected with Siemens & Halske, but at present professor in the Charlottenberg Polytechnikum, and the other Oscar Lásche, a man only thirty-five years of age, but who already bears the title of "director" in the Allgemeine Elektricitäts-gesellschaft. Although working independently, the similarity of result, at least superficially, is apparent from a glance at the two cars. Each weighs ninety-three thousand kilograms and is driven by three electric currents of fourteen thousand volts each, and in each the conducting medium in the controller is water-strengthened by an addition of sodium. In this manner as ideal medium, neither too active nor too sluggish, has been obtained.

In 1901 the first experiments with the new cars were conducted, under the personal management of their designers, and at that time a maximum speed of one hundred and sixty kilometers, or approximately one hundred miles an hour, was obtained. At this point it was discovered that the roadbed and rails were too light to render a higher rate of speed safe, and the experiments were discontinued until the necessary steps could be taken for strengthening the road. This resulted in a practical cessation of the trials during 1902, which was devoted to rebuilding the road, the ties especially being increased in number and weight, and guard rails being laid throughout the entire length. The following summer the experiments were renewed, this time with brilliant success, a speed of one hundred and thirty-one miles an hour

being obtained. It is stated that a glass full of water, which was placed on a window ledge of the car during the trial, remained unspilled.

Little was done, during the year 1904, by the Studiengesellschaft, in the way of experiments, but this by no means indicates a permanent cessation of activity. In fact, it is but the pause before an extension of the experiments to the field of practical utility in connection with greater distances. The difficulty with which the company now finds itself confronted is no longer scientific, but financial: where are the funds to come from for the construction of an entirely new network of railroads throughout the country, since evidently, it will be impracticable to maintain a speed of one hundred and twenty-five or one hundred and fifty miles an hour on the present lines, in conjunction with freight traffic.

The solution of the difficulty will lie in the abandonment of the existing lines to local and freight traffic and the construction of a new series of lines for electrically propelled cars. That this is only a question of a short time is rendered doubly certain by considerations of military utility. In the event of a war with France, let us say, it is conceivable that the question of victory or defeat might be decided by the rapidity with which troops could be transported to the boundary. A military country, such as Germany, can allow no question of expense to interfere with its progress along military lines, and we may therefore look forward, during the present year, to a renewal of the endeavor to render high rates of speed not alone possible, but also practicable. A good working speed of a hundred miles and upward an hour will put a new meaning on life.

Life's Three Great Lessons

BY DR. WILLIAM OSLER.

A conscientious pursuit of Plato's ideal perfection may teach you the three great lessons of life. You may learn to consume your own smoke. The atmosphere is darkened by the murmurings and whimperings of men and women over the nonessentials, the trifles that are inevitably incident to the hurly-hurly of the day's routine. Things cannot always go your way. Learn to accept in silence the minor aggravations, cultivate the gift of taciturnity and consume your own smoke with an extra draught of hard work, so that those about you may not be annoyed with the dust and soot of your complaints. More than any other practitioner of medicine may illustrate the second great lesson: that we are here not to get all we can out of life for ourselves, but to try to make the lives of others happy. . . . Courage and cheerfulness will not only carry you over the rough places of life, but will enable you to bring comfort and help to the weakhearted, and will console you in the sad hours when, like Uncle Toby, you have "to whistle that you may not weep."

The Millionaire's Art Primer

BY DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS IN SATURDAY EVENING POST

In a cynical view, Mr. Phillips poker face at the rich Americans who invade Europe in search of trinkets and curios and are well known for their taste by the European art dealers. He dissects their motives and shows how their ignorance is played on by expert film-dealers

OF the \$400,000,000 — more rather than less—which the bankers assure us, American travelers spend in Europe every year, most of it between April and October—at least one-fourth, perhaps nearer one-half, goes to "despoil the Old World of its treasures of art and antiquity." And it is the American multi-millionaire and his wife and his daughters, who do most of this stripping of Europe to make America splendid. Almost every American who goes abroad does a little of it, brings back something musty and fusty and frumpy which we are all expected to envy him or her and to burst into song over. But the very rich are our principal benefactors, the principal admirers of our crude civilization, the wholesalers in importing "culture" and "refinement." They want to be like the grandees of Europe; they can't carry off the high-sounding titles and the beautiful, but, alas, most abominably insanitary and uncomfortable, castles and palaces; but they can carry off interiors and the decorations. And they do.

Usually they do not try to deal directly with the grandees. They are unable to see what cynical, commercial souls the European upper classes, with their motto of "Any dishonor before that of labor," lightly veil under a pretense of indifference to, and even scorn of, those things which will be of prime interest and importance to all human beings so long as the body needs food, clothing and shelter. The negotiations are carried

on through intermediaries. The rich Americans either see the treasures they covet in the ancestral homes of the grandees and approach some art broker on the subject, or find the treasures already at the art brokers. And thus the golden rain crosses the Atlantic and descends in floods upon Europe.

Not upon all Europe. Common rain, the rain from Heaven, falls alike upon the just and the unjust. But the golden rain seems to fall upon the just by accident only, seems to prefer the unjust. This rain from the strong boxes of our very rich, who are very, very eager to be "refined and cultured" is true to the traditional nature of golden rain. It is a sad story: only the ill-hred and the hard-hearted could laugh at it. Time was when the rich American fell into the most obvious traps, was "trimmed" with the cruelest kinds of shears. A man is always more or less of a fool at any business other than his own. When pork kings and steel kings and railroad kings and the like first went abroad they believed implicitly everything the eminent critic, connoisseur or other harkens for dealers in antiquities and art told them. We all know this now. And when we go into the houses of the multi-millionaires who become art patrons in the seventies and eighties, or into the Metropolitan Museum in New York, or the Corcoran at Washington, or any of the museums of our cities for that matter, we see the laughable results of these worthy but

ignorant aspirants after the "higher life." The American art patron of to-day is wiser than he of twenty years ago. He "knows a thing or two;" unfortunately he does not know more than that. The European art dealers and their "steerers" have adapted themselves to the new development. They play the same old game; but they play it more adroitly. They fool the American just as they did before; and, as they are put to more trouble, they make him pay for being so much wiser—just as the Wall Street eminently respectable gambler and good-thinking man robs his victims of more than did the old-fashioned gold-brick dealer or three-card-monte man. The wiser one gets in this world, the worse he is done when he does fall into a trap.

The art dealers of twenty years ago used to be content if they fleeced an American rich "come-on" of two or three thousand dollars. The art dealer of to-day feels, if he hears off less than twenty or thirty thousand dollars, much as Mr. Rockefeller would feel if he should find that in cleaning up a transaction he bungled it by leaving half of every dollar of possible profit in the field he had set out to mow. There are honest art dealers in Europe; but they hate to deal with Americans. As one of them said last fall: "The temptation to swindle your countrymen is more than human nature can resist. I hate to see a rich American coming. I know that if I don't make him swindling prices and tell him fairy tales he will not buy from me. And if I do it, I can't help feeling ashamed."

A recent transaction will illustrate the present state of the "higher life." In the house of one of our richest financial kings, one famed for

his knowledge of art, consulted and deferred to in such matters by our professional critics and connoisseurs, there now hangs—he probably has it up by this time—a piece of tapestry that is the joy of his heart. It is a genuine mediaeval tapestry—in that respect differing from a very large part of the stuff for which he has spent so much money. It is not hard to look at; as old tapestries go—most of them being really ugly to any eyes not perverted by "culture" snobishness, and being full of disease germs, and great dust collectors to boot. The purchase of this tapestry was hailed as the crowning triumph of this cultured man's career as promoter of love of art in America, and it was especially noted that he had got it as a bargain. The tapestry came from an old castle in which it had hung for many centuries, and where, by the way, it was in the proper place; for the tapestry was invented to meet a certain necessity of interior decoration, and as that necessity had passed, it had passed also, except as a thing for the museum. Our multi-millionaires might as fitly go about with a jeweled suit of mediaeval armor as to try to decorate his modern house with something at once useless and insanitary.

This tapestry was discovered by an art dealer named—let us call him Monsieur Martin, and let us call our American Mr. Smith. Monsieur Martin went over to the castle to buy a lot of tapestries; he paid about \$4,000 for the lot, and sold them for \$8,000. In some way this one tapestry, much like any one of the others, was overlooked. By the time he discovered it the owner had learned something of the art business, enough to insist that this tapestry was worth \$2,000 by itself. Monsieur Martin

did not like the raising of the price, and refused to buy. He went back to Paris and, talking business with a fellow-dealer, a Monsieur Poulet, let us say, happened to speak of it—without, of course, letting Monsieur Poulet into the secret of where it was to be found. The upshot of the talk was that Monsieur Poulet, who said he had a rich American sucker in his pen at the moment, agreed to supply half the \$2,000 (10,000 francs) and to dispose of the property to the sucker and share the profit equally with Monsieur Martin.

When Monsieur Martin went down to the old castle he found that the price of the tapestry had gone up to \$3,000 (15,000 francs), that some one else was negotiating for it. He hesitated, wrote or telegraphed Monsieur Poulet, who answered, agreeing to the advanced price. When he returned to the castle the tapestry had been sold for 15,000 francs to the mysterious rival bidder, whose name the noble owner of the castle refused to disclose. A few weeks later Monsieur Martin and all the rest of the world heard that Mr. Smith of the United States, the modern Macbeth, the Nineteenth Century Lorenzo the Magnificent, had bought the tapestry and was gloating over the very reasonable price at which the priceless treasure had passed to American hands.

Monsieur Martin met Monsieur Poulet at lunch. "You have heard the news?" said Monsieur Martin. "Yes. Very sad isn't it?" said Monsieur Poulet.

"These Americans are getting more commercial all the time," said Martin. "Who'd have thought that he would nose out that tapestry and haggle for it like one of us?"

Monsieur Poulet replied in the same strain and they separated. A

few days, and Martin discovered that Mr. Smith had bought the tapestry from—Monsieur Poulet! He was frantic with indignation; he set on foul vigorous inquiries and learned, from a source which he regarded as reliable, that Mr. Smith had paid Monsieur Poulet not \$3,000, the price which Poulet had paid, but—fifty thousand dollars!

Instantly he brought suit for half the difference between \$3,000 and \$50,000. The case, in due time, came up for trial. As is the invariable rule in these cases, the business of art dealer began to be shown up in anything but an admirable light. And so great was the interest, so laughable the testimony as to the way "suckers" from American millionaires were "trimmed," that all their friends and fellow-dealers got at Martin and Poulet and forced a compromise. Poulet paid Martin one-half of the profit of \$47,000—one-half of the 235,000 francs. As a franc in France is about equal to a dollar in New York, that last figure—235,000 francs—gives a better idea of the stupendousness of the robbing than the equivalent in dollars.

But this is not all. A few months passed, and Monsieur Martin met a fellow-dealer from another city. They got to talking about Mr. Smith—for obvious reasons, the art dealers of Europe love to talk about him, love to think about him, have him almost always in mind.

"That was a nice little deal that Poulet closed with him, wasn't it?" said the foreigner.

"Very," said Martin; "I was in, you know. I got my share of the \$50,000 he paid for the tapestry."

"Fifty thousand dollars!" said the foreigner. "Why he didn't pay dol-

lars; he paid pounds—fifty thousand pounds!"

"Pounds!" gasped Martin. "Fifty thousand pounds?"

"Fifty thousand pounds," repeated the foreigner. "Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars—a million francs."

Martin flew to Poulet. "You thief!" he shouted. "You scoundrel! Give me the rest of my profit. I want three hundred and seventy-five thousand francs! You sold that tapestry to the American for a million francs. I have witnesses."

And Poulet gave down without an audible protest.

Thus, a tapestry worth not more than \$1,000 has become an indeed priceless treasure. In its long life it has had, no doubt, many curious and interesting experiences, grave and gay. None of these surpasses this, its latest experience, both grave and gay—how it netted a prince's ransom for a pair of art dealers—how it suddenly swelled into value from a paltry five thousand francs to a million.

This incident is typical. Its like is happening every day of the warmer half of the year when the American should first visit the European waters. The American art lover does sometimes—not very often, but still sometimes—get a genuine thing. When he does he has to pay, pay, pay. Few, indeed, of the real art treasures of Europe have crossed the Atlantic, almost none of those treasures that are really worth looking at. But those few genuine things, most of them "highly unimportant if true," have cost fabulous sums, their value many thousand times over—where they have any value.

If either beauty or skill were the test of a work of art such incidents could not occur. But neither beauty

nor skill have any part in determining value. Price alone is the measure, and the price is determined by elements into which neither the beauty nor the workmanship of the thing itself enters, except as an incident.

Most of the works of art exhibited not only in America, but in Europe, also, are not genuine, but are either reproductions or copies of the originals, or are the originals so "restored" that little of the original remains.

This fact is known to all the real experts, and they do not conceal it. They simply ignore it, this for a variety of reasons ranging from cynicism to commercialism. Further, no real expert speaking the honest truth will say that he or any other man can determine absolutely the authenticity of any work of art whatsoever.

In America, the profession of art connoisseur and critic is largely—not entirely, but largely—a snobbish fake. Our professionals have no motive of financial interest, as a rule, to make them liars and cheats. It is our old acquaintance, intellectual snobbishness, the patron saint of so-called "culture," that prompts them to make their silly pretenses of which so many people, quite sensible in other matters, stand in awe—just as you will often find a man of brilliant education in the great university of experience sit silent and respectful before an ignorant professor or alumnus of some university where little of value is taught or learned. The basic canon of this cult of intellectual snobbishness is "Antiquity!"

When the new is good, it is good only in so far as it copies the old—slavishly copies. The result of this cult is that our men of high artistic talent and genius either languish or are driven abroad, where there are

enough artists to combine and compel recognition.

Our critics are not to blame for their follies, except as human nature can be censured for yielding to its own most powerful and insidious weaknesses. They are under the intellectual domination of Europe, and not of the best in Europe—for, unfortunately, it is never the best that exercises a tyranny of any sort.

In Europe there are two kinds of art critic and connoisseur—the man who loves the beautiful and the skillful, and the man who makes his living by acting as "barker" or "steerer" for the unscrupulous among the art dealers. The critics of the first class are rare—that supreme, well-rounded common-sense which is called genius is always and everywhere rare. There are more of them now than there were a few years ago—for it must be remembered that Europe is only just emerging from its long twilight of the ancestor-cult or the cult of antiquity. There are enough of them now to force the recognition of such men as Sargent and Whistler, as Rodin and Barnard. But they still make little headway against the ignorant and undiserning cult of the antique, because that cult is sustained by a powerful commercial interest.

Europe has swarms of kings and princes and dukes, of newly-rich men of peasant origin with servile souls; also it is visited each year by American multi-millionaires and their imitators and followers, all palpitating with eagerness to be "cultured like the high folks over yonder."

Now, these persons with money to spend on works of art—the nobles no less than the risen peasants and the mushroom plutocrats—have no courage, no personal courage, in matters of art. They follow blindly the

tradition. It may be well that they do, but that does not change the fact. For prince no less than for plutocrat, all intellectual ideas, including the aesthetic, are conventional, ready-made, "hand-me-down."

Demand creates supply—if it waves the "dough-hag" as it clamors. This particular demand had plenty of money. Up sprang a huge class of art dealers. Now, an art dealer needs two accessories—an "impartial and authoritative" expert and a stock of wares wherein the impartial and authoritative expert may pass enthusiastically. The supply of antiquities was easily forthcoming. There are scores of great factories in or near the large cities of Europe which employ hundreds of expert workmen at turning out every kind of antiquity. Part of the product is sold frankly for what it is. The rest goes stealthily to the art dealers to be mingled with the little genuine stuff they have. As Europe has been ransacked daily during several hundred years for its old stuff, obviously there can be very little left outside the great permanent collections, and obviously that very little could not be especially good.

With equal ease the dealers have supplied themselves with coppers, stool-pigeons and steers. Every now and again there is a scandal in connection with the experts employed by some great museum like the Louvre; and the public learns that some eminent connoisseur has been supplementing his salary from the state by taking commissions from those from whom he buys for the state—that he has been buying fake stuff at high prices. It is difficult to catch these eminent cappers. The profession of connoisseur is like any other; if you attack one, however justly, the whole

fraternity rises and denounces you as a liar, or, worse, as an ignoramus—and who can bear to be called an ignoramus, a Philistine, by a critic renowned and revered throughout the world?

To keep to our rich fellow-countrymen and their woes, it is these critics, these connoisseurs, that lead our railway and banking and meat-packing nobility into the toils.

Mr. Jones, a meat packer who has devoted twenty years of his leisure to collecting alleged artistic objects, has been fooled a thousand times. He does not know it; he thinks he has been fooled only the five or six times when he has been forced to find it out—the art patron is as hard to convince that he has been roped and done as is the ordinary citizen. Still, he has become a shy bird. To get him into the shearing pen the most delicate chicanery is necessary. If he were not so determined to be a patron of art the task would be quite hopeless. But his passion is his undoing. In moving about London, or Paris, or Venlee, or Rome, or Madrid, he meets, apparently by accident, a connoisseur of the highest standing and of reputation for the sternest virtue. It often is several years before this copper gets the absolute confidence of Mr. Jones. You can imagine how he does it—how many times he saves Mr. Jones from the wiles of this dealer or the other. At last, however, he lands his fish. Jones swears by the virtues de Brantome or von Greistahl or Cappianni or Morenos. Jones buys whatever the virtuous one advises—and the virtuous one is careful not to steer his man against any hot first-class fakes. This for two reasons—prudence and pelf.

You may wonder why suspicion is never aroused. That is the simplest matter in the world. In the

first place, remember that the art patron is not looking for objects of art, examples of beauty and skill, but only for objects alleged by the priest of the cult to be objects of art—and sometimes they are, though most often they are mere rabish. In the second place, each patron of art realizes that the supply of genuine objects must be limited, he is always certain that he is getting the genuine thing, and that all the other patrons are fools who are being faked. If you wish to study this, go with any patron of the art to look at the collection of any other patron. He will praise a few objects, but most of the time he will be lifting his eyebrows and wrinkling at you.

This fake "culture," this tyranny of the shiniest commercialism, not only discourages artists—real artists—who are trying to do good work; it also prevents the spread of common-sense and natural taste in matters of art.

In one of our Eastern cities there lives a man who is the talk of his set because of his "almost superhuman intuition" in matters of art, because he is so "sensitive to the aesthetic." This man could not live, so he says, if his surroundings were not altogether and gloriously antique. His house is vastly admired—it is, in fact, a nightmare of junk and jumble. In his largest room, in the middle, is his greatest glory—a huge, really superb antique, which may not be described here more closely. In its proper place it would be beautiful; in a drawing-room it is absurd. He paid an enormous price for it—more than a hundred thousand dollars, and it is said that he has willed it to a great public museum.

A short time ago a careless servant broke off a corner of this marvel. The sensitive soul all hot took flight from this coarse world. When he

could get himself together again he took a pan and broom and, on hands and knees, went over the whole floor of the room, gathering together every tiny fragment. He put the pieces in a box and with many injunctions intrusted it to a friend who was going abroad. "Take these to X—," said he, giving the name of the most expert of the art restorers and repairers of Europe, "and have him put them together, no matter what the cost. If any bits are missing they are not to be replaced. I will have no profanation."

His friend took the hits to the expert. "Yes, I can fix it up," said the expert. "It will cost about \$500.

"Very well," said the American. "My friend will be glad to pay it."

"But," said the expert, "why go to all this trouble? I can make a new piece exactly like the old one. It will only cost seventy-five dollars."

The American shuddered. "No, no!" he exclaimed. "My friend would be furious."

"I don't see why," retorted the expert mender. "I made the whole thing from which this piece broke off. I made it about fifteen years ago. See, here's my private mark on this hit. It is very small, as I did the work for a dealer who was going to sell the thing for gemme."

When the American recovered from the shock, he said: "And how

much did you charge for it?"

"I worked cheaper then," replied the mender, now revealed as a manufacturer of the best, the most priceless antiquities. "I only got \$900 for the whole thing. How much did your friend pay?"

"I don't remember," lied the American. "But, please, don't tell anybody what you have told me. And patch up that piece. I wouldn't have my friend disillusioned for worlds."

Back of every one of these cults—educational, political, aesthetic, what-not—you will always find a greedy throng of commercial chaps—professors, politicians, connoisseurs, dealers—who are busy fooling others, and themselves, too, because there's money in it. But of all these fakirs, about the most brazen are the art fakirs. And rich is the reward of their impudence. If only the trash they palm off on our leaders in artistic culture could be destroyed instead of being flaunted and vaunted! This year the fakirs reaped a richer harvest than last. Next year's harvest will be richer than this year's, and so on, until—well, until men and women learn to like what suits them themselves, instead of pretending to like things that nobody dares criticise, though nobody likes them except the art dealers and art critics who "need the money."



120 Years, Man's Natural Age

BY MRS. JOHN VAN VORST IN PEARSON'S MAGAZINE.

Man should live to be a hundred and twenty years old and then he should cease to die. Such is the pronouncement of Metchnikoff, the scientist, who is rapidly rising to the rank as a student of life. His theory of existence, as set forth in this article, is remarkable and yet it is not unusual. It remains to be seen whether it can stand the test of experience.

ELIE METCHNIKOFF is an extraordinary man about whom the world is just beginning to talk. Scientist he must be, since the French have made him sub-director of the Pasteur Institute. Idealist he surely seems, since he affirms that man can and should live to be a hundred and twenty years old.

"A hundred and twenty years old!" we repeat, aghast at the picture of decrepitude suggested to our minds.

"But no," our modern alchemist responds; "when man understands how to live and what to eat, there will be no old age. Old age is a disease. We must cure it. When we have done so, we shall prolong our existence for over a hundred years, and then, instead of wanting to live, we shall want to die."

Scientists nowadays belong to two categories: in the first may be classed those whose lives are devoted to discovering the specific remedy for some especial disease. In the second are those who devote themselves to finding out what life really is. The great Pasteur relieved humanity from the scourge of hydrophobia; Dr. Roux, his successor, has diminished the dangers of diphtheria; Koch is associated in our minds with the treatment of tuberculosis; Dr. Doyen is in search, unsuccessfully as yet, of the cancer microbe and its antidote.

Among the seekers after the life-principle, the most eminent are Professor Burke and Professor Loeb.

Metchnikoff holds a place which is not really in either of these cate-

gories. He is probably the only scientist living who believes just what he does; namely, that man should, if they were natural, live to be one hundred and twenty years old, and then be ready to die.

Before coming to this conclusion, Metchnikoff began by investigating the cases of persons who were between sixty and eighty years old, and who were afflicted with some ailment which was soon to put an end to their lives. He supplemented his own researches with data procured from others, and what he found was this: Among all the cases cited, even those whose sufferings were terrible, there was not a single man or woman who wanted to be put out of his agony by death. They all preferred misery, with a chance of recovery, to extinction. They all wanted to live.

"This," Metchnikoff said to himself, "shows that death between the ages of sixty and eighty is not natural. It should not occur so soon. There is some cause for it which should be discovered and remedied."

Then he set to work studying old age and length of life among the animals. Mammals, he found, show their age in much the same way that men do. An aged horse, or dog, becomes sluggish, stiff in its joints, its teeth loosen and decay. A dog, after ten or twelve years of existence, gives decided signs of physical decrepitude. These animals, with cows and other mammals, have comparatively short lives, and a pronounced old age, exactly as man has.

Now, on the other hand, Metchnikoff observed that birds live much longer and are far more alert up to the end. A duck twenty years old is still agile in its movements, and nothing in its appearance betokens age. A small parrot at nineteen years old, kept under close observation, was found to be as lively as the young birds of the same variety. It was as bright and as inquisitive as they, and its plumage was as brilliant and rich in coloring at nineteen as it ever had been.

Another bird which Metchnikoff had under his daily scrutiny at the Pasteur Institute is a parrot, known, according to precise records, to be between seventy and seventy-five years old. Yet it is impossible to find in it any sign of advanced age.

The list of this scientist's observations is long: mice, he noted, become old very soon, and seldom live more than four or five years. Canaries, on the other hand, live sometimes fifteen or twenty years.

When the examples cited were sufficient to confirm the general rule, that birds are longer-lived than mammalia, Metchnikoff set about to discover the reason for this fact.

The reason he found was this: the animals that soonest show the pronounced signs of old age, are those in which the intestines are largest. Birds, as a matter of fact, have no large intestines.

Now it is in the large intestine, Metchnikoff observed, that are found the microbes which cause the disease we know as "old age." Fifty per cent., or one-half, the poisoning called "sclerosis," or hardening of the arteries, is probably transmitted by the microbes of the large intestine. It is this hardening, or sclerosis, which gives rise to the infirmities of old age.

Closely upon such a statement it is appalling to learn that these microbes of the large intestine increase at the rate of one hundred and twenty-eight billion (128,000,000,000) a day!

Fortunately—and let it be quickly said—some of these microbes are harmless, some are even beneficial. But there are a great number which are prejudicial to health and life.

"Birds," we repeat to ourselves, "have no large intestine."

"Then, could we live without a large intestine?"

Metchnikoff has answered this question in an astonishing way. He says:

"Not only is the whole of the large intestine in man superfluous, but it is no longer rash to state that its removal would be attended with happy results."

What? Should we have not only the appendix, but the whole intestine cut out? Is this what he means? And is not long life very dearly purchased at such a price?

Cases of appendicitis, argues our scientist, are fatal eight times out of ten, yet the vermiform appendix can be removed without disturbance of the body's functions, and so, also, can the large intestine, which, in like manner, is an arch-enemy to normal health.

But should we have it taken away now?

Metchnikoff is moderate. He replies to this question:

"It will, perhaps, in the distant future, be considered normal to remove by operation the whole of the large intestine. At present it is more reasonable to attack the harmful microbes which assail that part of us."

This, according to our authority,

can be done only by the proper sort of diet.

Obviously, he tells us, we should eat no uncooked food. The soil in which vegetables grow contains microbes; the fertilizers used in kitchen gardens contain microbes. Every quart of uncooked strawberries (or berries of any kind), every head of lettuce, every spray of celery, every peach, shelters quantities of these unseen enemies, which we thus, through our diet, take unwittingly into our systems, where they begin their deadly work. It is microbes, says Metchnikoff, that make our hair turn gray; it is microbes that weaken the muscles and produce the shabby appearance and wrinkles in aged flesh.

But is there something more to be done than merely to have all fresh tomatoes and fruits and salads cooked before eating them? Is there a positive remedy to be found for these intestinal microbes?

The slow poisoning going on in the body may be arrested by the use of sour milk as a beverage. There is some property in sour milk, buttermilk, or kefir; which Metchnikoff believes to act as a resisting power against the infection from microbes in the large intestine.

So much for diet. There are other sides of the question into which the scientist has also gone deeply.

One might almost say that it is nowadays "old-fashioned" to be a Darwinite, to suppose that "man is descended from the same common stock as the monkey." Scientists since Darwin have proved many things disconcerting to the "monkey" theory. But Metchnikoff reverts to this idea, which has fallen somewhat into disuse.

"Man," he says, "is the descendant of some anthropoid ape. He has inherited a constitution adapted

to an environment very different to that which now surrounds him."

In other words, there are various parts of the human body which might be useful to an ape, but which can play no part in the life of a man. The most familiar of these is the vermiform appendix. Others are the muscles of the ear, the coccyx or vestige of a tail.

Just as there are physical troubles caused by the presence of these useless heirlooms, so there are problems of another nature brought about by man's having more brains than the monkey. The monkey eats only what is good for him, being guided in his choice of food solely by instinct.

Man enjoys his meals not merely because they satisfy his appetite—he eats when he is not hungry, he drinks what he knows is bad for him, he deliberately exposes himself to disease. He ought to make his will power as strong as an instinct, and protect himself wisely by limiting the amount he eats, and by drinking almost no alcohol. These are two more things which would contribute, says Metchnikoff, toward our living to be one hundred and twenty years old without becoming decrepit.

Perhaps the most astounding part of what Metchnikoff claims is that man having, through diet and moderation, reached the ripe age of one hundred and twenty will then want to die.

The goal of existence, according to this cosmopolitan scientist, is for man to live so long that he shall have enough of life. Indeed, in somewhat more elastic terms he makes this very statement himself:

"The goal of existence," he puts it, "is the accomplishment of a complete and physiological cycle in which occurs a normal old age, ending in the loss of the instinct of life and

the appearance of the instinct of death."

It is easy for us to follow him in the desire for very old age without decrepitude. Everybody would like to live a hundred and twenty years provided they could remain as alert and resolute as at twenty. But the question we cannot help putting to ourselves about this "instinct of death" on which Metchnikoff insists is:

"Do we want to die?"

Is there not something distinctly inhuman in wanting to die at any age? And does not the very fact that we should arrive strong and vigorous at our one hundred and twentieth birthday make it seem all the more improbable that we should desire to be dead before our one hundred and twenty-first anniversary comes around?

Of course Metchnikoff's theory cannot be proved until numbers of people who have followed his regime—going perhaps even to the heroic extreme of having all of the large intestine removed—reach a great old age in perfect soundness of mind and body.

This reduces the theory to the realm of scientific speculation. We might dismiss it even as idealism were it not that Metchnikoff bases all of his prophesies upon strict scientific research and observation. Moreover, his world-wide reputation as a scientist has been established through his election as sub-director of the Pasteur Institute.

This institute is free from graft and wire-pulling of any sort. It is not a government institution. The money which supports it is paid in by voluntary contributions. In the original amount subscribed to start the Pasteur Institute, money came from every source. The Rothschilds

made donations, and so did many a poor working man—which generosity and sacrifice go to show how general is the interest for scientific work in France, and how well-fitted, consequently, a body of contributors, like those which support the Pasteur, would be to choose as sub-director a thoroughly able man.

This Metchnikoff undeniably must be.

He carries on investigations of the most important nature, and if his present experiments succeed, he will have contributed toward relieving humanity from one of its principal scourges—thus multiplying again the chances of long life.

But to return to his theory about the "instinct of death." He says:

"Some think it impossible to modify our way of living and our constitutions sufficiently to attain a 'natural' death. I am of a diametrically opposite opinion. I see no reason why science, which has already made such tremendous progress, should not some day bring about a state of affairs such as existed in biblical times."

It is known, of course, that certain diseases which afflict us to-day were unheard of in the time of Abraham. But it is not to disease alone that Metchnikoff refers. He says:

"The men in biblical days attained to much greater age than the modern man, and they were evidently ready to die. The expression 'full of years' I interpret to mean that they had had enough of life. We read that Abraham died in a good old age and full of years. The days of Isaac were a hundred and four-score (180), and being old and full of days, he died. With Job it was the same, and of Moses we learn that 'he was an hundred and twenty when he died and'

his eye was not dim nor his natural forces abated."

Some people have objected to this argument, saying that the years in 1900 B.C. were not of the same length as those in 1900 A.D. Metchnikoff affirms that certain passages in Numbers clearly establish the years counted then to be the same as ours.

There is another objection which can be made, however, and which is unanswerable. The conditions existing in the days of Abraham were not the same as those that now-a-days surround us. To go back to the primitive civilization of three thousand years ago would he to wipe out all the progress that has been achieved in those years. Then the gain would not be a real gain. It would be the sacrifice of one benefit for another benefit.

Perhaps if the life of the ordinary citizen of to-day could be compared to the life of the ordinary citizen in the days of Abraham, it would be found that there is quite as much now crowded into eighty years—with telephones, railroads, telegraphs, automobiles and the rest—as was formerly spanned over one hundred and twenty years.

Yet the fact remains that people do not want to grow old, and do not want to die.

Of course the expression "full of years," may mean the patriarchs wanted to die; but it might also mean that it was God's will that they should end their days, having lived enough. We have no record left in writing by any one of that time saying that he actually had the instinct of self-preservation replaced by the instinct of death.

The great discoveries of the world and those which remain lastingly renowned are of two sorts: those which

give pleasure to man, and those which help to relieve his sufferings.

Among the great discoveries bringing relief to suffering are to be named specific remedies to certain diseases. These cures have been arrived at by experimenting on animals. At the Pasteur Institute there is a whole menagerie of animals. According to the effect produced on them by treatment, inoculation, etc., definite conclusions may be drawn as to what this same treatment will do for man. Working from the animal up to the human seems to have been the only successful way for scientists to obtain salutary results.

Doubtless Metchnikoff's prophecies with regard to life being prolonged by careful diet, abstentions from alcohol, moderation in one's manner of living, are scientifically demonstrable. What he has observed in animals and birds permits him to make definite affirmations regarding man.

This all has to do with man's physical side only. Our diet, our health with microbes, our length of life, affects chiefly our bodies.

The question of an instinct of death, of a desire to die, affects our souls. No conclusions can be drawn from animals regarding the soul of man. To declare arbitrarily that man at a given age shall want to die is to speculate about that part of man which does not reside in matter, but in mind. Metchnikoff here goes over from the realm of knowledge to the realm of belief. We are ready to be informed and instructed about all scientific truths which have been proved and established. When it comes to the matter of beliefs, each one of us prefers to choose his own.

Metchnikoff is an atheist. It pleases him to believe that he shall one day want to die. Feeling this

world to be the only one, and knowing that he must eventually leave it, he comforts himself by arguing that, if he can only live long enough, he will logically attain to the instinct of death.

For those whose belief is not purely materialistic, for those who have faith in a life hereafter and in the immortality of the soul, there is no reason for following Metchnikoff in the speculative parts of his prophecy. The good he will have done, and will

be remembered for, lies in the directions he has given man for healthful living, and in his persistent endeavor to find a remedy for that disease which is visited unto the third and fourth generation.

True it is that he gives his whole life to work, with earnest conviction. His own philosophy he sums up in the following way:

"For the love of our fellow creatures, we should seek the best way of making them happy."

New York's Greatest Show

BY E. H. POSTAINE IN WORLD MAGAZINE.

Everybody knows that the New York Stock Exchange represents the most powerful financial interests in America. And yet there is a great deal of ignorance as to the workings of the Exchange and as to its membership. This article throws light on a dark subject, so that he or she can become a member and tell something about the astronomical prices that are paid for seats.

A SEAT on the New York Stock Exchange has just been sold for \$95,000, and \$97,000 is bid for another. The man who bought the seat will probably never occupy it, as it has no tangible existence in fact.

There are eleven hundred members of the New York Stock Exchange, and the seating capacity on the floor of the Exchange is not over forty. These seats consist of the small wooden benches around the posts on the floor.

They are usually occupied by specialists of the various stocks, so that unless the new member becomes a specialist, which is not likely, he will have paid \$95,000 and \$2,000 initiation fee for the privilege of standing upon the floor of the Exchange every day from 10 A.M. to 3 P.M.

This is the cost of the rare privilege of entering this exclusive body where the prices of securities are

made every day and which create the standard of speculation and investment in American stocks and bonds the whole world over.

While the "seat" itself is a myth, it forms an asset of the most tangible character. It is as marketable as a Government bond; it can be converted into cash at a moment's notice; it is a possession that a member cannot be deprived of, although his membership privileges can be taken away from him for cause at any time by the Board of Governors who preside over the discipline of the great institution.

With the possible exception of the Bell Telephone stock, there is no property, of a commercial character at least, which has had such a wonderful increment as the so-called seat on the New York Stock Exchange. Forty years ago memberships on the Exchange cost \$500. There are fifteen of the present members who

paid that sum for the seats which they still hold.

These members are: William Alex. Smith, the Father of the Exchange; E. C. Benedict, H. S. Cambles, Alex. S. Clark, L. D. Huntington, John H. Huntington, John H. Jacquelin, Henry Clews, Howard Lapley, L. J. Van Boskerk, I. H. Whittemore, C. D. Wood, Edward Corning, I. W. Cunningham and Thomas P. Denby.

The term "seat" has come down from the old days of the Board of Brokers, when the membership occupied seats in the board-room facing the chairman, through whom the trading was done by means of the regular calls and by open bidding. The calls are still retained on the Stock Exchange, but the membership has grown so large that the old methods of trading have become obsolete. The seats were abolished about forty years ago.

A member of to-day must be alert and active and constantly on his feet in order to follow the market. He dashes from post to post, according to the orders he has to execute, and he keeps track of his market through the specialists who take their stand at the posts assigned to the various securities.

Stock Exchange memberships began to increase in value when a limit was set on the membership. This was originally 500, and it was reluctantly increased from time to time, until 1880, when a final limit was established at 1,100. In that year the membership numbered 1,055. It was then decided to raise the limit to 1,100, and fix it permanently at that figure. In order to do this forty-five seats were sold, and they brought \$17,000 each. This price represented an advance since 1871 of \$14,250.

In the boom of 1892 seats sold as high as \$32,500, but in the panic of 1894 they sold as low as \$18,000. The

following year, however, a new high record was made at \$34,000, and this for many years was the record price. When the panic of 1893 came a number of members were forced to sell their seats, and the price fell as low as \$15,250.

The lowest price, however, since 1875, was reached during the Bryan campaign of 1896, when many seats were sold below \$14,000, and one was transferred at \$13,000.

Since that time the seats have fluctuated according to stock market conditions, so that the price of a membership has come to be regarded in Wall Street as a very correct barometer of the general business and financial conditions. The volume of trade on the Stock Exchange is governed in a great degree by the fluctuations in the business world. As a rule, times of prosperity and adversity follow each other in cycles. In eras of prosperity, the public invests its money in stocks and bonds, and the speculating element turns to the Stock Exchange security as one of the most fascinating forms of gambling.

In these periods the transactions become enormous and the commissions from sales run into the millions every year. It is at such times as these that Stock Exchange seats are in such demand, and there are always more bidders for memberships than there are seats for sale. At the present time there are said to be about fifteen bidders for the three seats that are for sale.

Of the eleven hundred seats only thirty or forty change hands every year, and during that time there are often four times as many bidders as there are vacancies. No matter how rich or influential a man may be, admission to membership in the Ex-

change can only be secured through the regular routine.

A man desiring to enter the Exchange as a member must first purchase a seat. The seats for sale are usually known to the secretary or to his assistant, Mr. Charles L. Burnham, through whom the negotiations are conducted. The preliminaries having been arranged, the candidate makes formal application for membership to the Membership Committee, which consists of fifteen members. The application for membership must bear the indorsement of two members in good standing on the Board.

These members must have a personal knowledge of the business integrity and financial standing of the applicant. They must go before the Membership Committee and stand a strict examination as to this knowledge. They are put upon their honor and are held responsible for their statements. Their candidate must not only have bought and paid for his seat, but he must be solvent, have a good reputation for honesty and fair dealing, and must have a checking account in bank of at least \$20,000. Both of the sponsors are usually asked this question:

"Will you cash Mr. —'s unrestricted check for \$20,000?"

If the answer is in the negative, the candidate is at once declared ineligible.

Once that a member's moral and financial eligibility has been established, his desirability as a member comes formally before the committee. A secret ballot is taken, and if the candidate receives less than ten affirmative votes he fails of election. If he is successful and there are no charges brought against him during the time, usually two weeks, wherein his name, together with that of the seller of the seat, is posted on

the bulletin board, he becomes a member in good standing upon the payment of the following charges:

\$2,000 initiation fee.

\$200 secretary's fee for transferring membership.

\$100 annual dues.

\$10 gratuity fee.

Upon the payment of the latter fee, which is compulsory, the member participates in the gratuity fund, which entitles him to \$10,000 insurance. This fund is kept alive by an assessment of \$10 each on the 1,100 members upon a death of a member.

There is no formal method of initiation, but a new member is escorted upon the floor usually by his two sponsors, and introduced to the chairman, who in turn introduces him to the other members. He must then undergo a form of hazing which varies in roughness, according to the popularity of the candidate and his good nature. It is usually a wise precaution for him to have in the cloak room an entire change of wardrobe, so that he may return to the bosom of his family without the interference of the police.

Once a member, the tenure of his seat depends on his good conduct, fair dealing and solvency. Failure to meet obligations is followed by immediate suspension. Misconduct carries a like penalty, and fraud entails the extreme penalty of expulsion and forfeiture of all rights, though the seat remains the property of the expelled. No member, however, can be expelled for fraud except by two-thirds affirmative vote of all the members.

According to S. S. Pratt, whose "Work of Wall Street" is considered the most accurate history of the Stock Exchange, there have been only nine expulsions since 1874—three in 1886 for "bucket-shoppping" the or-

ders of customers, and the others for various forms of fraud.

The most famous of the expulsions was that of Hutchison, John R. Duff's broker in the Hannibal and St. Joseph corner. Hutchison appealed to the courts, which decided that the Exchange had the right to expel him, but could not appropriate the value of his membership. Up to that time the laws of the Exchange provided that the seat of the expelled member escheated to the Exchange.

Any member directly or by partner connected with any organization in New York City dealing in securities similar to those listed in the Exchange is liable to expulsion. The Governing Committee is very strict in enforcing this law. It has by resolution prohibited any connection, direct or indirect, between its members with the Consolidated Stock and Petroleum Exchange, as being detrimental to the interests of the New York Stock Exchange. Every member in New York is required to have a place of business where notices may be received. No member can represent more than one firm. Branch offices must be in charge either of resident partners or of salaried employees.

The Exchange maintains its rates of commissions rigidly. The commissions are always based on the par value of the securities traded in. No rebates or discounts of any kind are allowed. The constitution provides that on business for parties not members of the Exchange, including joint account transactions in which a non-member is interested, transactions for parties not firms of which the Exchange member or members are special partners only, the commission shall not be less than one-eighth of 1 per cent. This, as has been stated, amounts to \$12.50 on 100 shares, but as every purchase,

except for permanent investment, is followed by a sale, the commission on one transaction, both ways, amounts to \$25.

On every purchase and sale, therefore, there must be an advance of at least one-quarter of 1 per cent. to pay the commission. Anything over that is profit.

Business is done by members for members who do not give up the name of a principal at 1-32 of 1 per cent. and for members giving up a principal at 1-50 of 1 per cent. A firm having one of its general partners as a member of the Exchange is entitled to these reduced commissions. Violation of the commission law is punishable by suspension from one to five years, but a second offence means expulsion.

Mr. Pratt thus describes the routine of business:

"The Exchange is opened every business day at 9:30, but no business can be transacted until 10 o'clock, when the chairman, who occupies a seat upon the rostrum, announces the opening. It is the duty of the chairman to open and close the Exchange, preserve order, and make all announcements, such as deaths, insolvencies, etc. He also buys and sells stock 'under the rule'—that is, when a member is unable to make good deliveries, stocks are bought or sold for his account by the chairman. There are five hours of trading. The Exchange closes promptly at 3. Only loans can be made after that hour. A fine of \$50 is imposed on a member who makes any transaction in stocks or bonds, listed or quoted in the Exchange, after that hour or before 10 A.M. in the Exchange or publicly outside."

"As soon as the sound of the chairman's gavel is heard at the open-

ing, a babel of voices is raised. The opening is usually active, as orders accumulate over night. To the onlooker in the gallery everything is apparently noise and confusion. Here is business, he would say, without any system. If he did not know he was in the Exchange, he might suppose that by accident he had entered a lunatic asylum. He sees men rush wildly into a group, with violent ges-

tures and raised voices, push and struggle and shout, all apparently to no purpose. But now and then he will observe some one leave the group and quietly make a memorandum on a pad. In all that babel of voices and mass of struggling men, comparable to the crush on the Brooklyn Bridge in the rush hours, a sale has been made involving thousands of dollars."

Hiram Maxim, a Fulminating Philosopher

BY WILLIAM R. STEWART IN COSMOPOLITAN

Maxim, the great inventor of high explosives, was a precocious youth and to learn Pope's "Essay on Man" by heart at those days was no small feat. The same dogmatic periphrase that he used in his work and in his life is repeated in his poem to the reader that is almost over-expressive. In his house in New York he is surrounded by a strange collection of death-dealing instruments and devices.

RECLITATIONS were taking place in the red schoolhouse at Orneville, Maine. It was Winter and the snow lay deep on the ground, but some of the scholars were in bare feet, and only half as many hats hung on the pegs as there were potential wearers in the seats. That was forty years ago; and the pioneers of Northern New England were more noted for their industry than for their possession of the fruits of it.

"All the recitations have been too short," complained the schoolmaster. "You must spend more time and learn longer lessons."

"How long pieces may we recite?" The question came from the bare-footed row, and nose of the hats on the pegs fitted the head.

"Oh, there isn't any limit—as long as you like."

The next recitation day had come around. The snow was still on the ground and the bare feet were warming themselves on the plank floor.

The turn of the boy who had asked the question came, and he rose and began :

"Awake, my St. John, leave all meeker things
To low ambition and the pride of kings.

Let us—"

"Stop!" It was the teacher, with hand raised. "I know you. You've gone and learned Pope's "Essay on Man" by heart. Well, we haven't time for you to say it here."

The boy was Hudson Maxim, and he had committed the poem to memory from first word to last. He can recite it to this day.

It is the power—or the will—of application, of concentrated effort, which capitalizes the natural abilities of a man. Barefooted, batless, young Maxim tramping to school, rubbing his feet in the snow so he might slide on the ice as well as the boys who had shoes—O envied one! —was distinguishable from the rest

only by the kind of head he had. It was the head that had memorized 1,296 lines in three days; which head, in later years, applied to a special problem, devised probably the most destructive explosive of modern times, besides contributing to the solution of some of the most important scientific questions of the day.

I have never known a man who can do so much hard work as he and continue it for so long. He knows no rest in the form of idling; rest with him can only be a change of occupation, mental or physical. Six years ago when, after protracted experiments, he had solved the problem of an ideal high explosive for shells, he invented a compound which, exploding in direct contact with water, forms steam instantaneously. Applied as a motive power in torpedo boats and automobile torpedoes, this substance promises to change completely the character of marine warfare. The difficulty that long presented itself lay in the mechanical equipment for its successful use. For six years Mr. Maxim has devoted himself to the problem. A less persistent man would have passed it to the machinists, holding his own work done with the chemical discovery. That he has at last succeeded will be shown in forthcoming tests by officials of the United States Government.

A story told me by an old powder man who worked with Maxim illustrates the tremendous application which he brings to a matter in hand. He was trying a new kind of multi-perforated smokeless powder in an old-fashioned Springfield musket, to test its accelerating property. Mr. Maxim knew that the powder could not burn with sufficient rapidity to

explode the gun, which he, therefore, did not fear to hold in his hands. But he had not calculated on the terrific kick of the weapon which followed the discharge. The stock of the musket struck him on the chin, cutting to the bone and knocking him senseless. It was almost an hour before he was brought to, when his first remark was, "How did it work?"

It is worth mentioning here, as showing the wide range of Mr. Maxim's researches, that it was he who first formulated a hypothesis of the compound nature of the so-called atoms, which has become a generally accepted theory only within the past two or three years as a result of experiments on radiant matter. Mr. Maxim's theory was that "all matter is one in the ultimate, and the difference in the various forms of matter and manifestations of force is due to the difference in the relative positions of the ultimate atoms."

On the western shore of Lake Hopatcong in New Jersey, three miles from the workshops where his explosives are made, is Mr. Maxim's country home. If you visit him there expecting to find an atmosphere of gunpowder you will be disappointed. First, as you notice the library, instead of books on chemistry, physics and ordnance you will be more likely to see volumes of the poets, histories, standard works in fiction, philosophy and sociology.

I am never certain whether to admire the most his inventive talent or his literary attainments, his skill in producing a glorified dish of scrambled eggs, which he insisted on making unaided after getting home late with his automobile broken down, or his prowess with boxing-gloves in

spite of the fact that his left hand is gone at the wrist.

It was in 1894 that Mr. Maxim lost his hand, in an explosion which occurred with a compound which he was holding. The thumb was found the next day by workmen on top of a building two hundred feet away. About six weeks after the accident, when he was recovering from its effects and had begun to wear an artificial hand, he was attacked by a ruffian at the elevated railroad station at Eighty-first street, in New York. Mr. Maxim promptly knocked his assailant down, and picking up the artificial hand, which had fallen off during the scuffle (the story is told by an eyewitness), tucked it under his arm and started home. Being myself somewhat accustomed to the gloves, and having boxed with Mr. Maxim, I can credit the story.

Among the observations credited to Napoleon there is one to the effect that all great men had great mothers. Mr. Maxim had a great mother. She was a remarkable woman. She was less than five feet in height, but weighed nearly one hundred and forty pounds and had extraordinary physical strength. I have seen a photograph of her. The features are as if chiseled from granite, so strong a face do they show, yet a kind and sympathetic one.

Nothing daunted this mother of the Maine woods. She carded the wool, and spun and weaved and dyed and cut and made the clothes for her family of eight. She even raised flax, and beat and hatched it and spun and wove it and cut and made tow and linen suits for them. Once, when the elder Maxim was away, a wild-eyed stranger called and took from his pocket a butcher knife,

which he proceeded to whet on the stovepipe.

"Now I will have my revenge," he remarked.

"And I'll have mine," said Mrs. Maxim, and taking a broom she broke the handle of it over his head, and he ran. At another time a rabid dog ran into the house foaming, and snapping at the children. "Mercy!" cried this Spartan mother, and seizing the animal by the back of the neck, she slammed it through the window, glass and all, into the street.

Old Isaac Maxim, the father, was of no less note in the Maine community. He was a philosopher and an inventor. Long before the era of ironclads he had proposed the steel-armoring of ships. He experimented with breech-loading and with machine guns before the Civil War, but encountered great difficulty for the reason that fixed ammunition did not then exist.

When the world rounded into the nineteenth century it used the flint-lock gun, muzzle-loaded with powder, wad and ball. Its artillery was a cast-iron tube, charged with a bag of black powder and a solid round shot. Against an army thus equipped a regiment would now be more than sufficient. The harnessing of the new energy, which can hurl a half-ton bolt of steel through three feet of iron has been a giant task. In Europe and America as army of inventors, stimulated by the prospect of rich rewards, has been busy with the problem. And America, less assertive in the outward panoply of war, has outdistanced all in the wonder of her achievements. No other gunpowder is so near perfection as that with which American guns now can be provided, and no

high explosive so marvelous as that which American shells could carry into the vitals of an enemy's ship. The persistence which mastered Pope's "Essay" did not fail when applied to its new task.

But Mr. Maxim's experiments are by no means confined to the things which kill. One of his most recent productions is a new flashlight for use in photography. Ten years ago while experimenting with electric furnaces he invented the process of making calcium carbide continuously by the heat of incandescence of a molten carbide conductor. This method is now in general use. About the same time also, he invented a process of making small diamonds by electro-decomposition.

Still, it is with explosives that the name of Maxim always will be most associated. To the person whose knowledge of this subject runs back to the powder which he used to load with a ramrod into the old-style shotgun, a visit to the plant at Lake Hopatcong would contain revelations. In one of the buildings there are rows of test tubes on racks, bottles of various liquids, and scales for weighing, just as in an apothecary's shop. In an adjoining room, amid other appliances, is a huge cast-iron press, capable of exerting a pressure of 16,000 pounds to the square inch: this to press an explosive material to a sufficient compactness. Elsewhere are systems of rollers for squeezing out the water from the explosive in one of its varying forms, mixing vats and warming and drying rooms. Strange, pungent odors fill the air in some of these places, and the windows are open to guard the workmen from headache. Large sums would be paid for a revelation of the secrets of the materi-

als here elaborated, but although several workmen are employed only the head alchemist knows all the ingredients.

Mr. Maxim was the first to make and test smokeless powder in the United States, and practically all the smokeless cannon powder used by the United States Government for the past ten years has been made under his letters-patent. He was also the first to design large torpedo guns using gunpowder instead of compressed air for throwing aerial torpedoes.

Powder men like to tell stories of their experiences. Mr. Maxim sometimes yields to the weakness. One of these tales has to do with a bet which he made as to the payment for some dynamite. He had gone one day into a magazine in which were stored ten carloads of dynamite and 37,000 lbs. of nitroglycerin which he had made for the Brazilian Government, and found there one of his workmen knocking a case open, with a cold chisel and a hammer. The employe was immediately discharged. A short time afterward, a neighboring farmer bought a supply of dynamite from Mr. Maxim with which to blow up stumps in a field.

"I have an old hand of yours with me," said the farmer, "John Schultze. He knows all about dynamite."

"Schultze! he'll blow himself up with it. I had to discharge him, he was so careless."

The farmer seemed unimpressed. "Tell you what I'll do," said Mr. Maxim, "I'll bet you the price of the dynamite he does." It was agreed.

The next day Schultze ran foul of an exploding stump. Four of his

ribs were broken and he was nearly killed. In settling for the dynamite, Mr. Maxim contended that as the man had blown himself up the farmer should pay the bet, but the latter held that as Schultze was only half blown up he should pay only half price. It was finally decided that half price should be paid.

Fulminate of mercury, used as a charge for fuses, is a substance with which Mr. Maxim has conducted many experiments. Once in the laboratory at Maxim, New Jersey, an assistant let drop a heavy weight which struck within an inch of a glass filled with that deadly explosive. Had it hit the glass an explosion would inevitably have occurred; and there were ten pounds of fulminate and more than a hundred pounds of nitroglycerin in the room. The faces of the assistants were white. Mr. Maxim simply remarked, "It is useless to be frightened now, since we are here."

But, despite such accidents, there is nothing "ticklish" about a properly made explosive compound Maximite, named from its inventor, the adoption of which by the United States Government placed this country in the lead of all others in high explosive projectiles, is so insensitive to shock that shells charged with it may not only be fired from high-power guns with entire safety, but will stand the greater shock of penetrating the thickest armor plate without exploding until set off by a proper fuse.

Of all Mr. Maxim's inventions in explosives the one which is most likely to capture the imagination is the substance which he has named "motorite," and the uses to which it may be put in the next war in which this country may be engaged.

Although an explosive, the function of motorite is, as its name indicates, to supply motive power, and it will be employed as a fuel, producing steam, to actuate turbines in torpedo boats and automobile torpedoes. It consists of a compound of nitroglycerin and gun-cotton, and Mr. Maxim believes that ultimately a speed of a mile a minute may be obtained by its use. It is customary when discussing the possibilities of submarines and other marine wonders as yet only in their experimental stage, to predict the early extinction of the ponderous and costly battleship. But if motorite accomplishes the work which its investor has designed it to do, the battleship's days certainly are numbered.

Motorite, although composed of the most powerful high-explosive compounds, is tempered so that it cannot explode, and its combustion may be controlled and regulated with the greatest nicety. As it is capable of burning without atmospheric oxygen, producing a very hot flame, the method of employment is to burn it in a confined space, under pressure, and to utilize the heat of the products of combustion, or flame, to evaporate water, by directly mixing the water with the flame. No boiler is required.

I think it must have been by a sort of instinctive selection that Mr. Maxim took to explosives. His is an explosive himself. "I did not hear you, sir," said a maid to him one day when I was at Lake Hopatcong, as excuse for not responding to a call. "You heard me, all right," was the calm rejoinder. "Never say you don't hear when I call." I should say not! The explosive volume of that voice is one of the pie-

turesque attributes of a generally unusual personality.

At his city home, in Brooklyn, New York, Mr. Maxim defers to the obvious notion that an inventor of explosives should have explosive furnishings in evidence. So, as you enter the hallway, an imposing array of rapid-fire guns, flanked by piles of projectiles, and swords and small arms on the walls, gives the requisite martial atmosphere. Indeed, explosives are a household commonplace here, and, if you wish, Mr. Maxim will cut off a piece of dynamite, like so much wood, with a carpenter's saw, and will cook you a Welsh rabbit in a chafing dish over a lamp filled with nitro-glycerin. It is safe enough, though not always convincing to the timid caller.

As an expert boxer is generally the hardest to provoke to an attack, so the experimenter in explosives is usually the most earnest advocate of peace. The Swedish inventor Nobel, who first made dynamite, established the prizes which bear his name as monuments to his hatred of war.

Mr. Maxim is a writer and critic, a sociologist, a considerable hit of a philosopher, and abhors war with an earnestness born of his intimate knowledge of its horrors. But he believes that the more terrible and costly that warfare is made, the less recklessly will nations plunge into it. The memory of the treasure poured out on the plains of Manchuria and the slopes of Port Arthur is not soon to be forgotten. In a poem by Mrs. Maxim, published in the Anglo-American Magazine, entitled "Greater Anglo-Saxony," Mr. Maxim's aspirations may be said to have been expressed in the concluding stanzas:

Go, let blood flow, but let it be
In the unsevered vein;
Go, wage relentless war on War
And all its hateful train.

And then let Peace perch on your
swords,
And doves nest in your guns—
Let stain this great earth-girding
realm
No blood of Adam's sons.

Saving California's Fruit Crops

BY W. S. HAWKWOOD IN THIS CENTURY.

Reference has been made to the fact that every insect pest there is a remedy in the shape of a specific foe to it. This is the scientific fact upon which the California Fruit Commission have been acting and the results to date have been highly satisfactory.

A FEW months ago I saw in an office in the City of San Francisco a little orange-tree about to set out upon what I presume was the most remarkable journey an orange-tree ever made. It was growing in a wooden box, the whole tree being not more than four feet in height. It was to be inclosed in a

strong redwood case, with openings to allow it breathing-space.

The little tree was bound for a far interior point in China. It would probably spend three months on its journey, would stay some time in China, far from the beaten paths of the tourists, and then would begin its homeward journey to San Francisco.

Curiously enough, the tree was starting out for China to be cured of a disease. It, in common with a number of other California orange-trees, had broken out with a most wretched affliction which was rapidly destroying its glossy green leaves and unfitting it for service. The disease took the form of a tiny insect or scale growth called *Depsidiosaphes Beckii*, very small in its individuals, but many in the aggregate and very dangerous. In fact, if the disease should not be checked, it would be likely to do irreparable damage to a great fruit industry.

In China the tree would meet a man who has made a lifelong study of plant diseases and injurious insects. He spends his time traveling over the world searching for the foes of these pernicious insects. He knows that there is a foe for nearly every one, and it is his business to find that foe. One month he may be in West Australia,—which country helps pay his expenses,—another month may see him in Japan, or in India, or in Spain, or Siberia. It is well known that fact that while almost every insect pest has its enemies, the enemies and the pests are evenly matched where the conditions are normal, and no harm is done. When the balance is not maintained, the pest gets the upper hand. Then comes the need of the searcher of pest foes. It is exceedingly difficult sometimes to find the region of the world where the foe exists. It was learned in a roundabout way, for example, that in an interior Chinese province this pest of the California orange tree lived side by side with a tiny insect that was an enemy to it. The pest and the destroying insect developed in about equal numbers, so that the balance was preserved and the pest did no harm. The object in sending

the little orange tree on its long journey was to take it into the locality where the pest and the insect both live, allow the destroying insect to lay its eggs upon the leaves of the tree, as it always does when it finds a place where its prey is living, send the tree home again with the eggs of the foe upon it, hatch them out in San Francisco, and then send the spiteful little insect out into the infected orange regions to destroy the pest that threatens the orange industry.

This is an illustration of the functions of a remarkable enterprise, now being carried on under the supervision of the California Commissioner of Horticulture. The way has now been opened for a revolution in the methods of insect-pest treatment. The commission, which is a state board, has been quietly at work upon the problem for ten years. It has demonstrated by actual tests that the only permanently successful way of combating pests in plants, whether fruit-trees, vegetables, or grains, is either to stamp out the disease altogether, usually a practical impossibility, or to introduce into the region where the pest exists its natural foe. The balance of nature is absolute. The moment an insect pest gets in the ascendancy and begins to be a destroyer, this balance is disturbed, and at that moment, if possible, the foe should be at hand. It is sure to exist somewhere—nature's provision against over-production. When unrestricted production goes on in plant or animal life, no one can predict the result.

So the work of this commission is not a fad, but a practical and immensely valuable enterprise, already resulting in the saving of millions of dollars to the fruit industry of California. The saving, when the experi-

ment is a success, is twofold: First, it puts a check upon the disease or pest, thus saving the crops; and, secondly, it does away with the need of elaborate and expensive spraying outfit.

The man who would meet the little orange tree is Mr. George Compere. When the orange tree started from San Francisco on July 6, 1905, Mr. Compere was on his way to China from West Australia to meet the tree and see it safely through its novel experience.

A year or so ago Mr. Compere found in Spain a region where the codling moth lived, but where the ravages of the worm to which its eggs give birth were slight. Investigations were made into this curious state of affairs. The result was that he discovered an insect, an ichneumon-fly in form, though not at all like the ordinary house fly, the sole aim in life of which was to kill the worm. The fly was about five-eighths of an inch in length, with a slender wasp-like body and two pairs of blue-black wings. It was equipped with a curious stiletto-like sting, about as long as itself, which it could project from a sheath and then, by bringing the full force of its powerful body in play, could drive down into the hark of the tree where the worm was found, and kill it, much as a wood-pecker performs its gruelling feat.

It was reasoned that if this parasite, or foe insect, kept the codling-moth down to a proper balance in Spain, it could do so in California. The ravages of this moth have been enormous. It hatches out an egg which produces a worm that destroys vast quantities of apples; indeed, its ravages have cost upward of twenty millions of dollars a year in the United States alone, to say nothing of the large sums of money spent for insect-

icides, spraying apparatus, chemicals, and the like, all, at the best, only makeshifts. A number of the pupae of the parasite were packed up in Spain and sent to the commission in San Francisco. They hatched out into healthy flies, and various meals of worms were in waiting to satisfy the appetites of these Spanish-bred insects. The worms were on branches of apple trees gathered from infected orchards, some on the surface, some under the bark. The branches were placed in glass cases, and the flies were let loose among them. The work of destruction began instantly, the flies searching out the worms unerringly and laying a large number of eggs, a few at a time, upon the worms, about two hundred and fifty eggs in all. The object in laying them upon the worms is that their progeny, when hatched out, may have food at hand. The tiny grubs hatching from the eggs feed upon the worm, and at the end of forty-three or forty-six days they are full grown flies ready to begin their work of destruction. In a relatively short time a very large number of flies can be produced, more than four thousand healthy flies coming from the very few pupae that were sent from Spain.

The flies were sent out to different parts of California in small quantities during the season of 1905. Applications came from very many quarters, for the worm was doing deadly work on the apples. The commissioner, however, thought it best to distribute them over various parts of the state rather than to individual fruit-growers so that all the varying climates and conditions of California might be tested.

The results have been signally successful. Reports have come in from many quarters, saying that the flies were appearing in large numbers and

that apple-crop prospects were never so bright. One man noted that his trees were maturing the first good crop in years, simply because the apples had a chance to mature unassailed by the worms. The flies hid fair soon to restore the balance of nature where it has been overturned, roll the codling moth of its terrors, and be the means of saving millions of dollars to the fruit industry of the country.

This line of work of the California commission began nearly 20 years ago. In various parts of the state, insect pests of types little understood and difficult to combat had for years been doing great damage. It is related that a nurseryman not far from San Francisco who imported some lemon trees from Australia laid the foundation—the figure is not altogether a happy one—for millions of dollars' damage. Upon his lemon tree was what is called the cottony cushion-scale, a tiny insect multiplying with remarkable rapidity and capable of doing vast harm. It had hitherto been unknown in America. An orange-grower in Southern California secured some of the infected stock, and the scale spread among the orchards. Sometimes the pests were so thick upon the trees that they were as white as if covered with snow. So terrible were the ravages of the pest, which destroyed all leaf and blossom output of the tree, that in a single year the shipments dropped from eight thousand carloads to six hundred. None of the many remedies tried did any permanent good. Digging up the trees and burning them was useless, because the pest had spread to all manner of vegetation. The situation was so critical that the ultimate extinction of the orange industry seemed near at hand.

Relief came through the California commission, aided by other California

and by the United States Department of Agriculture. An expert of the department, Mr. A. Koehle, was sent to Australia, where a variety of ladybird was found—a brilliant red insect, perhaps an eighth of an inch in width, called the Vedalia cardinalis. It was found to have a particular antipathy to the scale, or insect, which had been ravaging the orange orchards, was introduced in large quantities, and at once began the restoration of the balance of nature. The report of the Commissioner of Horticulture of California, recently issued, says on this point:

"This discovery started California in her present course of fighting bugs with bugs, and no doubt this will continue until every insect pest that disturbs plant life and its fruits will be overcome by natural insect enemies, even if it should require traversing the very ends of the earth to find the proper foe."

It is said the little ladybird that saved the orchards of California would have starved to death had it had any other food than the cottony cushion-scale.

Another pest, similar to the cottony cushion-scale, is called the black scale. Some time ago it was introduced into California without its foe and disastrous results followed. Mr. E. M. Ehrlom, now Deputy Commissioner of California, found, on investigation, that an enemy of the black scale lived in Cape Colony. Request was made by him of Professor Charles P. Lounshury, Government entomologist of Cape Colony, for the enemy. After the formality of a request from the United States Department of Agriculture had been complied with, Professor Lounshury sent the foe through the department to Mr. Ehrlom. The first colonies did not do well. Branches or cuttings

of oleander, bearing the black scale parasitized by a black, four-winged fly, known as *Sentellista cyanea*, were then sent from Cape Town to San Francisco. Seventeen insects developed, but, unfortunately, a small spider which had been hidden in a rolled-up leaf in the case pounced upon one of the females and killed her, leaving only three from which to huddle up a race of destroyers. There was apparently a slender chance of providing relief. From the three female flies, however, many eggs came; they were jealously guarded and hatched out, and a numerous brood resulted. They were released in the regions where the pest had begun its ravages during the season of 1905, and at once began their beneficent work. One fruit-grower reported—and his report may be taken as representative of others—that after the introduction of the foe the black scale in his orchard was reduced 90 per cent.

The apricot, one of the delicious fruits of California, is subject to a brown scale, or insect, which not only destroys the fruit and foliage, but by its thick encrustations is liable to destroy the vitality of the tree branches and ultimately to ruin the tree. It also attacks plum and prune trees with equal virulence. There is a minute brown fly, smaller indeed than the tiny ladybird, which has a particular antipathy to this apricot scale. It is a native and is called *Comys fusca*. The commission keeps a supply of this fly on hand all the time, and whenever there is a report from any part of the state that the scale is appearing, the commissioner despatches a colony of the insects by first mail. They are set free in the orchard where the scale has appeared, and shortly they begin their work of destruction. On account of its small size, great care is necessary in the

production as well as in the shipment and handling of the parasite. When an apricot plague spot has been cleansed by the parasite, quantities of infested twigs are gathered, along about the middle of May, and placed in square boxes for the use of the commissioner in future breeding. This foe which eats its way into the insect, or scale, and thus destroys it, begins to emerge from the scale soon after the twigs are stored. A glass tube is fixed in the side of the box. Into this tube the insects crawl one by one as they hatch out, and when twenty-five or more are in the vial, it is stopped with cotton to prevent escape while admitting air. Another tube is placed in position, and so the process goes on, colony after colony being thus secured. Stiff paper tubes are then used to incase the vials in which they are sent out to the infected places for liberation. The results have been highly successful in controlling this pest.

Now and then some other insect than the usual natural foe appears and adapts itself to a given pest. This was the case with the San Jose scale. A native insect, known as the *Aphelinus fuscipennis*, suddenly developed an appetite for the scale. It began to multiply also with unusual rapidity, and attacked the scale so vigorously that it was not long before it had the pest under control. It was simultaneously noticed in various parts of the state where the San Jose scale had been doing sad damage, that the scale was disappearing, and from no apparent cause. It was then that investigation showed how the pest was being overcome. At the present time, wherever in California the San Jose scale is found, there its enemy is also found, keeping down the pest to its normal numbers and thus preserving the balance of nature.

The question may be asked, what is to prevent the foe of these insect pests from becoming in turn an enemy itself? In nearly every case the benevolent insect depends upon the injurious insect for its own sustenance. It will not thrive if it is robbed of its prey. So, whenever the foe insect becomes very numerous in an orchard,

it does not do harm to the orchard, but only to the particular pest of the orchard which it antagonizes. It may never entirely destroy the pest, but it reduces it below the danger line, and keeps it there—the inevitable balance of nature. If the pest were wholly destroyed, its foe also would disappear.

Are China and Japan Far Behind?

BY HAROLD BOLTON IN APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS' MAGAZINE.

It is a common notion to suppose that China and Japan are far behind in the march of civilization. When it is considered that they possess a larger and more ancient historical record than any other nation in the world, just how slow to accept new things, the rapid awakening of the Orient and its eager acceptance of every invention, now becomes apparent.

THE Sunrise Kingdom's own interpretation of its mission is impressive. Having blended into its life the best of all nations, it believes itself prepared to introduce a new type of progress and civilization to the world. Japan asserts that in all ages the Occident has resisted innovations and that in many things we are still far more conservative than the Orient. This view is worth considering.

For eight hundred years Europe went on buying finely woven silks from the Orient before developing sufficient enterprise to discover the secret of their manufacture. In all those centuries the Old World paid exorbitant prices for the goods, believing them to be made of the fuzz of rare trees or of the down of strange animals. War prisoners from the Levant finally introduced sericulture into Southern Europe. Then the Far East sent indigo and cochineal to color the fairies, whereupon the conservative German Diet and the Parliament of England passed severe

laws against the use of "devil's dye." As late as the eighteenth century civilized England imagined indigo to be a mineral.

The introduction of cotton into London precipitated riots. In 1721 any person in England caught wearing a cotton garment was fined £5. To sell such an article incurred a penalty of £20. Coming down to America and modern times, there is even more to support the curious argument of the Japanese. John Fitch, on the Schuylkill, exhibited a steamboat to the people of Philadelphia, and was sneered into suicide. Even after persistent genius had forced the invention upon the American people, a great engineer gravely proved to the people of Boston that a boat could not be built large enough to carry sufficient coal to propel itself across the sea.

In 1830 mobs destroyed the sewing machine in Paris. For nine years Howe all but starved trying to introduce his machine to the American people. Leaving "conservative" Am-

eria in 1847, he went to England and, unsuccessful there, sold the British rights for enough to pay his passage back to the United States. This was only seven years before we opened Japan to progress! For ten years America kept Samuel Morse on the verge of starvation, and when a reluctant congress finally decided to experiment on a line between Washington and Baltimore, an eminent statesman attempted to defeat the bill by including in the purposes of the appropriation the survey of a route for a railway to the moon.

Since Japan began to hunt in every land for inventions it could take away, an American railway king refused to consider the Westinghouse brake, saying that a man who tried to stop a train with wind was a fool.

Because of its catholicity and its readiness to put to immediate test all innovations, Japan believes that it will take the leadership among nations. Already Lord Rosebery has confessed that if England wants to acquire up-to-date efficiency, it must give diligent study to the methods employed by Japan. The cosmopolitanism of a country that has modeled its army upon Germany's, its navy upon England's, its school system upon America's, whose laws were built upon the Code Napoleon, whose religion came from China, and whose calendar from Christendom, may, perhaps, be even more clearly comprehended when it is known that the elder statesmen of Japan actually considered the advisability of introducing All Fools' Day. All things, whether they be great or grotesque, are certain of receiving attention by the leaders who are making Japan.

A factor upon which the Japanese

leaders have ambitious hope for the future of their country and for China is that in both empires it is the few people in charge of the Government, not the populace, that decide questions of progress. A form of state socialism prevails in Japan. It has not been secured by the people, but conferred upon them by their rulers. America, as Lowell put it, is a "government by declamation." The Japanese boast that theirs is a government of action. Only one percent of the people of Japan vote. Innovations designed to work great economic progress in the empire are neither voted nor talked to death. The thing is done forthwith, and the nations witness a new metamorphosis in Japan. The system is peculiarly adapted to the Orient. It is to be tried in China.

We shall be better prepared for the sudden changes that will be brought about in the Celestial Kingdom through the fiat system which Japan has established in the Far East if we clear our minds of the main Occidental delusion regarding China.

We have assumed that China is two thousand years behind the age, that Japan cannot hurry its ponderous neighbor into modern ways, and that when the Chinese become "a nation of train catchers," as Joaquin Miller calls America, the ships of Uncle Sam will arrive in the Yellow Sea with civilized cargoes.

We picture our industrial efficiency as the perfected outcome of centuries of genius and labor. As a matter of fact, China at the beginning of the nineteenth century was as far progressed as Europe or America. The whole world was a dismal affair. Civilization in its most cultured form in London and Boston still struck steel and flint together to

light its fires! For the first two decades of the nineteenth century when sundown overtook St. Petersburg, Paris, New York, those cities lapsed into the Dark Ages. There was not a gas jet in the metropolis of the United States until 1821. It is estimated that to-day over 400,000 matches are consumed daily in the United States. In 1904, Japan alone exported to China and Hongkong enormous quantities of matches, valued at no less than 7,789,600 yen. Yet up to 1827 there was not a lucifer match in the world.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century there were no better means of communication between the valleys of Europe than between those of China. The best medium of transportation were rivers and canals, and in these China was better equipped than the Occident. When we picture ourselves as rushing along twenty centuries ahead of China, let us remember that it took three weeks for the news of Madison's election to reach the citizens of Kentucky! It took three days to travel from Calais to Paris, a distance of 150 miles. The diligence that toiled along the sand roads into Berlin and the stagecoach that frequently mired or overturned on the way to Washington, were scarcely to be preferred in speed or comfort to the carts and palanquins of China. A journey from Boston to Pittsburgh was attended with difficulties and hardships equal to those of a trip from Pekin to any distant city of that empire.

America was strong and resolute, but hand-made and homespun. Of manufacturers as we now understand them, we had virtually none. The infant industry had not yet arrived! There was practically nothing in our whole industrial system to astonish

a traveler from Cathay. In agricultural science both China and Japan had made more advance than America. Our fail was almost as old as human hunger. For the first nineteen years of the nineteenth century the plows in use in the United States were like the one that Cincinnati left in the field!

Eleven years before Perry opened Japan to trade, we did not have a line of telegraph in America. In 1854, the year that he reached the Sunrise Kingdom, our pioneers depended upon rafts and boats to get across the Mississippi. There was no bridge across that river. Six years after Perry left the door open in the Orient, travelers to Des Moines, Iowa, were compelled to ride 200 miles in a stagecoach where, in Winter, they warmed their feet over field stones, taken out at intervals and heated over wayside fires. We have imagined that the transformation of Japan was exceptional, and that, therefore, we need not look for a similar industrial change in other countries of the Far East. Success has a short memory. Japan's metamorphosis has been contemporaneous with the world's.

The backwardness of America and of the whole western world almost up to the second half of the nineteenth century, and the amazing changes wrought with the coming of the current mechanical age shows what marvelous transformation may be looked for in China, for that empire is just about in the condition that America was in 1850.

Japan has no delusions on the subject of China's awakening. It knows that its own reconstruction is not more miraculous than the simultaneous transformation of Europe and the United States, that China is

only a few years behind, and that the changes at hand in that empire will create a new commerce, a new civilization, and almost a new world. The opportunity which we are deliberately surrendering will make Japan one of the greatest trading nations in history.

It may be urged that the people of the continent of Asia are too conservative to accommodate themselves to so mighty a transformation. But the masses have nothing to say about it. Even if they were consulted, their conservatism would probably be no more marked than that which resisted, unsuccessfully, the coming of machinery into the Occident. It is true that natives in China took the law into their own hands and tore up railways that had invaded the tombs of their fathers. But the Chinese are thrifty, and when they found that the contractors would buy the right of way, a business compromise was effected.

To-day China has several thousand miles of railways, telegraphs, and telephones. It has a number of factories equipped with modern ma-

chinery and electric lights. The Government has established foundries and arsenals, and is operating mines. When America considers China, it thinks of 400,000,000 people inert and uninterested in the affairs of the world. We should, on the contrary, keep in mind the leaders who are taking counsel of Japan, and the army of alert students in the universities of Tokio. Modern men like Li Hung Chang, Wu Ting-fang, Sir Chentung, the present Minister at Washington, and the great Viceroy Chang Chih-Tung will make China great, just as Marquis Ito and his colleagues have transformed Japan.

China enjoys the marked advantage of coming into the heritage of mechanics after great inventions have been proved and accepted. With the great price of waste of years and neglect of genius we sought our emancipation from drudgery. But to the Far East our latter-day civilization comes free. China has employed Japanese experts in every line to install the new order of things.

a greater effort to reach the high ideals which he showed in a practical way to be possible of attainment.

In the life of Thoreau, by William Ellery Channing, is written these words concerning the poet-naturalist:

"Never eager, with a pensive hesitancy he steps about his native fields, singing the praises of music and Spring and morning, forgetful of himself. . . . No bribe could have drawn him from his native fields, where his ambition was—a very honorable one—to fairly represent himself in his works, accomplishing as perfectly as lay in his power what he conceived his business.

The spirit of this affirmation, if not the letter, may well be applied to the life of Mr. Jones, especially of his later years. He was a man who, from comparative obscurity, stepped into the lime-light of a national and even an international publicity. Curiously enough, this was brought about, not by any of those things that usually give name and fame to individuals, but by his belief in the possibility of following the teachings of the great Master in all of the affairs of life, and his persistent effort to make this ideal a proven reality. The business world was his "native field," and therein, forgetful of himself so far as personal ambitions were concerned, he wrought faithfully among his fellow-men, who were all—rich and poor alike—his brothers to whom he was bound to give loving service. This service represented his hopes, his desires, his aspirations, and no bribe, however tempting and saughtily offered, could ever have made him false to them or change their color and expression.

The life of such a man has in it a lesson invaluable in character-building. To know the circumstances and

environment of his earlier as well as of his later years, is to gain some understanding of the process by which his intellectual, moral and spiritual nature was moulded into the strength and nobility that enabled him finally to exert such a powerful influence over all with whom he came in contact. It was the absolute sincerity of purpose underlying his simplest action which impressed itself upon everybody entering into his presence. That he should be so trusted was his earnest longing, which he expressed in the introduction to one of his books:

"Sometimes I think that nothing so completely separates the soul from God as the distrust, doubt and suspicion of our fellow-men that is the distinguishing feature of our present-day life, social, commercial and political; and I am sure there is no compensation or reward that I so earnestly long for as the consciousness that my fellows believe in me. Doubt my wisdom, question my judgement, deny the truth of my propositions, if you will, but for your own sake, and for the sake of humanity, I ask that you will not charge that I am false."

In a larger degree than comes to most men who are so constantly before the public, came to him, finally, the unquestioning faith in the purity of his motives which he longed for and so dearly prized. Those who for years distrusted him; who believed him actuated solely by the selfish motives that move most men to action; who thought his persistent expressions of love and service to his fellows were what are roughly termed "playing to the galleries," came at last, for the most part, to understand that his every-day life was simply the flowering of a sincere

Samuel M. Jones, the Golden-Rule Mayor

THE ARENA.

It is refreshing in this world of push and grab to read about the life of a man who became a doer unto others as he would be done by and lived up to his belief. The story of the Wisconsin man who became Mayor of Toledo is an inspiring one and should encourage others to go and do likewise.

It is a pleasant thing in these days of corruption exposed in high places, when newspapers and magazines are filled with stories of the robbery of the people by those whom they have trusted, to turn to the life of the man, Samuel Milton Jones, known the world over as

the Golden-Rule Mayor; the man who believed in the governing power of Love and acted always in accord with that belief. To read of one who so persistently and fearlessly obeyed the law of the Master, as he saw it, in all of the affairs of his busy life, is to gather inspiration for

desire and earnest purpose to follow in his Master's footsteps, and this in the most literal way possible. What has been said of him is absolutely true, that he was entirely free from conceit and acted without the slightest reference to appearances. To one who was familiar with his every-day life and action, as was the writer, he seemed to possess the simplicity of a child studying the problems of unfolding experience, a simplicity replaced when necessary by the keen judgment of a successful man of affairs. This characteristic made him unconscious of any inequality with his fellow-men, whether they were rich and aristocratic, or poor and perhaps criminal. He met all upon the ground of human brotherhood, and thus, in the end, drew out the best in those with whom he came in contact.

Mr. Jones was a Welshman by birth. In one of his books entitled "The New Right," he says with regard to this event:

"I do not know of what particular consequence it is to the people who read this book just when, or where, or why I was born, but quoting from Copperfield and following the general custom, I will say that I was born, as I was told and have reason to believe, on August 3, 1846, in a small stone house, still standing, known as Ty Mawr (big house) about three miles from the peaceful village of Bedd Gelert, Caernarvonshire, North Wales. Three years ago I had the privilege and pleasure of visiting the rude house where I was born, the floor of which was composed of rough flagstones, rougher by far than any I have ever seen used in a common sidewalk—yet worn smooth by the tramp of the feet of the tenantry that have polished them through

their service, the main result of which has been that they have earned rent for the landlord and incidentally have eked out an existence for themselves. I am glad that I left the place at such an early age that I cannot recall any of the hard experiences that my parents must have had there."

The family emigrated to the United States when the boy was but three years old, coming across in the steerage of a sailing vessel, then going in a canal boat from New York to Utica, and finally by wagon north-west into Lewis county, where were extensive stone-quarries in which his father found work. As soon as he was old enough, Sam, as he was called, was sent to the village school, but his attendance there was limited to thirty months.

When he was only ten years old he worked for a farmer at three dollars a month, getting up at four o'clock in the morning and only ceasing his labor at sunset. He hated farm work intensely, and was in constant revolt against the injustices of being compelled to do that which was so distasteful. It was the memory of these days which gave him always a ready sympathy with the boys and girls who were being forced into callings for which they had neither inclination nor fitness. He believed that many lives, which might have been prosperous and happy, and of service to humanity, have been distorted and perhaps ruined by this process.

It is not necessary to follow minutely these earlier years of his career, further than to show that the boy was father to the man, possessing in full the qualities of pluck and courage that belonged to his later years. At fourteen he was working

twelve hours a day in a saw mill, which was more in accord with his mechanical turn of mind than farming. Then came what seemed to him a wonderful opportunity,—employment upon a steamboat, about the engine of which he hoped to learn enough to become an engineer. After spending three Summers in this way, the whole current of his life was changed by the advice of one who saw something of what was in the lad. "Sammy," he said, "you are a fool to spend your time on these steamboats; you should go to the oil regions; you can get four dollars a day there."

The outcome was a journey to Titusville, Pennsylvania, when the oil excitement was at its height. He had just fifteen cents in his pocket when he started out to find something to do. He often spoke of the sense of desolation which he had while tramping from place to place seeking but finding no work. In his autobiography he calls it "the most disheartening of all errands that any child of God ever undertook, looking for a job among strangers—a task, too, that I do not believe God intends that a man shall waste his time on, for I fancy that in the Divine order, in the Kingdom of Heaven on Earth, in the condition of social justice that is yet to prevail, there will be such a scientific ordering of the affairs of society that no man will waste time tramping from door to door in the heart-breaking, soul-destroying business of begging for work, looking for something to do."

Mr. Jones finally found a place in the oil fields, and his energy and industry gave him remunerative employment until the time came when he was able to dig for oil himself, in

which his ventures were successful. In 1875 he married—in his own words—"as sweet and helpful a soul as ever inhabited this world of ours." For ten years they lived a happy life together, and then came the sorrow of his little girl's death, followed soon by that of her mother.

Almost overwhelmed by these successive blows, he sought relief by removing with his two sons into new scenes, first to Bradford, Pennsylvania, and then to Lima, the centre of the oil fields in Ohio. In the latter place he entered extensively into the business of development and gained what the world terms success.

In 1892 he married Helen L. Beach, of Toledo, and soon after moved thither in order to develop in the larger place some of his inventions that he had vainly offered to the Standard Oil Trust. Here he built a beautiful home in which, with his wife—a woman of rare intelligence and dignity of character and an accomplished musician—and his two sons he once more found happiness.

At this time came his first awakening to the great wrong of the existing social and industrial conditions. His eyes began to open with the crowds of applicants for work when the wheels were set in motion at his factory. He learned that men were working elsewhere for less than a dollar a day, and he studied upon the problem of how they could live decently upon such wages. Yet he found those who pled for the chance to toil under this condition. In his own factory he ordered that his men should be paid according to what the business would allow and without reference to the scale in other factories. Good wages and short hours were his rule as an employer.

Growing more and more troubled over social conditions, he came upon an article by George D. Herron upon the philosophy of the Lord's prayer, which impressed him greatly. "Our Father" means that all men are brothers; the tramp is brother of the railway president, the wild-hearted woman of sin is the sister of the clergyman, and her shame is his because she is his sister. He had never thought of it that way before, even though he had often said the prayer at his mother's knee, and repeated it in the church in later years.

Continued dwelling upon the wrong of social conditions impelled him to action. He said :

"For me to be contented with existing conditions would be to blaspheme the sacred name of Christ, and moreover would be a treason to the republic itself. I know the republic cannot endure and our mock Christianity must perish from the face of the earth unless those of us who claim to be both patriotic and Christian are able to demonstrate by the sacrifice of service that our claims are well founded."

He inaugurated about this time at his own expense a series of addresses by noted speakers along these lines, given in the church of which he was a member and the minister of which was in sympathy with his growing thought. It was at one of these lectures, that given by Washington Gladden, I believe, that I first saw Mr. Jones. He was beginning to attract attention by his peculiar ideas regarding business and the Golden Rule, but had not then become "dangerous." I had also heard stories of nightly rides through the poorer parts of the city when the mercury was hovering around zero, to discover and relieve suffering.

At the close of the address, which was the concluding one of the series, the chairman of the meeting spoke of the value of what had been given through the generosity of Mr. Jones, and asked him to speak. A man, keen-eyed, strong-featured, with modest but earnest bearing, stepped reluctantly forward, and in a few brief sentences told of his object in bringing these subjects before the people, and of what seemed to him were some of the crying social needs of the day. I went away impressed with the thought that here was a man to be, in some way, reckoned with in the future.

As yet, however, he had not gotten his bearings, only that he knew and persistently declared that the Golden Rule could be applied to every relation of life, and in so far as this was done, the irregularities which bring sin and suffering would disappear. This was the only rule which he allowed placed upon the walls of his factory, nor would he ever permit the placard bearing the words "No More Help Wanted" to be hung there, because he desired to see all who were out of work and find if he could not give them help.

Other measures that he introduced were social gatherings by which he hoped to break down what he called "the absurd notion of social distinction between employer and employed;" the shortening of the term of labor to a fifty-hour week; profit-sharing at Christmas time when, with the dividend, he sent to his employees a letter upon such subjects as "Peace on Earth and Good Will to Men," and the "Christ Principle of Overcoming Evil With Good."

He caused to be placed in the office of the factory, a box in which letters of criticism might be put by his

workmen. These could be anonymous, or signed, as the writers chose. He himself wrote them letters from week to week regarding their relations to each other, which were enclosed in their pay envelopes.

The vacant land next to his factory he turned into a park and a playground for the children. He named it Golden-Rule Park, and there, every Sunday, talks, often by men and women of national reputation, were given, attended by the workmen with their families, and such of the townspeople as believed in "Jones" and the principles which he was trying to apply to life.

As a business man he had the peculiarity of an absolute disregard of recommendations. When men applied to him for work, presenting at the same time the written good-word of some former employer, Mr. Jones would refuse to look at it, saying: "If you have recommendations, anybody will help you to a place. I must help men who have none." Sometimes he added to this refusal: "Your face is good enough for me." He was a keen judge of character and rarely wrong in his estimate.

Naturally these things, so different from the usual methods, attracted the attention of the public, but it was by a seeming accident that he received the Republican nomination for mayor. To the politicians this was a matter of astonishment, that this man, a resident of Toledo for only four years, and wholly unknown in the field of politics, should jump over the heads of those who had been toiling for many weary years to serve the party. He himself believed his nomination was due to "a little effort put forth to deal justly with his fellow-men."

Mr. Jones was elected, although vigorously opposed by the saloon keepers because they feared a drastic policy, and by the wealthy class who considered him "dangerous on account of his belief in the Declaration of Independence." The story of his re-election again, and yet again, upon an independent ticket, in the face of the most violent opposition of the Republican leaders and the newspapers, has been many times told and need not be here repeated, although it is full of interest.

His methods in his public career were the same that he used in his private, successful business. From what he believed was right he never swerved no matter how strongly it might seem to militate against his personal interests. He proved in both the possibility of making an everyday application of the Golden Rule to every affair of life. His factory flourished and his wealth constantly increased, though money passed through his fingers like water. His conduct of public business won for him among the people a constantly increasing confidence, while his reputation abroad grew apace.

It is true that in his own city he had bitter opposition. Good men could not understand his ideas regarding the treatment of criminals nor his attitude with respect to saloons and gambling-houses. It was repeatedly affirmed that the latter were allowed to run wide open, contrary to law, and that crime increased during his mayoralty. This was believed by those who did not know the facts. The records declare the contrary. Official figures show the number of saloons decreased and that there was less crime, instead of more, in the growing young city.

His conduct of affairs in his official

capacity was unique. Everybody was received kindly and courteously, but there was not a shade more of deference to the moneyed man or powerful politician than to the laboring man, or the unfortunate and penniless. All were "just people" and his brothers, and each was spoken with in his turn. He never turned away from anyone who asked for help, regarding his wealth as a responsibility from which, if it could be rightfully done, he would have gladly shaken himself free. It is well known that he gave away each year far more than the salary of his office. Each day he lived in accord with this simple statement:

"I assure you that I have no other purpose than to be a Christian on the basis of loving my neighbor as myself, whether my neighbor is a church member, or a non-church member; a saloon keeper or a store-keeper; a gambler or an oppressor of labor; always remembering that he is my neighbor, God's child and my brother—an erring brother, perhaps, but my brother just the same."

At all times he was studying the problems of living, those which seemed to him of vital moment to the well-being of "all the people." He was an eager listener to the conclusions of others, weighing their arguments without prejudice, easily taking the attitude of a learner. Frankly he expressed his own convictions whether of agreement or difference, but with a simplicity that precluded offense.

His faith in the individual was supreme. He saw in the poorest and lowest that something which will make for good, if aroused, and this was always his purpose. One day a poorly-dressed man came into the office and asked of him money enough

to pay his railroad fare to a place where he hoped to secure the work for which he had been vainly seeking in Toledo. Instantly Mr. Jones' hand went into his pocket, but, as was often the case because of his quick generosity, he found nothing there. Application to his clerk and secretary produced no result. Then he took out his mileage-book and handed it to the man whom he had never before seen, telling him to send it back when he reached his destination. The remonstrances of his clerk—who was also his devoted friend and helper—he answered with a smile, turning to his desk in dismissal of the subject. Some time after, so long that there was a chance he had been deceived, the book came back, with the amount of fare enclosed in a poorly-written but most earnest letter of thanks. Anything like this naturally brought him in conflict with the railroads, but he would settle the difficulty by paying the difference in fare, remarking: "The very rich man can ride in a private car; the moderately wealthy may ride on a pass; and the well-to-do is able to buy a mileage-book at two cents a mile. It is only the poor man who is compelled to pay the full price."

One cold Winter morning three men came in and asked for money to get a Salvation Army dinner, saying they were out of work. He drew out a five-dollar bill and gave them, telling them to bring back the change, as he had none. "You will never see that money again," remarked his clerk.

Late in the afternoon they returned, but Mr. Jones being out, they handed what was left to Mr. Voit.

"Is it all right?" asked the lat-

ter. They hesitated. "All but twenty cents," one said at last. "We took a drink out of what was left and thought we would run away with the rest, but we concluded we couldn't treat a man like that in so mean a way."

Through all the years I knew him and when he was under the hottest fire of criticism, I never heard him speak unkindly of his enemies. And in his public life, through his political campaigns his condemnation was always of methods and measures, never of men.

Much of interest regarding the life of this man must necessarily be omitted from this article. I have said little of his political campaigns, carried on with no bribing of voters, no promises given for influence and work, without appeal to partisan feeling, and with no catering to any class of society.

From the closing of his first term as mayor, the magic of his name would call together crowds of eager listeners, the majority of whom were working men and women, to whom he would talk simply and naturally of their duties to each other and to the community in which they lived. "The ideal government," he would say, "is one where the strongest will always help the weakest." Without east, but with an intense earnestness that held the attention of the most careless, he presented the highest religious ideal as the practical one to live by.

The Golden Rule he declared to be an exact science. "It is really the physical law of action and reaction expressed in morals. It is the law of life, of relation—and it works."

"I intend to be always in politics," he often declared, "working and voting for those candidates who

seem to me to be looking most toward the light of liberty and equality."

Letters of commendation from thinkers and reformers came to him from all over the world. "It is a great joy to me," wrote Tolstoi, after the third election of Mr. Jones, "to know that such ideas as are expressed in your address are approved by a great majority of your people."

"The work you are doing for human welfare," wrote Edwin Markham, "is far larger than the orbit in which you move; it is an object-lesson to the world."

In similar vein were letters from W. D. Howells, R. Heber Newton, Edward Everett Hale, Thomas Wentworth Higginson and almost countless others whose names are familiar household words.

Perhaps the letters which touched him most deeply, for which he cared most, were those from children telling him their troubles and asking him for all sorts of things, expressing their childish faith in his will to do what they desired. He loved children and they knew and loved him with fervor.

The life of Mr. Jones, both public and private, has the deepest moral significance from every point of view.

The man whose whole aim under every condition was to do every thing in his power to help unfortunate men and women to live better lives and do nothing to hinder them, finally won the love and trust of the great body of the people to a most unprecedented degree. And even though there were those who bitterly opposed him as dangerous, though the Legislature repealed the law by which the mayor could take the place of the police judge, because of the rulings which he made in that posi-

sition with regard to criminals, few indeed were they who questioned the sincerity of his motives or doubted his integrity.

The outpouring of the people upon the day of his funeral was such as has been rarely witnessed in any city. Thousands stood for hours in the hot July sun upon the lawns before the house and in the avenues leading thither, sorrowfully awaiting the moment when the body of their friend should be borne to its final resting-place. And all along the route to the cemetery groups of men and women stood with bared heads—many with tears streaming down their faces—while the procession

slowly passed by. They loved him so—these people.

Nor do they forget him, nor the things for which he worked. His name is one to conjure with to-day, and the lesson of brotherhood which he taught will remain a living influence even when the memory of the personal man has grown dim by the passing of the years. They will recall that by his life he exemplified this thought:

"Shun sorrow not; be brave to bear
The world's dark weight of sin and
care;
Spend and be spent, yearn, suffer,
give,
And in thy brethren learn to live."

The Government as [a] Homemaker ■

BY HAMILTON WEIGHT IN WORLD TO-DAY

A gigantic national project is under way in the United States by which millions of acres of arid land in the west will be reclaimed. The major agency which is to bring about this change, and which is already being employed, is irrigation. The first step was taken last October when the Truckee-Carson Irrigation Canal was opened.

OUT in Nevada not long ago a grizzled old prospector from Rhyolite put his arm over the shoulders of a United States Senator and drew him slowly from the crowd. "Senator, I've been prospecting fifty years in these Nevada deserts; I've made my pile in Virginia City in the Comstock days and I've lost it, and I've made it and lost it again. I've seen Nevada turn out millionaires, and then call back her loan with interest. I've never yet seen a ledge that I knew didn't run out somewhere. But, I want to say that in this irrigation proposition we've struck a pay streak that will never give out. When our old mining towns are off

the map this proposition will be shipping hogs and alfalfa to new mining camps."

The Senator was Francis G. Newlands, of Nevada, "Father of the Reclamation Act;" the place near Reno, Nevada, was the time June 17 last. On this date just three years from the passage of the National Reclamation Act was celebrated the turning on of water into the Truckee-Carson irrigation canals. The observing prospector from Rhyolite had said the event signalized the first great step in the upbuilding of Nevada. It was appropriately honored. A special train bearing members of the Joint Committees of the House and Senate on Irrigation, in-

cluding five of the seventeen who had drafted the Reclamation Act, Governor Pardue, of California, Governor Sparks, of Nevada, F. H. Newell, Chief of the Reclamation Service, and three or four hundred legislators and citizens, many of them of national reputation, pulled up early in the forenoon near the head-gates of the canal diverting water from the Truckee River. Shortly afterward Mrs. Francis G. Newlands broke a bottle of champagne over the huge concrete works above the head-gates. The "irrigationists" turned the mechanical cranks, the steel head-gates lifted, and the cool waters from the high Sierra rushed through the canal to the thirsty desert of the Carson Valley thirty miles away. A dozen Indians slipped to the river bed below the dam to gather up the stranded trout. Senator Du Bois, of Idaho, no less agile, picked the fish up carefully and returned them to the stream.

As the water flowed into the new irrigation canal and the whistling of the distant locomotive echoed in the hills, I saw a noted enthusiast, perhaps our greatest publicist in the cause of the irrigation of arid America, a man who has written volumes on the subject and who never neglects to talk irrigation on every public opportunity, wiping the tears from his eyes. "I couldn't help thinking of some of the old-timers who did not live to see this through," he explained apologetically. "There was old G. He worked with us on this proposition for ten years. G. lived in Nevada for fifty years, and even at the beginning of that period he talked of the possibilities of the very problem which has just been worked out."

It was more than a step in the

upbuilding of Nevada; it was a move toward the reclamation of the whole west. It was the consummation of the dream of years and of the work of men who have labored long and faithfully in the cause of national irrigation.

Irrigation is no new idea. It was practiced in Egypt six thousand years ago. At that time there was a gathering on the banks of the Nile for the purpose of dedicating the first diversion and impounding dam in history. It is pleasing to recall that in all the changes of empire, irrigated lands are the only lands in all the earth that have been continuously and successfully cultivated. Irrigation was tried in California three hundred years ago by the Franciscan padres, and was established by the Mormons in Utah and Nevada half a century back with astonishing success.

But irrigation works built by the Government is a new idea in America. And irrigation, scientific irrigation, as demonstrated by the experts of the Reclamation Service of the Department of Agriculture, and by other "irrigationists" (i.e., those who study the problems of irrigation, as distinguished from irrigators), was a subject apparently so little appreciated, despite the visible results, that it took ten years of talking at Washington before a majority of the National Legislature became convinced that there was anything in the idea at all.

By the Truckee-Carson project, the first to be completed under the Reclamation Act, water is taken from the Truckee River at a point ten miles above Wadsworth, Nevada, to the channel of the Carson River by a canal thirty-one miles long. In the Truckee River there is plenty of

water, but in the Truckee Valley there is little agricultural land. In the Carson Valley there is an abundance of agricultural land. In fact, almost everywhere in the arid west there is more good land than there is water. On the first of January, 1905, fifty thousand acres of land had been brought under irrigation in the Carson Valley by means of about two hundred miles of canals and ditches. Already the cabins of the pioneers are seen in the valley, little one or two-room houses, mostly, but enough to shelter the frontiersman and his family, for the object of the Reclamation Act is to provide homes for the homeseekers. The land is divided into farm units limited to one hundred acres, and the settler must be bona fide.

That this bleak Nevada desert will be completely transformed through irrigation is fairly assured by the fact that wherever water has been brought to the land in the Carson Valley by the few owners of small farms scattered close along the bed of the little Carson River, crops grow with great luxuriance. One can almost see alfalfa grow. The stock feeding upon it look sleek and are in prime condition. Horses, dairy cattle, mules and hogs fatten on it. Where some settler may have planted a seed by his back porch, there has grown up a fruit tree. Deciduous fruits, grown for home use, do well and have a flavor that is often a pronounced characteristic of fruit grown in high altitudes. The arid regions, with their peculiarities of climate, may yet give birth to fruits, grain or vegetables superior to anything raised in this country.

Some of the land in the Carson Valley shows white with alkali. The Government will redeem this land

through underground drainage. The theory, which has been proved, is that the crops can stand a fair amount of alkali if it is distributed through the soil; it is when it forms a coating on the surface that it destroys vegetation. Ordinary irrigation brings the alkali to the top of the ground. The water impregnated with alkali is drawn to the surface as the ground becomes dry and evaporates. By underground drainage the water does not again come to the surface after irrigation, but passes away through porous pipes, carrying the alkaline matter with it. Necessary underground drainage is included in the general irrigation work. Before entering upon any project "soil tests" are made by Government experts, to determine the fertility and characteristics of the soil. Water tests to ascertain the varying amounts of water necessary for irrigation in different localities are also made.

The huge head-gates on the Truckee-Carson Canal are of concrete, all of one piece, and present an impregnable appearance. With ordinary care they will last for centuries, defying storms and floods, and keeping the water under absolute control at all times. Their finished and substantial appearance offers a striking contrast to the "intakes" where water is diverted from the Colorado River to the Imperial country in the southern part of California. With such head-gates the water could not have escaped through the irrigated country at Imperial into the Salton Sink, creating as it has at this writing, a vast inland sea thirty miles long, five to ten miles wide, and ten to twenty feet deep.

The works on the Truckee-Carson project testify to the fact that the

Government with its expert engineers and ample funds is able to come to the aid of the west with projects of a lasting character; and, while encouraging, and desiring irrigation work by private capital, has the ability to undertake the greater works with a completeness and permanency beyond the reach of individual funds.

All doubt as to the realization of the wonderful possibilities of this grand plan should be removed by the success which has attended the irrigation of the Colorado Desert adjoining the Colorado River in California and Mexico. Like magic, a vast, unproductive, sun-bitten area has been transformed through the influence of water into an enormously productive agricultural region. It is a twentieth century miracle. It is the largest irrigation project, either public or private, that has so far been completed in the United States. Land served by the Truckee-Carson project costs \$26 an acre with water; the price of land in the Imperial Valley in the Colorado Desert is about the same.

Five years ago there was not a home in the Imperial Valley of the Colorado Desert. There was not even an Indian bogen (earth hut) to shelter the engineers who surveyed the first canals from the Colorado River across the desert. The parched earth was as bare of vegetation as a skating rink, and it seemed even less promising than Death Valley, for it lacks the mineral wealth of that region, the ground being a sedimentary deposit from the Colorado River.

To-day a hundred thousand acres are under actual cultivation on the California side of the desert, and ten thousand on the Mexican side. Towns

have arisen almost in a night; the principal are Imperial, Holtville, Brawley, Calexico, Mexicali, Heber and Elsinore, ranging from 600 to 1,800 population. There are fifteen thousand people and eleven school districts in the valley. The reports from these school districts, for June, 1905, show 701 children against 370 one year ago. The population of the valley is greater than the school census would indicate, because so many men have gone there to start farms, leaving their families at home until they are prepared to receive them. Imperial, the largest town, has a \$5,000 schoolhouse and a brick church which also cost \$5,000. The men who work out in the open all day say they do not mind the heat; there are no instances of sunstroke in this dry air. The country is filled with young college men. The moral tone of the valley is illustrated by the vote against intoxicants which was carried out at two different elections. A telephone system has been extended throughout the whole irrigated area. The towns possess neat brick and stone business blocks, concrete sidewalks and graded streets. Shade trees are being grown, and, at eighteen months old, poplars are from fifteen to eighteen feet in height and afford substantial shade.

On the American side of the "desert"—I use quotation marks since the term is obsolete—no less than fifty thousand acres of the total one hundred thousand under cultivation are in barley: ten thousand acres are in alfalfa, which here produces from eight to twelve crops a year of from one and one-half to two tons an acre each cutting. Milo maize, Egyptian corn, sugar beets, and other field crops as well as vegetables grow luxuriantly in the sedimentary soil.

Flaming Tokay grapes, melons and cantaloupes of the finest quality are produced in great abundance. And all this on the Colorado "desert," a region as unpromising as any locality the Government could select for irrigation projects under the Reclamation Act. It was, perhaps, more unpromising than any regions that have been selected to be affected by the operation of that law.

Fifty thousand head of cattle are now fattened in the Imperial country for market. There is much dairy stock; horses, mules and hogs are raised; a horsebreeders' association has been formed for the purpose of introducing blooded stock. The little town of Imperial ranks next to Los Angeles and San Pedro, being the third shipping point on the Southern Pacific Railroad in Southern California.

Actual work in the Imperial country was begun in 1900, when a ditch eight miles long and seventy-five feet wide was constructed to connect with the Alamo River bed. Canals were diverted from the river channel and took the water through the valley. The country is, in some places, as much as three hundred feet below sea level. The Colorado River, which carries down each year enough sediment to cover sixty-eight miles square with solid earth one foot deep, has built its channel higher than the surrounding country and thrown out banks which once cut off a considerable body of water from the ocean. This huge inland sea has evaporated, and now the basin covers one thousand square miles, only a little of which has been irrigated. The Government has planned for the ultimate extension of the canals of the Yuma project twenty miles or

more from the Laguna dam ten miles above Yuma, to the Imperial Valley.

The largest and most comprehensive irrigation project which the Government has under consideration is the reclamation of two million acres of land in the Sacramento Valley of California. Water will be conserved by means of seven huge reservoirs, and distributed over the valley, which is 250 miles long and from twenty to sixty miles in breadth. Here the problems of irrigation, reclamation, navigation and drainage are all closely connected; for, with the storage of waters, the crests of the Spring floods which have often broken the levees on the lower reaches of the Sacramento River and destroyed millions of dollars worth of property, will be controlled. The climatic conditions in the Sacramento Valley are far less extreme than those in the desert regions.

Although the Government contemplates irrigation works for the benefit of homesteaders and endeavors as far as possible to undertake works with the view of bringing water to available Government lands, yet, in the event that individuals are willing to subdivide their lands and to sign a contract which will prevent land speculation anticipating increased values through irrigation, irrigation works will be undertaken under the Reclamation Act where the land is in private ownership. This is the case in the Salt River Valley, Arizona, where a dam capable of impounding enough water to irrigate two hundred thousand acres of land will be constructed. The settlers in that section have gone ahead and accomplished marvels; now the Government is coming to their aid. In the Sacramento Valley the land is

mainly in large holdings, there being individual ranches of one hundred thousand acres in extent. At present, however, it looks as if many of these huge estates would be subdivided.

In view of all these facts, it is not too much to hope that these erstwhile arid lands will support permanently a large population. For the first time in its history, the

Government with humanitarian purposes enters upon a work which has hitherto been regarded as belonging to private enterprise. The first impounding dams, head-gates, canals, laterals and ditches have been built by the Government and are ready for the settler. It remains with the settler to determine whether he will succeed or fail.

How Public Opinion is Manufactured

MCGRAW'S MAGAZINE

The epithets employed by the great corporations of the United States, such as the Standard Oil Company, the life insurance companies and the railroad companies to counteract the adverse criticisms of their opponents, are not exactly what could be called appropriate. As the following editorial shows, they have been in the habit of placing paid reading matter at the press with the present purpose of making readers believe said reading matter to be an independent expression of opinion.

HERE has long been a suspicion amounting, in many quarters, to a certainty, that our great corporations included in their advertising bureaus well-equipped, secret departments for manufacturing public opinion favorable to themselves. It is one of their vaunted "economies" which, for "the good of the business," they took care to keep to themselves. As a rule, all that a restive public could do under this suspicion was to accuse. It could not prove. One of the many substantial public services rendered by the admirable life insurance investigation which has been going on in New York City last Fall and this Winter, was to contribute a clear demonstration of the way the publicity bureau worked in the Mutual Life Company at least. It is probably a fair example of what all our great corporations support.

That a great life insurance company, like the Mutual, should do a large amount of advertising goes

without saying, but as the investigation showed, there is something else beside straightforward advertising of itself done by the concern; and this is the way it's worked. In the employ of the Mutual for the last eighteen years has been a certain Mr. Charles J. Smith. His business has been that of managing a species of literary bureau. In ordinary times his activities have been general and rather unimportant, but in time of emergency they are enlarged; for instance, last September, when the investigation began, he turned all his strength to preparing articles calculated to counteract the reports of the investigations sent out through the regular news channels. He did not send out these articles from the office of the Mutual. He turned them over to an institution handled by a Mr. Allan Forman, called the Telegraphic News Bureau. The Mutual paid Mr. Forman \$1 a line for every issue of Mr. Smith's articles which he secured in a reputable newspaper.

For one item supplied to about 100 different papers in October, the Mutual Life paid between \$5,000 and \$6,000. On October 25th they had paid out for six articles which Mr. Forman had handled in that month something like \$11,000, and many of the bills had not yet come in. As stated, Mr. Forman received \$1 a line from the Mutual Life for handling this matter. What the newspapers received for publishing did not appear. Mr. Smith said that some of the newspapers charged \$5, some \$1.50, and some \$2 a line. Now, this large sum was paid because the matter was published as regular telegraphic news or reading articles, that is because the newspapers gave no indication that they were really publishing advertising matter for which they were receiving pay. Mr. Smith mentioned several reputable papers in which his articles had appeared as reading matter.

So much for the kind of work Mr. Smith's department has been doing, but this is not all of the Mutual's advertising on the quiet. There is a regular advertising department outside of Mr. Smith's. This is managed by a Mr. W. S. Sullivan. Mr. Sullivan buys space in magazines and in some of the newspapers, direct advertising of which nobody can complain, but he also sends out what his account books call "Telegraphic Readers." Mr. Sullivan claimed to Mr. Hughes that these telegraphic readers were sent out at the solicitation largely of the newspapers themselves.

"All the large daily newspapers," he explained, "have representatives, or most of them have representatives, in this city. The trade name is a 'special advertising agent.' These men, of course, come to see us

in the course of business, they come to see all general advertisers, and this telegraphic news item is a matter that appears on a great many of their rate cards, and we have never, to my knowledge, sent out to any paper that had not already filed with us their rate, so that we understood what we were to pay for the service." These notices, Mr. Sullivan went on to say, were printed, as a rule, without any distinguishing marks. However, some of them, he said, made a practice of disguising the matter in what he called "a very subtle way," such as a cut-off rule, a star, a different form of type than the body of the paper.

It all amounts to this, that the Mutual Life Insurance Company has been able to arrange for a price with a lot of reputable newspapers to print as reading articles or as matter of news, material which was incontestably devised to deceive public opinion. The ethics of the press on the matter of paid space are perfectly simple. Whatever is printed and paid for must appear as advertising. To print an article as news, as reading matter, or as editorial comment and receive pay for it—is to deceive the reader. It is entirely analogous to selling a vote—quite as debasing to the person who does it and as unfair to the public whom he serves. Certainly newspapers that will consent to allow such a use of their columns are more to be blamed than the corporations which employ them.

The Mutual Life's news department, so far as revealed, is not nearly so complete as that which other corporations, notably the Standard Oil Company, has supported among its other curious "economies." For instance, in Ohio that concern em-

ployed at one time a distributing agency known as the Jennings Advertising Agency, which distributed articles, prepared especially for the concerns, to the newspapers, and paid for them on condition that they appeared as news or editorials. In one of the examinations conducted by the Ohio attorney-general, Frank S. Monnett, in 1898—he brought out a contract with the newspaper made by this agency of which the following is a fragment:

"The publisher agrees to reprint on news or editorial pages of said newspaper such notices, set in the body type of said paper and bearing no mark to indicate advertising, as are furnished from time to time by said Jennings Agency at the rate of — per line, and to furnish such agency extra copies of paper containing such notes at four cents per copy." Specimens of the articles published under this contract were offered in the testimony—all of them defenses or laudations of the Standard Oil Company.

In the last year the Standard has done a large amount of similar publishing in Kansas. During the "oil war" of the Spring of 1905, articles three and four columns in length, bristling with tables and calculations which had no bearing on the real points at issue in the oil trouble in the state, but which were admirably calculated to bewilder and mislead a public knowing little or nothing of the real facts of the situation, were offered the Kansas papers at their own figure. These articles were worth anywhere from five hundred dollars to one thousand to the papers, and when one remembers that the prosperous newspaper in the Kansas town clears probably not over \$2,500 a year, the temptation

in the plum is obvious. But there were papers clean enough on the ethics of the matter to refuse the fruit. The Emporia Gazette refused it, so did Governor Hoch's newspaper, but there were more which looked and ate!

The Standard, it is well known, has always had a subsidized press of its own, the leading representative of which is the Oil City Derrick—a very able paper in its legitimate oil news and a vituperative and amusing advocate in matters of controversy. For many years, too, the Standard Oil Company subsidized Gunston's Magazine to the tune of \$15,000 to \$25,000 a year. This periodical, which flickered out last year, began as a strong and able expositor of the principles of combination and co-operation in commerce, but it suffered the intellectual dry-rot which overtakes most subsidized concerns, and at its death had become an ineffective and rather querulous defender of corporations in general and the Standard Oil Company in particular.

Another method of manufacturing opinion largely employed by the Standard is anonymous or misleading circulation of pamphlets or books. It was this method which the concern took to meet Miss Tarbell's History of the Standard Oil Company. That it was their right—even their duty to the public—to answer openly the arguments and facts of that work is evident, but they did little openly. Secretly, however, the publicity bureau was not idle. For instance, a little volume called "The Rise and Progress of the Standard Oil Company" appeared from the press of Harper & Brothers in the Spring of 1903. It explained the rise of the great trust as the almost automatic working of

the law of combination, it overlooks conveniently any evidence of unusual railroad manipulations or brutal forcing of rivals out of business, and it was as innocent of an ethical notion as a new-horn hawk. Immediately after its publication this magazine began to receive letters from librarians, colleges, ministers, and teachers all over the country, saying that they had received the book with a slip bearing the printed legend, "Compliments of Harper & Brothers," and suggesting with more or less indignation that this was a Standard Oil method of meeting criticism, as it undoubtedly was. Publishers are not given to gratuitous distribution to that extent. Nobody could rightly criticize the open circulation of the book by the Standard Oil Company. If they believed it a putting of their case which it would be wise to circulate, there was no reason they should not have sent it to whomsoever they wished, with their own compliments on every volume of the thousands they scattered. But that is not the way this company sees things.

At the present writing the amount of indirect and distorted advertising which the railroads are doing in opposition to the Rate Regulation Bill before Congress is becoming apparent to the initiated. Mr. Baker, whose series of articles on the railroads began in our November number, has gathered many facts about the way in which public opinion is being manufactured, and we hope soon to be able to publish an article by him on the subject. Mr. Baker finds that there is in operation an extensive press bureau, supported liberally by a combination of leading railroads. This bureau has its headquarters in Boston and has branch

offices in New York, Washington, Chicago, St. Louis, and Topeka, Kansas, with many local and traveling agents elsewhere. Like the press bureau of the Mutual Life Company, it sends out prepared articles which are published in the newspapers as regular reading matter. The bureaus put numerous lectures in the fields last summer following up Governor La Follette, President Roosevelt, and others, who had spoken in favor of railroad rate regulation. It also operates powerfully on conventions of shippers, and even succeeded in splitting the important Interstate Commerce Law convention held in Chicago in October.

As far as the publishing by the newspapers of these paid articles as reading matter is concerned, we believe that it is only necessary to put the facts plainly to cause a revolt on the part of all respectable newspapers against the practice. It is a pernicious business, as no one of them will probably dispute. They have fallen easily into it because it paid. As long as nobody called attention to it, the returns kept their consciences quiet. The situation is indeed a good deal like that in regard to advertising injurious patent medicines. They paid well, and as long as nobody complained, the publisher's mind was easy. But the agitation so ably conducted recently by Collier's Weekly has set many newspapers to thinking and on all sides we hear of the canceling—or refusing the renewal—of contracts for patent medicine advertisements. It is another of the many signs of the general awakening of the public conscience.

As for other indirect methods of influencing opinion practised by cor-

porations, nothing will ever cure them but to convince business men themselves that they don't pay—that the popular contempt for underhand work of this kind is too costly to make it wise. There is no reason why the Mutual Life Company, the Standard Oil Company, anybody and everybody in this country should not openly give their side of every con-

verted point which concerns them, no reason why they should not fight for their side—insist that it be heard. All that the public asks is that they come into the open to do that that they sign their articles, put their own signature on the newspapers they support—their own compliments on the books and circulars they distribute.

The Trolley Car, a Social Factor

BY Z. E. HABERMAN IN WORLD TO-DAY

A remarkable transformation in the condition of the farmer is being effected, at the present time and the trolley car is at the bottom of it. The all-pervading trolley line, stretching its arms in all directions from the large cities, is bringing the farmer into immediate contact with the social centers, and is creating an amazing change in his mode of life.

THE farmer and the small-town dweller of the so-called Middle West have, within the past seven years, experienced an intellectual and physical transformation. Their lives have been so subtly changed that to-day they regard their former condition somewhat as the average man of middle age regards his little boyhood. This I have from many farmers themselves with whom I have spoken. And the transformation has come as a direct result of the extraordinary interurban trolley road development which within the years stated has so enmeshed the Mid-West that to-day one may go almost anywhere from place to place in electrically operated cars traversing the highways.

The economic benefits which the farmer has received from the trolley car that passes his doorway—benefits that include not so much his own transportation as facility in shipping his produce to the nearest town possessing a market and in return receiving freight at his door-

have been pointed out. But deeper than these benefits in molding the life and conduct of the Mid-West farmer and small-town dweller is the direct social benefit accorded.

The country trolley has placed the farmer in immediate and continuous touch with the terminal town. From a condition of social isolation he has been made, almost unconsciously at times, a positive factor in community life. Conscious of his unfamiliarity with urban conditions, a prospective visit to city formerly meant a week or more of discomfort in anticipation. To-day the farmer, dressed like a business man, alights from the interurban trolley in the centre of, say, Detroit, goes as briskly about his business as any townsman, finishes it, takes the second trolley back, and in perhaps an hour and a half, drops from the rear platform of the car at his own front door. Again, unconsciously he has absorbed the brisk city way of doing business. He has perceived the effectiveness of it and how applicable

the system is to the farm work, the one work that never ends. The result is that by the very fact of his adoption of business principles in the conduct of his farm he has profited immensely.

Within the past month I spent an hour with a farmer living along the right-of-way of a trolley line operating between Detroit and Jackson, Michigan. My friend is a farmer; he is nothing else; his farm is his business. Once it was not, to my personal knowledge.

"Place has picked up a good deal since you were last here, eh?" he said with enthusiasm. "Just shows you how a little thing may give you the necessary push in the right direction," he went on. "I was about discouraged two years ago; you remember, when they were out getting the right-of-way for this part of the trolley line. One day I dropped into a commission house on River street in Detroit and the proprietor let fall a word about all the farmers having gone in so deep for sugar beets that market garden stuff was scarce. That night my boy and I talked it over. We had had an idea that sugar beets would prove profitable, but—well, to make a long story short, we 'eat out the beets,' as John says, and that field over there is green corn; that's lettuce over there; that's an acre of pieplant, and there's a couple of acres of early onions. Next year we're going to put celery into that swamp land over there. Of course we couldn't handle the stuff so well if it were not for the trolley. The freight rate is low and there's a switch ten rods up the road where a freight car can stand while John and I load it."

One August afternoon, seven years ago, I rode into the country with a

friend who was bent on securing a right of way for a proposed electric line between two towns in Michigan thirty miles apart. I recall distinctly the objections raised by one, say, Wattles, whose land so lay that the road, if built, would cut two rods from his front yard. He protested that such a road would destroy the village of Wells, which lay a mile and a half to the east, frighten all his stock and kill all his children. And it was only by paying him two prizes for the two rods of barnyard that his acquiescence to the plan was gained. Three months ago I saw Wattles in the post office at Wells. I never heard a man "hoist a trolley proposition" as he did that line that ran across his dooryard.

"Ever frighten any of your stock?" I asked.
"Naw!" he replied with disgust.
"Ever injure any of your children?"

"Certainly not."

"Wells seems to be thriving," I went on. We were standing in the door of the post office and the little main street was filled with farmers, though the farm wagons were few.

"I should say it was," Wattles agreed. "When the company built the barns here and the relay station things began to boom. Town's a regular distributing point for us now and when the new line goes through, north and south, well, maybe we'll have a city here, who knows?"

You see the line had been a direct benefit to Wattles and he was man enough to say so. We walked down to the local drug store and indulged in a treat of ice cream soda.

"That reminds me," Wattles said. "I had forgotten and Amy would be mad." Whereupon he paid five cents

and drew a book from the branch of a well-known circulating library which had put one of its attractive cases in the drug store of this little trolley town. My curiosity was aroused and an inquiry directed to the proprietor elicited the information that for ten miles in either direction some one of every farm household, with a single exception, was a subscriber to that library. "And we'll get 'em north and south, too, when the new line goes through," he added.

"What sort of books do the people seem most to care for?" I inquired.

"Well, pretty near all kinds," he replied. "One week it will be a novel for the young folks, one of the new ones, you know, and the next week, likely as not, it will be a volume of history or biography, or a book on some economic subject."

"And the magazines?"

"Yes, right there."

The rack he indicated contained that month's issue of at least twenty of the more popular periodicals.

"The farmers buy these incidentally, do they?" I asked.

"Yes," he told me, "the distinctly agricultural journals they subscribe for by the year."

All of which it seemed to me possessed a certain significance and bearing upon the assumption that the rural trolley has acted as a social uplift in the country through which it operates.

During the period of a newspaper connection in Detroit, I once boarded a car of the trolley line operating between Detroit and Ann Arbor. It was an "after-supper" car and was crowded with men and women who obviously were of the farm. Curious to learn where these people were going at such a time, I inquired of a

young man standing beside me on the rear platform, himself clearly country bred.

"Going into Detroit to see Mansfield," was the terse reply. Then I recalled that "Henry V" was being played that week at the Detroit opera house.

That was four years ago. To-day every trolley line radiating from the Campus Martius in Detroit runs regular theatre excursions, and the interesting feature of the plan is that these theatre cars are not operated so much for the benefit of dwellers in the outlying terminal towns as they are for the farm households along the right-of-way. Indeed, the theatres of Detroit have for some years carried advertisements in the village newspapers published within thirty miles of the city.

That the trolleys of the Middle West have made theatregoers of the farmers was stated to me with the greatest frankness, last Summer, by Mr. James A. Bailey, proprietor of the Barnum and Bailey Circus.

"Ten years ago this country," said Mr. Bailey, "was the richest circus country in the United States. It still is, for that matter, yet circus receipts have fallen off appreciably here in the past seven years. I blame the innumerable trolley systems you have in this section for it. They have placed the farmers in easy touch with the towns and this has resulted in their paying fairly frequent visits to the town theatres. The familiarity with professional entertainments has served to lessen their interest in the circus which, ten years ago, offered them the only entertainment it was possible for them to enjoy."

The young people were the first to

perceive the social advantages afforded by the trolley that crossed the dooryard. They became its regular patrons. Their minds received impressions from frequent contact with the city lying at the end of the rails, that in turn served to awaken parental interest. That this is true was illustrated, it has seemed to me, by a little incident that came within my own knowledge very recently. A certain well-known manufacturing town in Michigan, which is something of a trolley centre, has for three years given a musical festival in May. At one of the afternoon concerts this year I encountered a young girl of my acquaintance who, though a member of a farm household eight miles west of town, graduates next June from the city high school. Being musically inclined, she had brought her aged mother, a type of American farm wife, to this concert. From the theatre I walked with them to the interurban waiting-room. The old lady, a bit dazed, but with eyes as bright as those of her daughter, could not say much, but the girl told me how great her mother's delight had been.

"And we're coming in for the concert to-morrow afternoon, too," she called to me as she helped her mother up the steps of the car.

This girl, as I have said, will graduate next June from the city high school, this despite the fact she has not spent one night in town since her entrance. That her's is not an isolated case, inquiry among high school principals in "trolley towns" of the Middle West will clearly show. The trolley has made it possible for the country boy or girl to obtain a higher education, at least an academic education, without sev-

ering the farm-home ties. Believing this to be the case I directed an inquiry not long since to Judeon G. Pattegill, principal of the high school at Ann Arbor, Michigan, the seat of the University of Michigan. This high school may well be considered almost distinctly a preparatory school, as fully eighty per cent. of its graduates enter the university. I quote directly from Mr. Pattegill's reply to my inquiry :

"You are right about the use of the trolley cars by farmers' children. Offhand, I can think of several cases now in school, and am confident that investigation would show many more. It certainly is an advantage to the farmer to have his children at home, and, besides, they are there out of the way of many temptations and distractions. Their school work is benefited accordingly. I believe that there would be less tendency to leave the farm if all farmers' children could be kept at home during the period of high school education. And the trolleys make this possible to-day as never before."

Dr. James B. Angell, president of the University of Michigan, in a recent letter to the writer, after stating that statistics are not available as yet, inclines to the belief that sooner or later the university, being accessible by trolley to the farming community, will perceive results that even now are apparent in the high schools. Dr. Angell says :

"I have great hopes of the social and intellectual results of the entrance of the trolleys into the rural districts. There can be no doubt that the consequences are to be most beneficial, and I trust that it will do something to turn the tide back from city life to country life, which would be beneficial to this country."

The number of periodicals published in this country to-day devoted to the culture of the open, to country life as distinct from farm life, would seem to me to sound the note of this migration. Ten years ago periodic returns to country life were possible only to the rich, but to-day the city or small town dweller of very limited income may, by way of the trolley, get back to the dirt for at least three months of the year, if not for all of it. The trolley passing the door of his little country holding, delivers him, at a minimum of cost, at the door of his factory or office in ample time to begin the day's work. And the same trolley car puts him down in his country dooryard for the evening meal with his family, which, in the meantime, has concerned itself with its garden, its sunshine and its pure air. I have among my acquaintances half a dozen men engaged in commercial work in Mid-West towns who, enabled so to do by the trolley, now live in the country. I know a man who, up to three years ago, was a race-track gambler, but who now is a successful breeder of fancy poultry on the line of a trolley road. The trolley did it in his case, as it did in the case of a Chicago newspaper man, who reports crime during the day and plays with his garden, nine miles out on a trolley line, in the evening.

Among the beneficent services rendered the small town dweller by the trolley lines of the Middle West has been the opening of a vast area of so-called "lake country" in Wisconsin, Michigan and Ohio. Until the coming of the trolley these charming little lakes were inaccessible to all save the farmers living in their immediate vicinity. To-day hundreds

of delightful and absurdly inexpensive cottages line their shores. In them, during a full six months of the year, live the families of the small town business men round about. And these little lakes have in no sense become "resorts;" rather they constitute the *raison d'être* for numberless sylvan communities, and thus has the trolley given the country estate, on a small scale, to the man whose income ranges from \$800 to \$1,500 a year.

Thus far among the interurban trolley antagonists none has been more violent in his opposition than the cross-roads merchant, who, in the event of a line passing his door, sees the trade of his neighbors deflected directly to the terminal town. But, in the last analysis, whether this cross-roads merchant succeed or fail in the face of a passing trolley depends absolutely upon himself. The trolley will do one of two things : it will put him out of business or it will make him a better merchant. So far as I have been able to observe, the latter rather than the former has been the general result. A case in point :

He was the proprietor of a little store at the cross-roads. His available trade numbered perhaps two hundred persons. A trolley line went through. He lamented the ruin that he saw of nights in his dreams. Not far off was a charming little lake. A number of people from the two trolley terminal towns came out and erected summer homes on the lake. His was the only store at hand. His trade grew, but only as he acceded to the growing demands of these lake dwellers. In three years he has built two additions to his new store and a new house. He is a fourfold better merchant to-day,

doing tenfold more business, than he was before the trolley line "went through." He saw the possibility and realized upon it.

But perhaps as significant a result as any that has obtained to the farmer from rural trolley development arises from the new esthetic point of view that contact with his country-dwelling city neighbor has given him. The townsmen going into the country to live along a trolley line carries with him certain ideas that result in the beautification of his small land holding. His joy is in the open, and so great is it that the neighbor who has lived his life among the trees and in the fields

himself awakens to a realization of the beauty all about him. And not to be outdone by that "city" neighbor, he puts a flower-bed in his dooryard, and eats the grass in front of his house.

It never was that the farmer desired isolation; rather he was suspicious of communion; but once given the trolley—sometimes under protest—the benefits of the resultant communion with the outer world were so patent that he rose and demanded the rural telephone, then the rural mail, so that to-day he can no longer be said to dwell apart from the world. Not only is he with it, but of it.

Railroading in Germany

BY CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL IN EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE.

In Germany the Government owns the railroads, and, according to Mr. Russell, the Government operates them with the utmost success. The serious problem of changing from privately-owned to state-owned lines was accomplished by a statesman called Von Bismarck, with but few difficulties that were satisfactorily overcome. To-day the Government owns twenty-nine out of every thing miles of railroad in its territory.

THIS station-master of Bensberg-Pomberg, standing erect in approved military attitude at the end of the platform that bounds his dominion, is one of the grandest sights in nature. His magnificent uniform of blue and gold shines conspicuously in the sun. His red cap of office is adorned with much gilt, and the occasion, let us say, being festival, he wears with pomp and circumstance a massive sword. As Napoleon upon the field of battle, he from his eminence surveys the scene of action—calm, imperturbable, majestic, full of thought and command. A long train is drawn up at the station, and he stands where all the passengers can derive pleasure and edification from gazing upon him. He

looks down the platform and observes that his adjutants are properly herding and shoving about the low, degraded third-class passengers, but he gives no sign.

After a time three or four guards from the train run excitedly down the track shouting "Einstiegen!" Presently they return still more excited. The first shouts "Fertig!" the second shouts "Fertig!" the third shouts "Fertig!"—each in a different key, the conductor of the train looks carefully up and down to see that the guards are not deceiving him, that all is indeed ready for the ceremony. Then the first assistant station-master rings an electric bell. The conductor, his face full of concern and doubt, again scrutinizes the train.

Then slowly and with caution he takes a whistle that hangs by a cord about his neck and looks at both sides of it to be sure it is in good working order. Then he puts it to his lips with the air of a man deciding the fate of nations and blows a blast. Slowly and sadly the engineer answers from the locomotive. The conductor whistles again, and presently you may perceive that the train is simulating motion. And then comes the climax of the day. There stands the station-master of Bensberg-Pomberg, representing the Kaiser, the imperial power of Germany, the state and majesty of the Grand Duchy. As the train moves by him the engineer, the conductor, and all the guards stand respectfully at attention. Before this august figure each in turn salutes and receives the curt acknowledgment due from a superior to an inferior officer of the Imperial Government. And with that the ceremony is ended, the Schnellzettel is launched upon its way.

This is the invariable performance at every railroad station in Germany and is typical of what is certainly the most remarkable transportation system in the world. In Germany, the Government owns the railroads and operates them through miles and miles of red tape. In England railroad travel seems to be a form of devotion to be undertaken alone, if possible, and always in sad silence and meditation. In Germany it is a state function; you ride by the permission of the Kaiser and the Government, and care is taken that you shall not forget your obligations. The cars, the stations, and the platforms are adorned with innumerable notices and warnings forbidding you to do one thing and commanding you to do another. You must walk here and must not walk there; you must show your

ticket at the gate and again to the conductor before the train starts. You must not enter into disputes with the ticket agents or trainmen, because they are Government officers and to quarrel with them is a form of lese majeste. If you travel third-class you must be content to be herded as cattle are herded at western shipping stations, and with as little courtesy. You will see the class lines drawn very clearly before you in behavior of employees, who uniformly hold that persons of rank and consideration travel first-class, men and women second-class, beasts third-class. You will see very curious exhibitions of autocratic authority and of objectionable servility from the same officers, and you will sometimes feel your blood tingle at the difference.

And yet, in all the essentials of getting about with ease and despatch the service is so good that your democratic and American soul will surely be tempted to disregard everything but the comfort, the cheapness, and the convenience. The German Government may regard its third-class passengers as of little esteem in the social scale, but it carries them wherever and whenever they wish to go and for wonderfully little money. In some parts of Germany where fourth-class cars are used the peasants travel for less than 1c. a mile. As the first object of the German railway organization is not to make money, but to provide public service the time-tables are arranged solely with the idea of meeting the general demand. Hence trains are frequent in all directions. As nothing need be scrimped or stolen to make up dividends on watered stock and fraudulent bonds, the outfit is uniformly good, the roadbeds and track are in excellent condition, and the stations great

roomy places, often of elaborate and handsome design. The Government takes a reasonable pride in architecture; the frightful and ramshackle sheds to which in small American towns we must resort for stations are unknown in Germany; the smallest village has at least a tolerable Bahnhof. The through German trains make fairly good speed. The express from Berlin to Hamburg is scheduled at fifty-one and a half miles an hour, including stops. No long-distance train in Germany equals in speed such trains as the Empire State express and the fastest Chicago-New York trains, but the Cologne-Berlin and Frankfurt-Berlin expresses do forty-five miles per hour. The local trains seem slower than the mills of the gods, but they are fast enough for the people who use them. Accidents are almost unknown. Trains are seldom late. The whole vast system works with the precision of a perfect machine, for all its cheapness it returns every year great profits to the national treasury, and after many years of experience the people of Germany would regard as something straight from Bedlam a proposal to return to the private ownership of their railroads.

Like the man that commanded honesty to his son, they have tied both. We have in America a pleasing way of assuming that the Government of Germany operates the German railroads because the spirit of enterprise and achievement is lacking among the German people; the Government, we Americans think, must needs do these things because private individuals don't know how; and this in spite of the fact that German enterprise has conceived and carried on commercial undertakings as great and daring as anything we ever dreamed of. The truth is that in the begin-

ning all the German railroads were privately owned, and until thirty-five years ago nobody in Germany supposed there would ever be any other kind of ownership. The Government woke up in 1871 to recognize two facts—first, that whoever owns a country's transportation service owns the country; and second, that it needed the national highways for national use. The war with France first jolted the private ownership idea, for the Government had found the railroad companies exorbitant, unreasonable, and given to grafting when it came to transporting troops and supplies, but we also had our share in effecting the transformation. It was the time of Tom Scott, the Pennsylvania monopoly, Jay Gould, the wrecking of Erie, the beginning of legislative bribery as a fine art. No important development or manifestation around the world escapes the hawk-like watching of the German Government. Tom Scott's performances were known and understood in Berlin as thoroughly as ever they were known in New York. The appearance of a new factor in Government able to control legislatures, nullify laws, and operate illimitable schemes of public plunder made a strong impression on the German mind. Moreover, much German capital had gone into American railroads about that time and very little had come out, and following its dizzy revolutions through debenture bonds, consolidated mortgages, equipment bonds, common, preferred and income-poms issues, and the vast and sailless ocean of watered stock, showed the Germans some highly disagreeable possibilities of the private system. So the Government determined as a matter of safety to run the railroads on its own account.

Under the German system the

thing had to be done through the states of the Empire for the reason that while all these states stand as one against the foreigner they are still peculiarly jealous and sensitive about their local prerogatives. Prussia, the laboring steam-engine of the Empire, took the lead. And here comes in the inevitable one man mighty that dominates the scene and with his two hands drags down the castle. What the obscure laborer Alexander McLeod was to co-operation in Woolwich, Minister von Maybach was to public ownership in Germany. He was the man with the iron will, the unbeatable and unturnable, who kept hammering away until he got what he wanted. In America von Maybach would have been a boss of Tammany Hall, or a railroad magnate, or a trust builder. In Prussia he was the man that wrested the railroad system from the hands of individuals and did it without splitting hairs over the means employed.

The air was filled with a million objections to every proposal.

"How are you going to compensate the owners?"

"And what about the stocks and bonds?"

"And there are the widows and orphans that really own the railroads—what about them?"

"And you can't take private property for public uses, you know."

And so on, a dismal chorus.

"No," said von Maybach one day.

"You watch me." He had a jaw like a snow-plow and eyes as cold as glass. He went quietly into the stock market and bought the control of one or two railroads. On these he instantly slashed all rates and reached out for all the business. It was knife for knife in brutal fashion on the tariff sheets, but in the end the private competing company found that von

Maybach had the stronger weapon and the better nerve. He did not care for any protests about vested rights or the sanctity of dividends, but thrust his good blade right and left. The stockholders took flight at the vanishing of their dividends; with a hard, brutal person like that to deal with the widows and orphans seemed to have no chance in the world, and in the end the private competitor was glad to make the best terms it could with the Minister and get out with Prussian consols at three and one-half per cent. in exchange for stock. As fast as he added a new line to his system von Maybach extended his rate-cutting until he was practically master of the situation. Then the rest of the companies surrendered at discretion.

The other states meanwhile had taken heart from the bold von Maybach and followed his example—more or less. The private ownership of railroads all over Germany gradually passed away. In 1904 there were in the Empire 32,080 miles of railroad trackage, of which 29,375 miles were owned by the Government and 2,715 miles were owned by private companies. Most of the privately owned railroads were small branch lines, or lumbering or factory roads. For reasons of convenience the state managed 140 kilometers (eighty-five miles) of privately owned railroads and allowed twelve miles of state railroad to be managed by private interests.

In its total railroad operations from first to last the state (that is, all the governments of Germany collectively) has invested so far \$3,129,943,965, or about \$75,000 a mile of trackage. But this, of course, includes everything. The annual earnings are about two billion marks, or \$500,000,000; the annual expenditures are about \$32,000,000, and the gross pro-

its about \$167,000,000. A compilation from the railroad reports of all the German states made for 1901 showed for the full-gage lines a total income of 1,972,879,585 marks, expenditures 1,310,092,237 marks, profit 662,786,829 marks, or a profit of 33.59 per cent. Besides the full-gage railroads there are 1,183 miles of narrow-gage lines. Gross profits are figured at about thirty-three and one-half per cent. For the whole of Germany the net annual profits on all state railroad lines, after charging off most liberally for depreciation, renewals, improvements, and interest, have for ten years been between 5.14 and 6.06 per cent. The tendency is steadily upward. Every year shows a slight gain in the net earnings, which are now a great item in the national budget. It is really the railroad earnings that save the Government. German national expenses, like all others, mount year by year with the increased cost of armaments, ships, and military supplies, but as these items increase the railroad receipts keep pace and the burden of taxation falls no more heavily upon the people. In Germany the foreigner does truly help to pay the taxes, for every alien traveler contributes mile by mile to the national treasury.

The plan wherein the German railroad system is built seems at first glance something to guarantee a hopeless confusion. Theoretically every state and province in the Empire contributes to the general service a certain quota of equipment over which it has sole jurisdiction. As a matter of fact there is no confusion at all, but practical harmony. An Imperial Railroad Department at Berlin smooths out the difficulties, sees that the equipments are up to standard, arranges for the distribution of supplies, and keeps the system working

as a coherent whole. The tendency is toward greater powers for this central body; naturally, because the state divisions grow weaker, the central Government grows stronger, and Berlin is soon to rule all Germany. Some of the smaller provinces now unite with others in the furnishing of equipment (as Hesse has gone into partnership with Prussia), and some furnish money instead of rolling stock.

The annual passenger traffic on the German railroad is about 900,000,000 persons. More than half of these travel third-class and 33 per cent. travel fourth-class; 88 per cent. of the passenger traffic is represented in these two classes and less than one per cent. in the first-class, so essentially is the railroad a thing for poor people. The average distance traveled is twenty miles for each person. The annual freight tonnage of the German railroads is about 400,000,000 tons. The railroads employ 550,000 persons, pay \$187,500,000 a year in wages, \$700,000 a year in pensions to old employees, \$350,000 a year to the widows of employees, and \$15,000 a year for the burial of employees. So far as any outsider can discover there is no grafting—and assuredly there is no stock juggling, bond juggling, rate juggling, rebates, discriminations, thefts, under-billing, wrong classifications, skin games, and frauds on shippers. Every shipper knows exactly what he pays and what his competitors pay, and the chief plaint of the American shipper is absolutely unknown in Germany.

On the whole, though comparisons are difficult, freight rates seem somewhat higher in Germany than in America, varying from one cent a mile for a ton to two and one-half cents, whereas the bulk of American freight

traffic goes at from 61 cents to 2.08 cents a mile for a ton. But the differences in classification tend to equalize all this. The German tariff is very much simpler than ours. There are not one thousand items in the German classification list, and with us the western classification alone has 8,044 items, the southern, 3,661, and the American official, 9,370.

Moreover, the German shipper has three great advantages over the American. In the first place, the German rates never change; the American rates go up and down with the exigencies of the only American rule for rate-making, which in railroad parlance is "the last cent the people will stand without rioting." In the next place the rates are absolutely the same to everybody, rich and poor, trust or no trust, campaign subscriber or peasant, Ogden Armour or Hans Schmidt—the rates are the same. In the next place there is nobody in Germany sneaking about at night with money under his hat lining, dealing out rebates—as there is in every American shipping centre. I used to know a man in Chicago whose sole occupation for years was to hand out rebates for one railroad company to favored firms. Sometimes he used to go up dark alleys and push the money in at side doors and sometimes he used to meet a firm's agent in a saloon and change bats with him, a roll of bills being deftly concealed behind the lining of my friend's bat. I was told that he had given \$60,000 in one month to the favored shippers of Chicago. For the greater part of the time he was engaged in this industry his operations were likely to land himself, his employers, and the firms he dealt with in the penitentiary, and for all of the time his work was utterly illegal and strictly prohibited. When Senator Elkins, justly

famed in Washington as "the Guardian of the Passes," succeeded in getting his railroad bill enacted two years ago he removed imprisonment as a punishment for rebate-giving; but the act is still a crime and still punishable by heavy fines. Yet the Chicago firms that year after year violated the law and accepted these rebates are composed of the most eminent, respectable, and virtuous gentlemen in the city, strenuous champions of law and order, and not one of them would pick a pocket or rob a till. I suppose they have their own definitions of morality, but it is hard to imagine what the definition can be. Once my friend in a fit of vicious exultation passed the bat to the wrong man and there came near being an explosion that would have exploded through our best circles. I am told that the Interstate Commerce Commission has never inquired into these matters, though it is employed for that purpose, nor into the famous "dark rooms" maintained in the railroad offices of Chicago, to which favored shippers find their way by a mysterious instinct and pick up fat rolls of bills. There are no "dark rooms" in the German railroad offices.

The German railroad system is not complicated by any rebate issues, nor by lobbies, pools, combinations, dark lantern deals, secret compacts, crooked Congressmen, purchased senators, bribed district attorneys. No part of the railroad earnings in Germany need to be set apart for the expenses of gentlemen engaged in manipulating political conventions, or in electing certain candidates and defeating certain others. That makes a wonderful difference in the practical operations of the system and a wonderful advantage to the public pocketbook. In Germany railroad

rates are based on the cost of transportation, the interest on the outstanding bonds, and a fair profit on the service performed. In America they are based on the traffic manager's nerve. That makes some difference.

In the next place the German shipper is never bothered about his damage claims. If goods are injured or delayed in transit the German Government pays for the damage out of hand and without hesitation. For a trifling sum you can insure the arrival of any shipment at any point within a stated time, and for every hour of delay the Government pays a heavy penalty. In America, except to favored firms and as a disguise for the illegal rebates, the damage claim belongs to the realm of humor; it is a jest. The railroads never pay it short of the pistol point. Not long ago I was shipping a carload from Brooklyn, New York, to a place in New Hampshire.

"Owner's risk or railroad's risk?" said the warehouseman, making out the bill.

"Railroad's risk," said I.

"Foolish," said the agent. "The rate is lower if you ship at owner's risk, and you couldn't get a damage claim anyway. If your whole carload was destroyed you couldn't get a cent in less than three years and your lawyer would cost more than the claim."

In Germany there is no quibbling about the responsibility of the railroad and no resort to the courts. The Government undertakes the full responsibility when it accepts a shipment of any kind. If the goods are lost the Government promptly pays the invoice value, and for leakage, shrinkage or injury it pays proportionately. When delivery is delayed the greater part of the freight charges

are returned. In 1902 the German Government paid \$325,000 on such claims and in 1903, \$305,000, and it was not necessary for any claimant to sue, threaten, bully, complain, wheedle, or swear over the telephone to get justice. American shippers will appreciate the difference.

There was one occasion in Germany when the Government did change the rates, and very suddenly. The Summer of 1904 was exceedingly dry and the water in all the rivers was very low. Such German rivers as are navigable at all carry a commerce wholly disproportionate to their size. The upper Elbe, for instance, with about a cupful of water, is busy with steamers, barges, and rafts. The drought of 1904 left a great fleet of these high and dry. Many were loaded with goods the delay of which was causing great distress and loss to merchants, when the Government suddenly stepped in and carried all the delayed goods to their destination at low-water rates.

As to the passenger business, the advantage is distinctly with the Germans. In Germany the regular first-class fares are about three and one-fifth cents a mile; second-class, two and one-fifth cents; third-class, one and three-fifths cents, and fourth-class, four-fifths of a cent a mile. An additional charge of three-sixteenths of a cent a mile is made for first-class tickets on the fast through trains and of about one-seventh of a cent a mile for second and third-class. A liberal system of round-trip reductions, workmen's tickets, circular tour reductions, and tourists' coupons bring these moderate charges down to even lower levels. Travel in Germany is cheap. In America the prevailing rate is three cents a mile except on some through runs between large cities. In some parts of the

country it is four cents a mile. One can go from New York to Chicago, 560 miles, for \$18, but this is over the "differential lines," the regular charge being from \$20 to \$29. If we add the Pullman charge for accommodations, equal to "first-class" in Germany, it will be seen at once that the Germans have far and away the best of it. At one time private companies supplied all the sleeping car accommodations on the German roads. The Government is now operating sleeping-cars of its own at rates calculated to make the American traveler weary. All the German sleeping cars are of the compartment order, the idea of undressing in public and going to bed on a shelf not appealing strongly to the continental mind. One can have on a German sleeping car a room to himself with two berths and complete toilet accessories for \$2.50 from Frankfort to Berlin. For the same accommodations on a Pullman car from Rochester to New York, a journey occupying about the same time as that from Frankfort to Berlin, the charge is \$7.00, and about this difference between German and American sleepers prevails everywhere. But, of course, the American sleeping car system is one of the most monstrous grafts in the world, and the Germans have the advantage of earning no dividends, of supporting no watered stocks, fictitious bonds or inflated securities, and of having no bribe to pay legislators.

The Prussian railroads are very much the biggest and on the whole the best part of the German system. The railroads of Saxony, Württemburg and Hanover do well enough, but everything in Germany is overshadowed by Prussia. In 1903 the Prussian railroads (Prussia and Hesse combined), covering 31,697 kilometers (18,510 miles) of track, earned \$350,146,000,

with a gross profit of \$147,000,000, which, after deducting the interest on the railroad debt and the usual charges for deterioration and construction accounts, left a clear net profit of \$23,000,000, against a net profit of \$20,000,000 in 1901. In Prussia the Railroad Department covers all the expenses of construction, extensions, improvements of whatever kind, out of its surplus instead of issuing new bonds, and in spite of all that its net profits in 1901 were 6.41 per cent, on its investment; in 1902, 6.56 per cent., and in 1903, more than seven per cent. Moreover, it should be remembered that these percentages are calculated upon the total investment to date, including all improvements paid for from the surplus as well as the original purchase price. Hence it will be seen that Prussia has a good thing in her railroads. As the receipts increase at the rate of about eleven per cent. a year and the operating expenses do not keep pace with the increase of receipts, it appears that she has a still better thing for the future. Thus:

In 1892	"	"	"	\$40,000,000
In 1892	"	"	"	120,000,000
In 1891	"	"	"	250,000,000
In 1901	"	"	"	375,000,000
whereas the operating expenses were:				
In 1901	61.75	"	"	"
In 1902	61.34	"	"	"
In 1903	60.55	"	"	"

and the working surplus increased from \$125,000,000 in 1892 to \$150,000,000 in 1904.

On the human side of these matters, the German railways carry nine hundred million passengers a year and kill and maim almost none of them. Every week we kill more people on our railroads than are killed on the entire German railroad sys-

tem in a year. But the German people object to being killed and we do not. That again makes some difference.

Nothing done by man shall escape fault and flaw. The German railroad system has its merits and defects, and its worst and most glaring defect is that all the men that work for it, half a million in number, are disfranchised and have no share in the Government. The ruling powers were determined that the railroad should never be a factor in national politics, so they took the shortest and most radical way to that end. No political party in Germany can utilize the railroad vote, for there is no such thing. The fact is not so important in Germany as it would be with us, because Germany does not have equal and universal suffrage anyway, but it is important enough to keep alive a perpetual and well-grounded agitation. To the Socialists, naturally, the restriction is an incessant gond. It does not seem quite necessary. Switzerland has both national ownership of railroads and political parties, but has not found any reason to deprive its railroad employees of their rights. But it must be remembered that politically Germany is living in the sixteenth century.

Also the red tape tangles the railroad machine. Everything must be done in the manner of starting that train at Bemburg Pemburg, with salutes and formalities, addresses to this bureau and that chief, and improvements are not to be had in a day. And yet the comfort and the speed of the trains do increase from

year to year. The German people do not seem to mind the berding at the stations nor the overbearing arrogance of the men in official position, but they do complain that the Government does not extend the system so rapidly as it should and that many important towns still remain without railroad connections. The official answer to this is that the railroad profits are now a great item in the budget, and in the present state of warlike preparation the budget cannot be tampered with. The Government tries to meet the demand for extensions by building and encouraging others to build what are called "Light Railroads"; that is, short narrow-gage lines connecting at trunk line points. But the progress of this development is slow.

What seems to many a better founded complaint is about the German coal rate. To help the German collieries to compete in Baltic ports with English coal a special rate, very low, is made on coal from Silesia and Westphalia. As the first object of the German Government is to push German commerce, the thing is defensible from a certain point of view, but it really taxes the rest of the country to help the collieries.

Not all the German state railroads show balance sheets equal to that of the Prussian. In Baden, for instance, the working expenses are \$1.20 per cent. of the receipts and the net profits are only 2.39 per cent. But this is an exceptional case and Baden is a small province. In the larger kingdoms, Saxony, Bavaria, Wurtemburg, the results are good enough.

Mexico's Next President

BY EDWARD M. CONLEY IN APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE

Ramón Corral, who will in all probability succeed General Díaz, as president of the Republic of Mexico, is a man immensely popular with the great masses of the people. As director of the Mint of Sonora, he instilled unceasing popularity by his strict measures to all education and healthwork among the people. He is a hard worker and a friend of liberty.

ALL Americans may feel especially satisfied in the selection of Ramón Corral as the first vice-president of Mexico and the probable successor of President Díaz. Who is to succeed Díaz is a matter of considerable moment to us. Firstly, because we have over \$500,000,000 invested in various enterprises in Mexico and more than 10,000 Americans are living in that country. Secondly, because we have a sort of moral responsibility toward all weaker nations in this hemisphere, which President Roosevelt has extended to their internal affairs. Thirdly, because we rejoice in the remarkable progress Mexico has lately made and feel a neighborly interest in her welfare and prosperity. Americans who have any personal interest in Mexico are particularly pleased at the selection of Corral, from the fact that his friendly policy toward Americans is assured. If the election of a vice-president last year had been left to Americans resident in Mexico, Corral would have been chosen almost unanimously. Other Americans should feel gratified, because Corral is more like an American in appearance, action, and views than any other man in an important official position in Mexico. Corral is going to be a big man some day and we shall be proud of that fact.

Newspaper men, who have filled so many important positions in the world's affairs, may also feel professional pride in the matter, for he began his career as a country editor.

Corral has always been exceedingly friendly toward Americans. Under his administration as governor, Sonora became the most Americanized State in the Mexican Union, taken as a whole. The investment of American capital in its mining and other enterprises is greater than in any other State. Americans are scattered all over it. There are greater numbers of them centered in Mexico city and other large cities of the republic than in Sonora, but Sonora is a sparsely settled State and their influence in it has been far reaching. The institutions of the State are more Americanized than those of any other Mexican State. As governor, Corral encouraged Americans to invest in enterprises in his State and to settle therein. He saw to it that their lives, property and civil rights were protected. He himself was a keen student of their methods and he profited by what he learned from them.

He is becoming more Americanized every day, though not in any patriotic sense, of course. He is a student of the English language, and while he does not speak it in his official capacity he loses no opportunity to practice it when speaking with his American friends socially. His visit to the St. Louis Exposition and subsequent trip to San Francisco are still fresh in our minds. After his return to Mexico city he was enthusiastic about his trip and what he had seen in the United States and said that it was his intention to visit us again at his earliest opportunity.

He is the father of nine children—a man after Roosevelt's own heart—the youngest a mere baby. Each child, as it grows old enough, is sent to the United States to be educated. He has three daughters in school in San Francisco at present.

Corral is well fitted by nature and training for the task for which he has been chosen. He was born in the little town of Alamos, in Sonora, January 10, 1854, and grew up among the rugged mountains of his State. He was educated in the public schools. At the age of twenty he was a newspaper editor and boldly attacked the administration of Governor Pesquera, who had ruled Sonora for twenty years. When Gen. Francisco Serrás initiated a revolution against Governor Pesquera, in August, 1875, young Corral laid down his pen and took up the sword. The revolution was successful. At its close Corral was elected to the State Legislature. That was the same year in which General Diaz became president of Mexico through a revolution. Soon after he was appointed Secretary of State by the new governor, Gen. Luis E. Torres. Thus he became the intimate friend of the man who is to-day Mexico's ablest military man and formed an alliance which may be of great usefulness to him when he becomes president.

General Torres has for several years been commander of the first military zone of Mexico, embracing the northwestern section of the country, and he has had plenty of active service in keeping the troublesome Yaquis in restraint. It is true that the selection of a civilian by General Diaz as his probable successor is one of the strongest proofs of the great progress Mexico has made under his wise administration along the paths

of peace and order. Still, Corral has Torres back of him, and if as president he should need the services of a fighting man to enforce his position, he will not lack able support.

As Secretary of State, Corral made a good record. President Diaz heard of him and kept his eye upon him. In 1887 he was elected (which in Mexico means appointed by Diaz) lieutenant-governor of the State, and the governor taking a prolonged vacation, he found himself acting governor during the term. From 1891 to 1895 he was again Secretary of State, after which he was twice elected governor, serving through 1900. During the time from 1887 to 1900 he devoted himself especially to improving the educational system of the State, and as a result Sonora has the best public schools in the republic. Like Diaz, he realizes the great importance of public education, and he can be depended upon to continue the work of Diaz in elevating the masses through the medium of the schoolroom.

At the close of 1900 President Diaz appointed Corral governor of the federal district of Mexico, which corresponds to our district of Columbia. As a newspaper man I went to interview him upon his arrival in the capital. I met a man quite unlike the ordinary governor of a State. He looked like a very keen, practical business man rather than a politician or officeholder. He appeared to be a man of fifty, though he was then only forty-six; of average height and build, with black mustache, gray hair, and very piercing black eyes, eyes that fairly scintillated. He wore a plain business suit and occupied a modest room at a hotel. There was an utter lack of ostentation. His manner was quick, but not nervous. He was very

convincing and not brusque nor abrupt, but he wasted no time in useless ceremony, quite unusual in a Latin country. His words were few, simple and direct. I asked him, among other things, what would be his policy as governor of the district. He replied: "I can answer that better some months later."

It was not necessary to wait that long, however. At the end of his first day as governor his policy was quite apparent. It was going to be a strictly business administration. He appeared at his desk at nine o'clock in the morning, and things began to move in his office at a gait that made his clerks dizzy. His first order to his secretary was: "All visitors' cards are to be sent to me. I will decide whether or not it is necessary to see the visitor personally. Cards are to be sent in and persons received in the order they come. All visitors here are to be treated exactly alike." He has never deviated from that rule. So far as I know there is only one other official in Mexico who strictly observes that rule. His name is Porfirio Diaz.

Corral is a man of great sympathy with the masses, which in Mexico means the very lowest class, the ignorant, unwashed Indians who form eighty-five per cent. of the population. No man in Mexico is so well fitted to continue the work of uplifting these people, of creating a middle class from their ranks, which Diaz has begun. The dominant trait in Corral's character is simplicity—simplicity of thought, simplicity of manner, simplicity of words, simplicity in dress, simplicity in his home life, simplicity in all things. He is exactly the sort of man who would ride to the chamber of deputies to his own inauguration, unattended, slip in unnoticed while the

crowds of important personages at the door were waiting for him to show up in pomp and splendor, make his declaration (equivalent to taking the oath of office), and, later, to stop the inaugural parade while he alighted from his carriage to assist to her feet some poor old Indian woman who had been knocked down by the crowds of spectators. He believes that all men are created free and equal and he acts upon that belief.

He will be president of the lower classes as well as the upper classes. The humblest, dirtiest, most illiterate Indian will receive just as much attention, if not a little more, from him as the man of great wealth and power. The future of Mexico depends upon the Indian population. Degraded and enslaved for centuries by the Spaniards, they were little higher in the scale of being than beasts of burden when Diaz came into power. His greatest work, perhaps, has been the beginning of the creation of a middle class from these people by means of education. Corral's greatest strength will lie in his deep interest in these people.

Shortly after Corral became governor of the federal district the Thieves' Market (resort of all American tourists to Mexico) was destroyed by fire one night. The Thieves' Market (properly called Volador and dubbed Thieves' by Americans) is a square on the south side of the national palace, filled with booths and stands for the sale of miscellaneous second-hand junk, some of which is eagerly bought as antiques by Americans. It is used by perhaps a hundred "merchants" who store their stocks there overnight. As a newspaper man I went to the fire. Inside the fire lines the first man I saw was Ramon Corral, bat-

less, coatless, his shirt wet and soiled and his face begrimed. He was helping a poor Indian carry out a lot of old hardware, worth at a liberal estimate seventy-five cents. When I spoke to him he looked up, wiped his face with his sleeve, and said: "Pobreecitos! (poor things!) This means a great loss to them. It is all they have."

He was then almost unknown in the capital. The man he had just been helping was unaware of his identity. When I spoke to him and called him by name the Indian gasped and almost swallowed his palate in surprise. Within a few moments the fire fighters knew who had been helping them and Corral's popularity with the masses in the capital was assured from that night. The next day he started a subscription for the fire sufferers, and there is at least one case on record in Mexico where money contributed for the relief of unfortunate reached the persons for whom it was intended. A cold-blooded American is obliged to think that particular hit of sympathy was misplaced, in view of the fact that the ownership of the wares on sale in that market is always more or less questionable, but then it doesn't do any good to pry too closely into the affairs of other people. The story is told merely to illustrate Corral's largeness of heart.

As governor of the district Corral clearly proved his executive ability, and at the end of two years he entered Diaz's cabinet as Minister of Internal Affairs, on January 16, 1903. As minister he was the same

Corral, a noiseless, tireless worker. At the end of another two years, that is, on December 1st last, he was inaugurated as vice-president of Mexico for a term of six years, and as such is the logical successor of Diaz. The duties of vice-president being discretionary with the president, he still retains the portfolio of internal affairs. He is still the same Corral. He is at his desk early and late every day and he is there for business, not for social chats. The head of a big corporation gives no closer attention to the details of his business than does Corral to the affairs of his office. No private business is better organized than is the work of his department.

An American newspaper correspondent interviewed Corral shortly after his inauguration as vice-president. The correspondent asked him what would be his policy toward Americans when he became president. He answered: "Young man, I am not yet president." The quality in him which was responsible for that statement will in all human likelihood make him president of Mexico. He is not waiting to be president. He is doing the work that he has to do now to the very best of his ability. If circumstances make him president, it will then be time enough to think about the duties of that office. If circumstances should make some other man president instead, he will be found working in whatever position he is placed, just as hard, just as unselfishly, just as patriotically as he now is.

Building a State by Organized Effort

BY HAMILTON WRIGHT IN REVIEW OF REVIEWS

California can teach the world a good lesson in state-building by organization. In that state there are one hundred and fifty-two Chambers of Commerce, which spend on average fifteen thousand dollars a year in publicity. The result is that California is probably the best advertised region of its size in the world, and its development has been phenomenal.

THREE men of the west and south are waving a magic wand of publicity, and, behold! unsettled lands are populated. Almost in a night, as one might say, towns arise and become cities. Railroads throw out a network of feeders, and a new community is playing its part in the world of progress.

There is no more interesting phase of the development of the west and south than the enthusiastic work of the chambers of commerce and associations of like character to stimulate immigration and encourage local improvements. Draw a line from Puget Sound to San Diego, from San Diego to New Orleans, and to Puget Sound again; in the vast territory embraced in this triangle there are hundreds and hundreds of these quasi-public organizations, engaged in a unique work of progress. Once gold and free lands were the greatest immigration agents; but to-day the public-spirited men of the south and west believe publicity to be more effective than either lands or gold. And publicity is believed to be a better agent because it appeals more to the permanent class of home-seekers and less to the adventurers; in other words, it is a discriminating agent.

It is a fascinating story of progress this, in which the men of a community "get together" with the unselfish purpose of building up a frontier land; it is a story of the coming of the new settler, of the turning of virgin soil by the plow,

and the tilling of lands hitherto untilled. Incidentally, it is an emphatic tribute to the effectiveness of the widespread use of printers' ink. Hundreds and thousands of dollars are expended by the chambers of commerce every year. Those who contribute the funds share results with the rest of the community; they cannot "check up returns" as the merchant who advertises a specious article can; their faith in advertising is borne out by its usefulness to the community at large.

Pioneer of all the west in this sort of work, California is probably today the best advertised region of its size in the world. The tremendous publicity obtained for California is a result of conscious effort to call attention to its resources. In California there are no less than one hundred and fifty-two chambers of commerce and public bodies of like character. These organizations all work through the California Promotion Committee, which is, at it were, a clearing house for all, and devotes its efforts to the upbuilding of the whole state. Centralization of effort has been adopted in other states. There is the Oregon Development League, the Colorado Promotion and Publicity Committee, and other organizations which combine the work of the various public bodies of their states.

Organization has been the keynote of the work which is carried on by the various commercial bodies of California. Business methods have

been applied to this public effort; the work of promotion is recognized as being as much of a business as any other business; and the merchants feel that it pays them to give this public work their enthusiastic and unqualified support. All the commercial bodies in each of the fifty-seven counties of California are headed together in county promotion committees. These county promotion committees in turn form the Counties Committee of the California Promotion Committee. Then all great regions of the state, which by geography are clearly defined, are formed into district associations, and these district associations are in turn represented on the Advisory Committee of the California Promotion Committee. The governor of the state and the presidents of California's two great universities are represented on this advisory committee.

Twice every year the officers of the one hundred and fifty-odd chambers of commerce in California meet together in a general state convention, where they exchange ideas and seek to improve on the methods of their work. Every Californian is at heart an advertiser. Almost the first person you meet on the street will tell you of the resources of his state. This general sentiment has been crystallized into effective organization. The Californian believes that, though there is no one place suitable to the requirements of every one, yet there are in California localities adapted to the needs of any one. For this reason you will find no man engaged in development work in California who will advise a settler to go to his locality knowing that some other part of the state would be better adapted to the needs of the new-comer. By their very nature, the commercial

organizations invite confidence and command respect; should they work in jealous rivalry, the home-seeker would necessarily suffer in the scramble. The work of state development, like the development of other communities, includes a sociological as well as an industrial work. The vast incoming population is to be amalgamated into the body politic; and it is only through conscientious effort that the new-comer is diverted into the right channels. The methods which the Californian adopts to arouse public sentiment in his state are as unique, perhaps, and as effective as the means by which he advertises California to the world.

Every year the commercial organizations of California assemble at the state banquet of the California Promotion Committee. Several times a year business men's excursions are given throughout the state, in order that the men of California may know one another better. A recent trip covered over fourteen hundred miles; the itinerary included twenty-two different towns and cities, and lasted but four days. A special train had been chartered for the event, and in every town the state's best orators addressed great throngs. The party was received in truly Californian style—brass bands and harlequins gaily dressed. The event. On another excursion a journey was taken through the vast redwood belt in the coast region north of San Francisco. After leaving the last railway station at Sherwood, the business men took stages to Eureka for a distance of one hundred miles through an unbroken redwood forest, returning by steamboat. Again, on a recent trip, the Californians, in the most magnificent special train ever made up on the Pacific coast, visited Portland

to take part in the exercises of California Promotion Committee Day at the Lewis and Clark Exposition. The purpose of these journeys is merely to create a feeling of united sentiment. The members of these excursions have nothing to buy and nothing to sell; they pay their own way. The results of this systematic work on behalf of California are shown everywhere in the increased prosperity of the state. New industries are springing up, thousands of settlers are taking advantage of colonist rates, and tons and tons of "literature" are being published and sent all over the world. Obscure communities which have never made an effort to attract attention have formed organizations for their development and are working for the capital and industries, and most of all the men, which will make capital of their natural resources.

A chamber of commerce in a western town is a clearing house in the work for public progress in that community. While different from the staid commercial bodies of the east, it embraces a most varied and vigorous activity, and may only incidentally devote its energies to the fostering of commerce or the tabulation of commercial statistics. Its members are composed of the important men of the community—merchants, local bankers, manufacturers, ministers, editors, doctors, lawyers, judges and others. It advertises, entertains conventions and distinguished visitors, urges local improvements, and

takes up public questions of a non-political character. Often a chamber of commerce maintains a large headquarters in some central part of the community, where products are displayed and "literature" is distributed.

One hundred and fifty-two commercial bodies in California expend in their regular routine work all the way from one thousand to thirty thousand dollars a year each. In two hours the business men of Portland raised a sum sufficient to carry on the work of the Oregon Development League for a year. The press and the public unite in the effort. Promotion work is not confined to advertising abroad, but it has a distinct local effect. As an example of this, the California Promotion Committee urged special attention to making the home town attractive. Chambers of commerce and advancement associations throughout the whole state took up the movement. In the course of a few months a marvelous change was wrought in many of the cities. In one city more than a mile of streets was cleaned in a week, and this rate was maintained; signs were torn down, trees were planted. The property-owners paid at the rate of one-half cent a running foot, and a greater force of men was employed at this work than the entire city street force. In Fresno County, last Arbor Day, twenty-one miles of streets were planted under the auspices of the commercial organizations.

The Gamekeeper's Profession as a Career

BY F. W. MILLARD IN BADMINTON MAGAZINE.

To be a successful keeper there is nothing for it but to begin on the lowest rung of the ladder, and while gradually working up accumulate the knowledge no servant to his purpose. This necessitates starting in as an assistant on an estate, where he must make up his mind to serve faithfully and obey the head keeper.

THE profession of gamekeeper is not exactly of the most lucrative description, but for many reasons it has always held out attractions to young men of all classes fond of the open air who find it difficult to secure congenial employment in other walks of life. For all this, keepers born, bred and trained to the calling have never had to face serious competition from other than their own circle; and as head keepers necessarily train their under-men, it stands to reason that they occupy the unique position of being able to dictate who shall and who shall not be initiated into the mysteries of their calling. Into no other profession is it so difficult to obtain an insight; for a gamekeeper, to assure success, needs to be coached by a competent man in charge of an estate where game preservation is carried on. There are no other means of obtaining the necessary knowledge. A man intent on becoming a keeper may consider it sufficient to serve an apprenticeship on an up-to-date game farm, but there he can learn only the rearing of pheasants and their management in confinement, and leaves as ignorant as ever of the multitudinous duties which a trained keeper is expected to perform, the principal of which are the trapping of vermin, the care and training of dogs, the organization of shooting parties, and last, but not least, how to comport himself towards gentlemen in the field.

Some years ago the question of the employment of gentlemen gamekeepers became a topic of serious discussion in a leading sporting journal, and the strongest argument advanced in their favor seemed to be that a man of education ought naturally to bring to bear upon the performance of his duties an acumen generally lacking in the case of an uneducated man. The subject was dealt with from every point of view except that of the practical keeper, who, it is to be presumed, was content to stand aside and laugh at even the idea of "gentlemen" gamekeepers. In fact, in that word rests the crux of the whole question; for it is seldom a keeper who answers to that description can forget that he has been born and bred a gentleman, and is willing to turn to and do the hard and often disagreeable work which falls to the lot of every keeper, whatever the nature of his charge. To be a success he must sink the gentleman and never forget that he is a servant; in this he will find rests his greatest trouble.

There is not the slightest reason why an educated man should not become a keeper, granted that he likes the life, is healthy and strong, and able to content himself in so humble a sphere; if he is willing to sink all ambition he will find much to be thankful for, even as a keeper, and as a reward there is always the satisfaction which never fails to follow upon a duty well performed. In the

keeper's profession there is plenty of room for brains and education, but not the slightest for what is vulgarly but expressively termed "side." If he cannot shake himself free of this the gentleman keeper will never be a success, and he must not lose sight of the fact that what would certainly not be described as "side" in a gentleman might be given a worse name in the case of a keeper. If a man of education is able to dismiss all social aspirations and is satisfied to allow his duties to absorb his whole attention, he will find life go very pleasantly as a keeper.

There is no disputing the fact that gentlemen keepers have so far not been a marked success, and it may be because they start in entirely the wrong way. For one thing, the men who turn attention to this mode of earning a living too often do so as a last resort; but failures at everything else are hardly likely to succeed even as gamekeepers, and it is scarcely the right thing to base an opinion of gentlemen keepers upon that measure of success which has so far attended their efforts.

It is of little use for a man to decide to be a keeper when he has already tried and failed at half a dozen other things, for the probability is he will already be considerably advanced in years and have lost what may be styled adaptability. He must start young, or he will lack the enterprise and enthusiasm required to carry him through the lower grades of the calling and to enable him to brave their difficulties. Disgust is more likely to arise in the case of a man of thirty-five than in that of one of twenty. A man must first rid himself of an idea that an all-round knowledge of sport is sufficient to

warrant his undertaking the responsibilities of a keeper. If he starts with this opinion he will quickly discover his mistake. He may be a proficient shot, and understand how to handle and use a gun; but this comes under the head of the destruction of game, and the aim of every keeper is its production. Also, he must not take up a keeper's work with the belief that he will get any amount of sport, for such is by no means the case if sport with him means unlimited shooting. Shooting he will get, of a sort and to a certain extent, but if he considers the gun the principal tool he will have to use he will not long hold a place. If he expects leniency in this regard because he is a gentleman, and possibly of social status equal to his employer, he will not obtain it; for a too free use of a gun is an offence no employer will condone in any keeper. The keeper's work is to provide sport, not take it, and it is because he does not properly grasp this point that the gentleman keeper fails. Of course, a keeper does get plenty of sport, but it is extracted from the trapping of vermin, snaring of rabbits, etc., and what he derives from the gun is really not worth consideration.

It is perfectly possible to be a servant and a gentleman, for there are many such, although they may lack education and accomplishments; but the chief stumbling-block of the gentleman keeper is that he cannot forget his social status. This leads him into all sorts of difficulties. First of all he is apt to feel aversion to his helpers, who are ordinary under-keepers, and, although trained and competent men (perhaps to a far greater extent than himself), inclined to take what he considers liberties. These men have been accustomed to

work beneath the direction of an ordinary head keeper whose relations with them have been characterized by chumminess, and they resent the superior airs adopted by their present chief. This difficulty he would overcome in time by treating his assistants firmly and kindly; but he too often gets rid of the lot, and engages in their stead men similar to himself. Now, if a trained head keeper is unable to dispense with the services of trained men, it is certain a chief lacking a life's experience cannot. The latter may replace the bona fide keepers by engaging men with whom he is able to associate; but can he be sure that they will be as efficient at their work, and is it not likely that beneath their care the estate will quickly deteriorate as regards game?

Many sportsmen object to a gentleman keeper because they feel the impossibility of treating him as a servant, and have no desire to receive him as an equal. When a servant is required they prefer to engage one who will be a servant in every particular, and not presume on a past position. If a gentleman keeper attempts this he will soon be voted a nuisance. A servant he is, and must be, and no intermediate position is satisfactory to both parties. If a gentleman requiring such a post is fortunate enough to secure an engagement as keeper he is apt to become dispirited by the harshness with which he is treated by those above him. This occurs because they anticipate that he may presume, and measures are adopted to check the slightest advance in that direction. In such a case his relations with his employer may never reach the free and easy state which generally marks

those of a gentleman and an ordinary keeper.

A gentleman keeper must also be extremely careful with regard to his relations with tenant farmers. These most of all resent the slightest inclination towards superiority on his part, and will manifest that resentment in an exceedingly unpleasant manner. Usually the tenantry upon an estate look upon the head keeper as their social inferior, and if the gentleman keeper is conscious of a similar tendency he had best grin and bear it for the sake of his game. If he is careful, relations will soon improve, and he will gain amongst the farmers many firm and valued friends.

His duty to both his employer and assistants is not only to direct the latter, but actually to work with them. Get rid of the impression that a head keeper really enjoys an easy time directing the doings of others, for a lot of the hard and dirty work falls to his share, and for many reasons must receive his personal attention. If he shirks, things are sure to go wrong. As a too free use of the gun often lands a gentleman keeper in trouble with his employer, so does a mistaken idea of what his horse is provided for. A horse is to take the keeper about the estate more speedily, and not to take him off it on every occasion. It may seem hard lines to be compelled to hold a horse back when hounds leave a cover at full speed on the trail of a fox, but a keeper's duty does not lie with the pack; it is his to remain behind and see that his woods are clear of the roughs who are always glad to make a visit of bounds an excuse for entering.

If a man of good breeding and education is desirous of being a

keeper, and a successful keeper at that, there is nothing for it but to begin on the lowest rung of the ladder, and while gradually working up accumulate the knowledge necessary to his purpose. This will necessitate his starting as an assistant on an estate, where he must make up his mind to serve faithfully and obey the head keeper; he cannot escape closely associating with the other under-men, and it is hoped will soon recognize the folly of despising those from whom he must learn. Should any of them be low-minded it will be better for him to use his influence in reforming them rather than adopt the doubtful course of ignoring them. For a time he must be content with their company, and seek to drown all feelings of antipathy in continual attention to duty. With a firm purpose in this direction he will eventually earn their respect. A dandy he should never be; there is a vast difference between this and scrupulous neatness and cleanliness, and if he is required to wear livery, let him strive to wear it with a dignity such as it has never been worn before. If he regards his livery as a soldier does his uniform—that is, as

something never to be disgraced—he is not likely to be ashamed of wearing it.

Should a man of good breeding succeed as a keeper he will enjoy the satisfaction of being independent of others for support, will lead a healthy life, and feel that he is doing his duty, even if he does occupy but a minor position. Wealthy he is not likely to be, but a competence may be saved against old age. The best position he can secure is that of head keeper on a big, well-preserved estate, and this even only yields a moderate salary. It may be sufficient for his own needs, but he will be wise not to induce a lady of his previous circle to share it with him. Such a step will surely lead to untold misery both to her and him. He may not chafe at his position, but such a wife most assuredly will.

The writer of the foregoing has had much experience of keepers, well-bred, educated, and otherwise, and a perusal of what is here set forth may serve to prevent many a young man from attempting a calling for which he is not fitted, while it may encourage those of the right sort to go in and win.

The Beginnings of Great Movements

BY YORK HOPEWELL IN SUNDAY STRAND

In brief outline the author narrates how several of the great benevolent and philanthropic movements in England began. The Penny Savings Bank, co-operative societies, the Guard Army and other organizations are traced to their beginnings.

THE first savings bank for the poorer class of the community, such as the penny savings banks of to-day, had its origin at Wendover, in Buckinghamshire, in the year 1790. It was started by the Rev. Joseph Smith, on the lines of

the frugality banks, which had previously been outlined by writers such as Daniel Defoe. The Rev. Joseph Smith saw the necessity of getting the poorer people to deny themselves a little, and to practice thrift; so he opened a bank in which they could

put twopence a week, and he encouraged them to do this by allowing no less than one shilling on every twenty that they thus saved in a year. He even paid sometimes as much as one shilling and ninepence interest for each pound saved, and so his little bank was very successful.

After him Miss Priscilla Wakefield began a similar institution at Tottenham, and so the work spread. The first penny savings bank came into existence in 1850, and therefrom sprang, soon after, the famous Yorkshire Penny Bank at Leeds, which has for long years been at the head of all penny savings banks.

The co-operative societies had their beginning at Rochdale in the year 1844. It is true that before that time there had been many scattered instances where men had combined to forward a common object in commercial transactions, whereof they themselves were the shareholders and purchasers. But such instances had not only been spasmodic and temporary, but they were not instituted or carried on in the same spirit and method as marked the movement in Rochdale in 1844.

Twenty-eight weavers met together and agreed to join their capital, in pound shares, to form the nucleus of a trading society which should distribute all profits amongst its members, and should buy and sell for their benefit alone. This society was begun under the title of the Rochdale Pioneers' Society, and its success was hardly ever in doubt, although it had a struggle for some time. From this commencement the movement gathered force, and almost the next great society formed of the kind was the Leeds Co-operative Society, which is now the largest in the kingdom, and has had an extraordinary run of suc-

cess for several decades. Besides merely carrying on nowadays the principles of co-operation in the sense described, these great societies, or many of them, have done excellent social and educational work. Several of them have regularly given free lectures on many subjects, held classes for the instruction of poor boys and girls, awarded scholarships to deserving children at elementary schools, and, in short, done a vast amount of good work outside their own province as trading firms.

On June 18th, 1824, there met in Exeter Hall—so it is generally believed by the officials of the present society—a few friends who were very desirous of seeing dumb animals better cared for and treated than the public at that time was accustomed to treat them. Lord Erskine's terrible revelations as to cruelty to animals, made in the House of Lords, had greatly stirred public opinion, and this gathering of gentlemen in Exeter Hall was called together to try if some committee could not be formed to educate the owners of animals and the general public to better views of what was right, and, in the last report, to compel them to give due attention to this matter.

The meeting formed itself into the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and when the late Queen came to the throne she soon strongly seconded its efforts and gave it the title of "Royal." It has undoubtedly done immense service during its career. Both as an educative agent and as a restrictive body its power has been enormous. It has obtained influence more than once sufficient to make Parliament pass Acts intended to put down definite types of cruelty and savagery in the treatment of dumb creatures, such as cock-fighting,

bull-baiting, and badger-baiting. It has given prizes and certificates for good teaching in schools with regard to this question; it has inaugurated the system of "Essays on Kindness to Animals,"¹⁰ now so popular in many towns, and finding their culmination in the annual Crystal Palace fete, at which Royalty generally takes an important part, thus encouraging the young prize-winners and others to help forward the good work in every way.

One of the most successful Christian agencies of recent years for getting at the destitute poor in our large towns, especially in London, and for helping them spiritually and bodily, has been the Church Army. This important movement was commenced in the year 1832. It began with a series of meetings for mission work held in the Portcullis Hall, Westminster; but these meetings were only the outcome of similar ones held the year before in the Vestry Hall, Kensington, when the Rev. Wilson Carile, then curate to the present Bishop of Peterborough at St. Mary Abbots, Kensington, held a number of open-air and indoor meetings there for mission purposes, and really commenced the work which he has carried on so wonderfully for the past twenty-four years. So that the Vestry Hall, Kensington, must be considered as the real place that saw the inception of the Church Army, though the title only came into existence the following year.

The social as distinguished from the evangelistic work of the Church Army began in 1839 at St. Mary's Mission Hall, Crawford Street, W. What has been accomplished by the two wings of this great work is well known, and the fact that only a few months ago both the King and Queen

sent specially for the Rev. Wilson Carile to congratulate him and to obtain at first hand a full account of the Church Army's needs and work, is sufficient to prove that the immense value of this noble movement for good is recognized by those in the highest quarters, and that our Sovereign is always ready to help and encourage every good and unselfish effort to render the lot of the poor a little easier.

Surely it is an excellent thing to know that when a discharged prisoner leaves the gloomy walls of the gaol behind him and comes again into the light of day he is not to be wholly inchoate by his fellow-men, but that there is a society willing and eager to receive him, to lend him a helping hand in making a fresh start, and to encourage him on the path of virtue rather than on that of vice, however hard the former may be for him to travel, handicapped by his sad past.

The St. Giles' Christian Mission, which has done such grand work for prisoners and criminals, was the direct outcome of George McCree's work in the notorious region of Seven Dials, where, as it used to be said, "everyone who is not a thief is, at any rate, a scoundrel of deepest dye."

In Chancery Lane there lived a young man, George Hinton, at a law stationer's shop, who had become interested in Mr. McCree's work in the Dials. He and a few friends, appalled at the fearful state of the district, met in a room over his shop, No. 99 Chancery Lane, in the first week of January, 1860, and founded the Mission. Their revenue then was not wonderfully great, for it consisted only of twenty shillings a week, which had to cover rent and other

expenses, as well as provide money for helping discharged prisoners.

But what a grand career it has had, under the excellent guidance of Mr. William Wheatley, who was for so long the chief helper of Mr. Hatton. What a wonderful work this Mission has done in helping and reclaiming convicts, criminals, and prisoners who would otherwise have remained or become pests to society—who would have had no hope, no decent future, no friends, but for this Mission. It has been the savior of thousands of men and women who, having fallen and been punished, wanted to get on the right path again, and God has greatly blessed all its work.

There are few people indeed—adults as well as children—who have not at one time or another listened with pleasure to the excellent hand of university men and others who have carried on each summer at various seaside places the missions for children on the sands, under the style of the Children's Special Service Mission. This valuable and now widely-spread organization had its origin in services for children alone held at St. Jude's Church, Mildmay Park, London, under the control of the Rev. Mr. Pennefather. It is only fair to say that Mr. Spiers at Essex Road, Mr. Bishop at Park Chapel, Chelsea, and the Rev. Newman Hall at Christ Church, Westminster Bridge Road, were almost simultaneously engaged in commencing such services. But there is little doubt that the Mission was the direct outcome, in the first place, of the work at St. Jude's.

It began in 1868 and soon extended far beyond Britain. Mr. Bishop was the introducer of the Scripture leaflets so much liked by the children,

and he had these translated into nearly every civilized language, so greatly were they in demand. The next result, the Scripture Union, began in 1873, and has so grown that to-day it includes over six hundred thousand regular members in nearly every land under the sun. Its success amongst the children has been simply marvellous, and Hindoo, Jap, Pacific Islander, Russian, Tamil, Canadian and Australian youngsters are all equally enthusiastic about it. Verily it was a magnificent work for the Church of God that had its commencement so quietly at St. Jude's, Mildmay Park, not yet forty years ago, and the blessing of the Holy Spirit has rested abundantly upon it.

If you ever go to the sleepy little seaside town of Hythe, just take a quiet stroll through the churchyard, and stop at a tombstone which anybody will point out to you. Read its inscription, and doff your hat to one of the world's little-known benefactors. This is what you will read:

LIONEL LUKIN.

He was the first who built a lifeboat, and was the original inventor of that quality of safety, by which many lives and much property have been preserved from shipwreck, and he obtained for it the King's patent in the year 1785.

Both Henry Greathead and William Wouldhave, who have been credited with being the originators of the lifeboat, came from South Shields, but the Royal National Lifeboat Institution has no doubt that to Lukin really belongs the honor, as he made a trustworthy lifeboat before either of his two rivals. In fact, what they did was to perfect Lukin's rough invention.

Lukin came from Dunmow, in Essex, and was by trade a carriagemaker in Long Acre, London. The first lifeboat launch took place at Bamborough, in Northumberland, in 1783, and Lukin was patronised by the then Prince of Wales. Yet his invention did not "catch on," and until 1789 it remained the only real lifeboat on the English coast. Then Greathead and Wouldhave came forward with improved designs, and other lifeboats began to appear.

Think of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution to-day, with its hundreds of boats, its magnificent record, and its great income from voluntary sources. And all this began at Bamborough in 1785!

In the year 1866 the winter was severe, and a certain medical student, of Spanish descent though born in Dublin, was engaged in ragged-school work in East London. His name was Barnardo, and he was very fond of children.

"I can never recollect the time."

he has said, "when the face and voice of a child had not the power to draw me aside from everything else." And it was the voice of a boy that altered his whole career. A ragged lad attending his school was reluctant to leave the fire one night after the evening session was over, and on being questioned by young Barnardo told him that there were "heaps" of boys like himself, quite homeless.

A personal search of the byways under the boy's guidance proved the truth of this statement, and it was off Houndsditch that Dr. Barnardo, with poor Jim Jarvis as his guide, first began his actual work of child rescue—a work which has nowadays developed into a stupendous affair, known all over the world and blessed by God in the highest degree. Alas! alas! the good doctor is no more with us. Even as these lines are penned his dead body is being laid at Barkingside to its eternal rest amidst the mourning of millions all over the world who never saw him but loved to call him "The Children's Friend."

The A B C's of Foreign Correspondence

BY EDWARD NEVILLE VORSE IN "WORLD'S WORK"

Of the utmost importance in holding up an export trade to countries speaking a foreign tongue, is the proper handling of correspondence. The illegibility of letters written in English is pointed out, defective translations are condemned and a careful attention to details is prescribed.

A SOILED and ragged scrap of paper with three words, followed by a half illegible address scrawled in pencil on the margin—such was the form in which a prominent manufacturer of plantation machinery received an inquiry that led directly to an order amounting to nearly a quarter of a million. The bit of paper was a portion of a

page torn from an export publication containing his advertisement, the marginal scrawl requested his catalogue. A manufacturer of coffee-hulling machinery informed the writer that his first inquiry from a firm in Brazil was very similar to the foregoing. The trial order for a single machine that resulted led to a steady trade that has aggregated

down to the present time several hundreds of thousands of dollars. In each of these instances everything depended at the outset upon the intelligence and care displayed in responding to the inquiries. Yet right here is the point where the campaign of many manufacturers who are seeking foreign trade breaks down entirely, while others permit easily avoidable blunders seriously to imperil and materially curtail their success. While a few American firms conduct their foreign correspondence along the most advanced lines and with admirable system, the majority do not seem to have fully grasped the A B C's of the subject.

"Terms cash—Yours truly" do very well in the land where enterprise is synonymous with "hustle" and brevity is the soul of business dispatch. There is, however, but one such land. In all others the slapdash brusqueness of the American business letter is like a strange language. In a word, the style of our ordinary correspondence is too provincial for world commerce. In place of "Yours truly" the Englishman writes "With sincere esteem I remain, Your respectful and obedient servant;" the Frenchman says "Veuillez agréer, messieurs, nos très sincères salutations"—"Kindly accept, gentlemen, our very sincere greetings;" the Spanish-American merchant concludes his letter with "Con sentimientos de consideración distinguida somos de Ud. attos. y S. S.," which means "With sentiments of distinguished consideration we remain your attentive and sure servants." In all this there is no false note of insincerity, and the manager of any foreign department who ignores these little phrases expressive of an old-fashioned courtesy,

so universal as to be conventional in every other country than our own, is likely to convey the impression that he is unacquainted with the style of expression common among gentlemen.

A reply in English to a letter of inquiry written in a foreign language is like sending a dumb man to answer questions. A short time ago a manufacturer complained that while he was receiving numerous foreign inquiries for his goods he was receiving almost no orders. On investigation it was found that he was replying in English to all letters. He evidently assumed that his foreign friends could do as he did and send their letters to a translation bureau. In this he was wrong. Any foreign buyer can readily find manufacturers who will correspond with him in his own language, and he will therefore rarely bother with a letter he cannot understand. Competent translators are hard to secure, however, although the steady demand for them at export centres like New York has at last developed a reasonably satisfactory supply. No translator should be engaged without a searching test, as bad translations will surely result in confusion and may lead to serious loss. A simple but effective test is to require the applicant to translate, without leaving the office, an advertisement or a page from a catalogue that has already been translated by a capable man and carefully compare the two. The "universal translator" who is able to translate Russian, French, German, Spanish and English with equal fluency must be regarded with deep suspicion. There may be such a prodigy living, but if so he is most certainly not likely to be out of work and looking for a \$30-a-week job.

That an answer to a foreign letter of inquiry should answer the inquiry seems a proposition too obvious to require statement. Yet that is precisely what a surprisingly large number of the letters sent out by American manufacturers fail to do. The points that a reply to a foreign inquiry should make clear are three: First (briefly), the merits of the goods or more especially their suitability for this particular buyer or his market; second (explicitly), their cost; third (definitely), the date of delivery. The first point can usually be covered by one or two brief references to the printed matter which should accompany every letter. The second requires considerable elaboration. What the foreign buyer wants to know is not the factory price of the article but what it will cost him by the time it reaches his door. Quotations "f.o.b. ears Kalamazoo" mean nothing to him, since he has no means of calculating the freight rate from that point to the seaboard. Quotations should if possible be e.i.f.—that is cost plus marine insurance and freight—to the buyer's own city or to the nearest seaport at his side of the ocean. Any forwarding company will supply these figures if the manufacturer's shipping department is unable to do so. Quotations for export should avoid the puzzling discounts often employed in domestic trade, and should be in the money of the buyer or in terms familiar to him—never in American dollars alone.

In hunting foreign orders the letter is the powder that impels the bullet, the projectile itself is the literature accompanying the letter. Failure to attend properly to this part of the ammunition accounts for the defeat of many an export trade armada. A

moment's reflection shows why this is so. A cheaply made up circular in Spanish makes a more effective appeal to the merchant who can only read Spanish than the most elaborate affair in English. The great patent medicine houses were quick to grasp this fact, printed their literature in every commercial language under the sun, and have reaped a world-wide harvest. Costly printing and lavish illustrations have been no part of their plan—if anything, a printer would call their matter shabby. But German literature was sent to Germans, French to Frenchmen, Norwegian to Norway, Spanish to the Spanish-speaking countries. Each shot was effective. Similar attention to the preparation of supplementary literature has contributed largely to the success of the American manufacturers of sewing machines, cash registers, agricultural machinery, and a few other articles for which the demand is now world-wide. An incompetent translator will ruin the export catalogue or circular, however costly or fine it may be. Not long ago an American manufacturer of machinery sent a splendidly printed Spanish catalogue to his agents in Spain and Spanish America. By return mail he was informed from all sides that the book was utterly useless and could not be distributed. The word "thread" (of a screw) was translated "thread for sewing;" an expression meaning "the cover of a steam boiler" was translated into a Spanish word meaning "the top of a wagon;" "watchmen's clocks" (time recorders) was translated "clocks for watchmakers" and so on. In another catalogue "chilled iron" was translated "hierro con refriado," that is "iron with a cold in the head;" in another, apparatus

for mailing boats as "aparatos para embalar botas," that is, "for packing or making holes of boots." As a rule it is hardly necessary to translate any catalogue in its entirety unless the demand for the goods is very great. Condensed editions, or even booklets, showing the lines best adapted for export to the localities where a given language is used will usually answer the purpose as well as a huge book costing considerable money both to prepare and to mail. As a rule, the most elaborate catalogues should be in Spanish, but a manufacturer of skates who got up a Spanish catalogue discovered that the investment was unprofitable. For languages that are required only occasionally inexpensive circulars should be prepared, while price lists giving weights and shipping dimensions should be prepared in all commercial languages. The cable code and especially the list of code words for parts of articles should also be translated. An ingenious scheme for securing an abundance of good circular matter for foreign use at small cost was devised by a young woman who acts as the advertising manager of a large inland manufacturer. She demands electros of all advertisements appearing in the export paper in which the firm advertises, and thus gets as a sort of by-product of the advertising a valuable equipment for foreign circumscribing at trifling cost. A firm changing its advertising copy several times in the course of a year could in this manner acquire sufficient material to form an excellent export booklet in perhaps two or three different languages.

One of the greatest obstacles to American success in foreign markets is the office boy. This young person,

it seems, is the individual who must be blamed for neglecting to put the proper amount of postage on letters and printed matter addressed to foreign countries. Imagine the reception likely to be accorded to a salesman who introduces himself by blandly soliciting the loan of \$5 to pay his hotel bill, and you have the state of mind of the foreign buyer who receives a letter post-marked America on which double the amount of the shortage of postage must be paid.

Promptness, always a cardinal virtue in correspondence, is especially important. The export sales manager should keep before him constantly the post-office announcement of foreign mails, together with a chart or table showing the quickest mail routes to distant points. As far as possible a reply to a foreign letter should be sent out by the next fast steamer, even if it is necessary to keep employees working overtime to do so. If more than one route is available the fastest should be indicated as a part of the address. Intelligent attention to these little details will frequently save several weeks' time, and may mean capturing an order that would otherwise be lost.

The export manager who understands his business will not jump hastily to conclusions about the likelihood of results from unfavorable looking inquiries. Appearances, in foreign correspondence, cannot be judged by American standards. Business men abroad are far more economical than here in petty matters, and postal cards are widely used for preliminary inquiries. These do not ordinarily contain even a printed letter head, the firm name being added with a rubber stamp. If an

American firm sent out business letters in this way it would hardly expect to have an answer. Abroad, however, a postal card does not indicate lack of financial responsibility, and inquiries on postal cards should be treated like the others and accorded a courteous reply. Many foreign inquiries are ignored altogether by American manufacturers, or are curtly put off, because samples or exclusive agency rights are requested. The request for samples may, it is true, indicate an intention to defraud, for many swindlers employ this plan of petty larceny, but with a little care and judgment the wheat can readily be separated from the chaff. Reputable houses will not usually object to paying a reasonable deposit for samples of commercial value. The request for an agency requires diplomatic handling. Fully 50 per cent. of foreign inquiries ask for an exclusive agency for the writer's locality, country or continent. A peremptory refusal usually ends the correspondence, but a skillful handling of such requests often

results in the establishment of local agencies of great value. As a rule the foreigner asks for far more than he expects to get, and is very willing to negotiate for less if he is not offended by a too abrupt refusal of his first demand.

American manufacturers are not as a rule accustomed to run on errands for their customers. Foreign buyers, however, notably those in the Latin-American countries, are very apt to ask small favors of the firms with which they are dealing, such as the performance of little commissions or the purchase of a few trifles in the retail stores. These little services, if performed cheerfully, will go far toward establishing a relation of personal friendship between the manufacturer and his customer, and should therefore be welcomed rather than discouraged. Unfailing willingness to correct errors or "make good" misunderstandings is another element that helps to make the handling of foreign correspondence successful.

MARVELS OF A MODERN DEPARTMENT STORE

BY HENRY HARRISON LEWIS IN SUCCESS MAGAZINE.

What a stupendous thing is the modern department store, and how rapidly it has developed during the last few years! The investment of brains and of capital in these gigantic enterprises is enormous. Location, see the conveniences provided. Each working day the doors open and are visited by a vast throng of people, exceeding the population of a city of 200,000 inhabitants.

Aメリカン globe-trotters of extended experience will recall the ancient standing joke of most Englishmen who had occasion to welcome an American cousin to their hospitable shores, ten or a dozen years ago. The joke was generally launched the third or fourth day of the visitor's stay, and was sand-

wiched in between visits to Westminster Abbey and to the Tower.

"Aw!" the Englishman would usually say, with an anticipatory twinkle in his bare eye, "aw! I think I will go shopping, this morning. I want—aw!—to buy a package of tobacco and an elephant. We will go to Whiteley's."

If the American visitor understood his cue, he would look surprised and highly amused, and then would listen, open-mouthed, to a description of London's famous department store, or "shop," where everything, from a paper of needles to a sacred city, is supposed to be on sale. A visit to the heterogeneous collection of shops known as "Whiteley's" would follow, and the American would have an opportunity to gaze upon the pioneer of the stupendous retail commercial enterprises scattered throughout his own country.

Whiteley's, to-day, is only the pioneer. It has been double-discounted in almost every large city of the United States. In fact, there is not a community of any size in the country that does not boast of its aggregation of many businesses brought together through a combination of capital and brains, for the purpose of supplying under one roof all that is necessary for the welfare and creature comforts of the average man and woman.

The modern department store, as you can understand, is a direct evolution of the old-time dry-goods store. This evolution was simple enough. It really represents the survival of the fittest. That element in human nature which leads the average woman—and the average man, also—to frequent the most luxurious places in which are displayed the most attractive articles of need is the direct cause of the present-day department store.

The first proprietor who enlarged his store and offered for sale in one building gowns and dress goods, millinery and shoes, writing paper and furniture, sounded the death knell of the old-time dry-goods shop. From that hour date the present systematic

efforts on the part of retail department stores to provide every possible convenience for their customers, and to erect, at enormous cost, stupendous structures covering acres of ground, in which are collected the arts and treasures, the fruits of the loom, and the innumerable articles of barter and sale from all the world, while the stores themselves are veritable palaces.

It is interesting to the last degree to study the marvelous growth of some of these great stores. There is one enormous shop in Chicago, for instance, now occupying almost a million square feet of floor space, that had its origin in a narrow staircase. Think of it! An ordinary, unused staircase, not more than twelve feet across and twenty feet deep, in a State Street building, that a keen-eyed man chanced to espied while walking the streets in search of a place to locate a sidewalk stand or a pushcart! Fancy such a beginning for a business now capitalized in the millions!

One can see the poverty-stricken proprietor, aghast at his own temerity in undertaking the responsibility of a real store at a monthly rental of ten dollars. It is easy to realize his careful buying of the few odds and ends constituting his first stock, and the welcome he extended to his first customer.

This progressive merchant did not carry any particular line of goods. He sold anything that would sell, from flower pots to tack hammers. His was a notion store, and, as it grew, he added dry goods and shoes, and, finally, surprised the neighbors by knocking out a partition and overflowing into the adjacent room. He knew how to buy goods, how to sell goods, how to display goods, and how

to advertise; and he also knew that essential secret of the successful retail merchant, how to train his employees into the same knowledge.

It seemed as if such things as walls and floors could not check the flood of his expansion, and in time this whilom push-cart peddler found himself to be one of the largest retail merchants in the country, a pioneer in the little army of department-store promoters. The story of his success is the story of many prototypes not only in Chicago, but also in New York, Boston and Philadelphia.

In one of the larger western cities is a well-known and prosperous department store that had its origin in the failure of a certain man to find household utensils in the principal shop of the town. At that time the man in question was in the paint business, and doing indifferently well. While walking to his office, one day, he stopped at the principal store to order some tinware for his wife. His request was met with the curt reply:

"We don't keep kitchen things. If you want any pots and pans, why don't you go to the junk shop down the street?"

"But you keep other things—in fact, almost everything else"—expostulated the paint merchant. "Why don't you keep biscuit pans?"

"Because we don't want to. We must draw the line somewhere."

"Well, it's time there was a store that's not so particular," retorted the paint merchant. "I think I will start one, and right here in this same block, too."

The paint merchant sold out his own business, interested the capital of his friends, and opened what was then known as "The Universal Provider." It changed its name, in time,

but it is the largest department store between Chicago and San Francisco to-day. It sells biscuit pans, too.

The department stores of the United States can be grouped into three classes: the conservative, that claim quality in their goods, ask the highest prices, and attract the patronage of the people of wealth and taste; the freely-advertising stores, that are not so particular about their class of customers, or so slow in adding new features; and the concerns that pride themselves on appealing to the masses, put on no frills, invite everybody to come in whether a purchase is made or not, and which will sell anything—he it a dog or a snake, an automobile or a hahy carriage, dried peas or hay—provided it promises a profit. This third enterprise is the department-store idea worked out boldly to its limit. But there is method in its boldness, or it would fail.

A thoroughly up-to-date department store is almost a trust. Within the past few years some of the principal enterprises of this nature have gone beyond their home organization and have established regular chains of stores in the larger cities. One department-store promoter, for instance, has recently inaugurated his third store, and now controls colossal retail marts in New York, Chicago, and Boston. This capitalist, when questioned, not long ago, about the possibility of a genuine trust in department stores, replied:

"It is absolutely out of the question, for the business is colossal, and no combination of capital could control it." He hesitated, then added, with a smile, "But there may be such a thing as a financing arrangement, you know, to reduce and simplify accounts."

There is no doubting the enormous amount of capital invested in the enterprises, or the vast importance of the business as a business. In New York City alone are almost a score, with a total investment approximating one hundred million dollars. Each working day even the smallest of these stores welcomes and earns for a multitude of visitors exceeding the population of a city of 100,000 inhabitants. This in itself proves the great magnitude of the business of modern department-store-keeping.

It may not be generally known that the average department store is not the result of one company's investment, or of one man's capital. Most of the great stores consist of one or more buildings, in which are frequently collected dozens of different departments, some of which may belong to outsiders. In every case, however, the main firm controls and supervises the entire aggregation of departments.

There is a store in Brooklyn, for instance, which has, in addition to its regular department of ready-made clothing a merchant-tailoring department. The ready-made clothing belongs to the main firm, but the custom-tailoring end is divided. A large clothing and woolen house of New York City supplies the cloth on commission and maintains a cutter at its own expense, but the salesmen are engaged and paid by the main firm. In this same store the entire basement is leased to various concerns selling household utensils, sporting goods, etc.

To those of us who remember the modest shops of our childhood, when an entire business was conducted by, at most, two-score employees, and each particular shop had its parti-

cular line of goods, a visit to one of the enormous modern marts of trade is a revelation. To-day every city has its emporium and its selected quarter of the town, where retail selling is done from early Monday to late Saturday.

These great shops are little different, one from another. It is only a question of the quality of goods handled and the clientele. The arrangement of the great stock is practically the same, and the handling of the vast army of employees shows little variation of policy. Wanamaker's, in New York and Philadelphia, Marshall Field's or "The Fair," in Chicago, or any of the noted Boston stores seems to follow a general principle of shopkeeping, simply "cutting its cloth to fit the measure."

The prime object with all is to please their customers, especially the feminine customers. As women form at least ninety-seven per cent. of the clientele, it is only natural that almost every effort should be directed along the lines of feminine taste, with the purpose of attracting women customers.

In every large store will be found certain little conveniences appreciated by women. In Macy's, in New York, for instance, on one of the floors, the ladies have a handsome parlor to repair to when weary of the strain of shopping, where they can recline on lounges or rock themselves in easy chairs. There is also a writing room, where paper and envelopes bearing the monogram of the establishment and pens and ink galore await those who find it inconvenient to attend to correspondence at home.

All large stores are equipped with first-class restaurants, where food is

served on the same economical plan practiced in other departments. The menus are extensive, and the prices partake of the bargain-counter flavor, being arranged in odd cents, such as "coffee, four cents," "with whipped cream and a dainty roll, nine cents."

The manager of a great store on Sixth Avenue, New York, told me that ordinary restaurant prices were charged when the firm first established its dining room, but it was not long before the complaint box was held to the cover with strenuous objections to paying such even sums as ten cents or thirty cents.

"We soon found that food was regarded by our feminine customers in the same manner as ribbons and perfumes and lingerie," he said. "We even contemplated, for a while, the bargain-counter idea of having special sales, on certain days, of ham and eggs, coffee cake, or lamb chops, but it did not get down to that, thank goodness!"

In each store is an emergency hospital where a salaried physician and trained nurses give aid to those who may feel faint or indisposed. The doctor is one of the busiest men in the building. Every morning the employees who are ill call upon him for examination and medicine.

In addition to these conveniences there will be found, in the majority of the large shops, telephone booths, telegraph offices, and even savings banks. The last are well patronized by customers, and some of the banking departments have deposits as large as many outside banks. The bank connected with Macy's is used in lieu of a credit system. This store, as is well known, sells entirely for cash. There are no credit accounts like those generally utilized,

but any customer can deposit money in the bank, which allows the usual four per cent. interest, and pay for goods purchased with the credit checks issued by the firm.

To show the length to which the large department stores go in pleasing their customers, one of the principal rules is that permitting the exchange of undamaged goods, and even the repayment of the purchase price. Abraham and Straus, of Brooklyn, for instance, will refund money even after the article purchased has been held by the customer for a period of weeks. If the article is returned undamaged, no questions are asked. This is the name of consideration. It is only natural, apparently, that such a hospitable privilege should be abused in some cases. In fact, stories are told of customers who, feeling the need of a new opera cloak or a costly trimmed bonnet for some function, have bought the article for one night only. A certain New York store probably holds the record in this line.

Several months ago, two certain sales were recorded in the store, one of a complete wedding outfit consisting of frock suit, shoes, hat, gloves, shirt, underwear, and even a cane, and the other a wedding outfit consisting of gown, bonnet, lingerie, and all that is considered necessary in the correct trousseau. Ten days later the man, whom we will call Mr. Jones, returned his purchases with a request for a cash credit. The same afternoon, the woman, whom we will call Miss Brown, returned her outfit with a similar request; but here is where the fatal mistake was made. Although the woman made her purchases under the name of Miss Brown, she returned them under the name of Mrs. Jones. The cat was out of the bag. It is

unnecessary to say that Jones and Brown were unsuccessful in their little scheme to make a department store furnish their wedding outfit without cost.

Joke writers have for years made much capital out of what they are pleased to call the "modern towers of Babel," but this humorous reference does not slur the great departmental store enterprises. Each is literally a city under one roof, and one has only to inspect such a wonderful combination of cleverness and capital as Wanamaker's, Siegel and Cooper's, Jordan and Marsh's, or Marshall Field's, to appreciate the fact. From the lowest sub-cellars to the roof there are marvels innumerable.

In the former will be found a colossal battery of boilers, a score of dynamos, and a great switchboard, by which the wonderfully intricate electrical apparatus in the building is controlled. Here it is that power is generated and applied for the half-hundred passenger and freight elevators and the thousands of electric lights. The telephone batteries are supplied with current, the carpenters and machinists assisted in their work of repairing, and even such machines as butter churning and coffee mills operated.

On the roof, which, in the old days, was entirely unused, are encountered great conservatories, with tiers of flowers and potted plants, white azaleas, gorgeous tulips, graceful pinks, stately roses, and immaculate Easter lilies, all showing a riot of color very graceful to the eye wearied by the sights and scenes below. Up there, where the light is good, the photograph seeker finds a charmingly appointed gallery, where he can secure the best class of work.

Between the roof and the sub-base-
ment are many floors—ten, twelve,
or sixteen of them,—filled with all
classes and degrees of articles, from
shoes to garden rakes. There are
great spaces devoted to art and plain
furniture; well-equipped picture gal-
leries, where paintings valued at
many thousands of dollars are on ex-
hibition; a floor devoted to the sale of
groceries, meats, and even fish, where
the average daily purchases exceed
the entire consumption of a town, and incidental departments
where are shoes and hats, goldfish,
squirrels, monkeys, dogs, cats, rabbits,
china and glassware, gloves, perfumes,
drugs, candy, soda water, harnesses,
and even horses, silks, cottons,
leather goods, trunks, automobiles,
carriages, paints, hardware,
and town lots. In these great em-
poriums, a wealthy man can enter
the door with a list of his particular
wants, and can emerge many thousand
dollars poorer in his bank ac-
count, but with everything necessary
to insure his comfort and welfare in
life.

It is not the display of a multitude
of articles that would interest the
casual visitor whose memory of the
tiny shops of his childhood is keen,
but the manner in which these colos-
sal emporiums are conducted. What
of the business end,—the highly sys-
tematized receiving and delivery of
goods and the training and manage-
ment of the army of employees? The
visitor realizes that a vast gulf sepa-
rates the methods utilized in con-
trolling the modest outposts of his
early days and those found essential
by the proprietors and managers of
the modern department store, but he
does not appreciate the actual width
of the gulf until he inspects one of
the newer stores.

The hiring and training of em-
ployees is a task of the first magni-
tude. The stores noted for efficient
service give all of their inexperienced
salespeople some training. After ap-
pointments are made from a care-
fully selected list of available per-
sons, the newcomers are taken in
charge by a floor manager and a
regular school session is held. The
manager instructs them in the hand-
ling of the various sales tickets and
tags. The business methods of the
store are explained to them, and its
policies and customs. Addresses are
also delivered on courtesy, energy,
salesmanship, observation, and even
general arguments and the best man-
ner of handling dissatisfied custom-
ers.

The welfare of employees is not
neglected. Some stores—in fact, the
majority—have a regular department
of welfare. Six months' service enti-
tles a clerk or salesman to a week's

vacation. In case of sickness half a
week's salary is paid. One of the
largest of the New York stores main-
tains a cottage at the seaside for the
benefit of its employees during the
summer months. This is not entire-
ly benevolence; it is good business.
Consideration and fair treatment
make satisfied employees.

Almost every store has its em-
ployees' association, to which one
per cent. of the salary is paid each
month. In return for this, the em-
ployee receives medical attendance,
and, in an emergency, could obtain
a loan from the treasury, returnable
in small installments. Burial ex-
penses are paid, when necessary. It
is very often the case that the ex-
penses incurred by the association
exceed the receipts. The deficit is
made up through the medium of an
annual ball and in many cases by
checks from the firm.

The Country Lawyer in National Affairs

BY GROVER CLEVELAND IN YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Lawyers have always occupied prominent positions in the legislatures of the world, and it is no rare thing to hear of lawyers in national affairs. What is surprising, though, is the number of lawyers from rural communities who have come to the front in public life. Daniel Webster, Abraham Lincoln and others are brought forward as striking examples by ex-President Cleveland.

"**G**OD made the country and man made the town." These words, written more than a century ago, give voice to a sentiment which has been deep-rooted in the minds of men ever since the first city was built. And as an outgrowth of this sentiment, the belief has been very generally accepted that nearness to nature and the environments of rural existence exert a benign influence upon heart and character not

found in the rush and noise of city life.

This belief is too well justified to be regarded as fanciful or imaginary. Beyond all question the agencies which have been especially potent in the elevation and refinement of human nature have derived their life and impulse from rural surroundings. The most sympathetic and tender charms of song and story have been born of the inspiration of field, wood

and stream; and in such associations as these the highest purposes and noblest ideals have grown strong.

Now is it alone the beautiful and more refined traits of humanity that have thus been developed and cultivated. "God made the country;" and He so made and set it in order that it has an affinity with every side of man's nature for its betterment. Thus it is that the incidents of country life not only stimulate the delicate and lovable features of human character, but promote and foster mental vigor, wholesome self-reliance, sturdy pertinacity, unflinching courage and faith in honest endeavor.

The relationship of rural conditions which produce these qualities to success in the rugged and stern realities of life is indicated by the fact that a large proportion of all those who in town and city have won professional honors or wealth have been of country birth and breeding.

This is a matter of common knowledge. It was brought home to me in a most impressive way a number of years ago, when, on an anniversary of the founding of a leading medical society in the City of New York, I addressed a large assemblage of distinguished physicians and surgeons representing the most advanced stages of medical and surgical science.

In my desire to say something not entirely unrelated to the occasion, and intending at the same time to keep on ground somewhat familiar to me, I spoke of the country doctor, of his devotion, his methods, his services, and the place he earned in the affections of those he served.

I confess I was unprepared for the immediate and unmistakable assurance I received that I had no monopoly of familiarity with the phase of rural life which I had recalled;

and it subsequently came to my knowledge that I had simply reminded a large number of my audience of their own observations or experience in country homes.

I have referred to an affinity between man's unperverted nature and the country, regarded as distinctively the work of God. It has always seemed to me that very satisfactory evidence of such affinity is supplied by the fact that the impressions made on the mind and heart by early rural associations are so deep and lasting that no lapse of time or change of circumstance can efface them.

How often is it that one who has grown old in the wearing trade and speculation of the city, or in the pursuit of the honor and fame its larger opportunities promise, turns to the memory of his boyhood days in the country as his most satisfying and perhaps his only source of comfort and refreshment; and how often it happens that after wealth or honors have been won, and the temptation of death succeeds the fitful fever of life's activities, the thought of final rest and peace associates itself with mental picture of some well-remembered old country churchyard. It was Edmund Burke who wrote, "I had rather sleep in the southern corner of a little country churchyard than in the tomb of all the Capulets."

I have thus far only intended to suggest that rural life and its influences should be regarded as creative forces, constantly acting on the character and conduct of individuals, without especial regard to their classification. I believe these forces are more potent and beneficent as they more nearly retain their undivided and distinctive separateness; and that besides their effect on the individual, they indirectly involve

much larger results—especially as they are related to American national life and conditions.

In a country like ours, where the people rule, a great number of individuals cannot be subjected to a moral force without implicating to a greater or less extent our public interests. Therefore, if we rest alone upon a general conception of the collateral relationship between rural influences and the public weal, we cannot fail to recognize these influences as largely affecting the success of our experiment of popular government. There is, however, a more direct and palpable relationship between at least one of the distinct products of rural life and our political conditions. This product is the country lawyer.

It is not difficult to discover a sort of kinship between legal pursuits and political service. We therefore should not be surprised to find that the legal profession has always been the most extensive reservoir from which our nation's constructive and guiding political leadership has been drawn.

Of the fifty-six representatives of the revolting colonies who signed the Declaration of Independence, twenty-nine had studied law. There were fifty-five delegates who actually took part in the convention which framed our Constitution, and thirty-three of these were lawyers.

Since our beginning as a nation there have been twenty-five incumbents of the presidential office. Of these, eighteen were members of the legal profession in their respective states. Nineteen lawyers are found among the twenty-six vice-presidents who have been elected.

It may be safely said, without giving further details, that fully as great a proportion of the legal fraternity will be found among those

who have filled cabinet positions and other important places in our government.

While this presentation furnishes abundant evidence of a connection between legal training and active participation in public affairs, it does not, standing alone, altogether fairly meet the needs of our especial topic. We have to do with the prominence in national affairs of country lawyers as distinguished from lawyers belonging in large towns and cities.

It may well be said that as between these two divisions of the legal fraternity, a review of the early stages of our nation's history does not afford a basis for just comparison, since at that time our towns and cities were few, and our rural population in all walks of life was greatly predominant.

This point is well taken; but it by no means follows that we are driven away from historical reference in dealing with our subject. No one can question, for instance, the valuable bearing of the statement that of the fourteen lawyer incumbents of the presidency since the inauguration of Andrew Jackson in 1829, more than one-half came from the ranks of country practice.

I am, moreover, convinced that an examination as to other important members of our public service since the date mentioned would yield results equally pertinent and forceful.

It seems to me, however, to be more profitable and interesting to submit, in aid of our discussion, certain conditions within present observation, and to recall a few notable and not too remote examples of "The Country Lawyer in National Affairs."

The Senate of the United States during the last Congress, in its total membership of ninety, contained

fifty-three lawyers, only sixteen of whom resided in large cities. Twenty-four of the remaining thirty-seven, or nearly one-half of the entire number of lawyers in the body, resided in communities of less than ten thousand inhabitants.

Two hundred and fifty-seven lawyers were elected to the House of Representatives in the same Congress. Of these, only sixty-two were residents of large cities. One hundred and forty-eight, or considerably more than one-half of the entire number, resided in towns and villages whose population numbered ten thousand or less.

All the six members who during the last twenty-five years have been selected by that body to the powerful and influential position of Speaker have been lawyers residing in places whose population at the time was less than forty thousand, and in three instances less than twelve thousand.

When we pass from general classification to the mention of fairly recent individual instances tending to establish the prominence and influence of the country lawyer in national politics, while many will be overlooked, we readily recall Henry Clay of Lexington, Kentucky; Thomas H. Benton of St. Louis, Missouri (which had a population of less than seven thousand when he was elected to the Senate); Silas Wright of Canton, New York; William H. Seward of Auburn, New York; John Sherman of Mansfield, Ohio; Thaddeus Stevens of Lancaster, Pennsylvania; George F. Edmunds of Burlington, Vermont; John A. Andrew, the country-bred war governor of Massachusetts; Andrew G. Curtin of Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, the war governor of that state, and Rosecrans Cowling of Utica, New

York—all of whose names fittingly embellish the catalogue in which they are here placed.

I have reserved for final mention the names of two transcendently great Americans whose careers and public service supply unaided the most convincing proof of the greatness in public life which is within reach of the country lawyer.

Daniel Webster was a country lawyer. He had reached the age of thirty-four years when he left rural surroundings in the State of New Hampshire to enter the broader field of legal practice in the city of Boston. Before that time he had laid broad and deep the foundations of professional fame, and had displayed on the floor of Congress the power which afterward moved a nation to wonder and admiration.

He was a devotee of country life, and he brought to the public service such inspiration as God gives to those who love His works in spirit and in truth. This inspiration made him the expounder of the Constitution and the most powerful and invincible defender of our national life and unity.

And yet this leader on the highest plane of human endeavor has left in unpublished letters, written by him in the height of his fame and public labors, ample proof that in the midst of it all his thoughts constantly turned with joy and unabated enthusiasm to farm and field and stream. His genius for supreme national service won for him a solitary place in American statesmanship, and he lived in the atmosphere of his countrymen's idolatry; but when it came his time to die, he sought with childlike yearning the quiet and peace of Marsfield.

Lincoln, too, was a country lawyer; and he was called to save a nation.

He never lost the impress of an early life closely surrounded by all the incidents of rural existence, and encompassed by the stern providences of God. He, too, loved the country; and He Who made the country gave him, in compensation, an unstinted measure of inspiration for the most impressive and solemn public duty.

The deeds of these two country lawyers need no especial recital. They are written in the annals of a grateful nation, and challenge the admiration of mankind. And who shall say that the majestic forms of Webster and Lincoln, standing forth in the bright light of human achievement, do not teach the world how the nobility of American character is developed by American rural life?

We seem now to have reached a branch of our subject requiring the suggestion of some reasons for the prominence of the country lawyer in public life.

In my opinion this is partly due to the form and texture of our scheme of government. I believe that God has been ever mindful of our nation, and that in the beginning He so overruled the efforts of the fathers of the republic that they were led to set on foot a government so simple and so adjusted to the exigencies of our people that its safety and effective operation can be most suitably entrusted to the stout hearts, clear heads and patriotic impulses which grow strong in rural environment.

I believe legal study and practice in the country are calculated to sharpen all these qualities, and that this is their usual effect. I know that the struggle for a livelihood from the practice of law in the country, and the almost endless number of practical things which the country lawyer must learn in contests involving every social and business ques-

tion, prepare him, as no other conditions can, to deal intelligently and usefully with the various and widely separated questions met with in the public service.

He has an advantage in this regard over members of the profession in large cities, because legal work is there largely specialized; and because of less distracting surroundings he is apt to be not only more thoughtfully, but more patriotically interested and active in political matters.

I believe that in the absence of too many labor-saving devices in his profession, and with more dependence upon hard work, the country practitioner, as distinguished from his city brother, develops greater self-reliance and homespun industry, and greater tenacity of wholesome, clearly wrought out convictions—all of which are exceedingly important traits when carried into public life.

I am also of the opinion that the study of individual ways and means, which the moderate income of the country lawyer makes necessary, and a familiarity with the simple, inexpensive manner of living prevalent in rural communities, tend to foster ideas of frugality and economy which, although too frequently left at home when public instead of private expenditures are under consideration, ought to be inexorably insisted upon as indispensable to a satisfactory discharge of official duty.

It may not be amiss to intimate also in this connection that the close personal intimacy and neighborliness of rural life and a consequent sensitiveness to the interests of those with whom they dwell, more easily persuade lawyers in the country that they should be willing on patriotic grounds to devote time and effort to official work.

These suggestions, intended to ac-

count in some degree for the prominence of the country lawyer in public affairs, should be promptly supplemented by the mention of another requisite to an entrance upon a career of political service, so imperious and controlling that it subordinates all others. I refer to the factor of opportunity.

Without this all other advantages are inefficient. Under our system of government, which gives the people the selection of their public agents, it is only through its bold perversions that any one, however well-fitted and wherever located, can in the absence of legitimate opportunity break his way into political importance.

Undoubtedly there has been a multitude of country lawyers endowed with latent power, "the applause of listening senates to command," of whom, because opportunity failed them, it may be said:

Along the cool sequestered vale of life,

They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Nevertheless, opportunity has come to thousands of them, and I believe that, as a general proposition, it can safely be affirmed that country lawyers are more in the way of such opportunity than city members of the fraternity.

In the first place, a lawyer in a rural community occupies by virtue of his profession a position of mark. The intricacies of the law, with which he is supposed to be familiar, are mysteries to those about him; and differences among neighbors take on a serious aspect when one side or the other invokes his interposition. Besides, he argues cases before the "high court" and makes speeches before juries in the court-house, and sometimes before those assembled at political meetings.

It is curious to observe how lasting and favorable an impression is made in such circumstances by a lawyer of the neighborhood who can not only talk in public, but who can talk loud and long. I knew very well, years ago, an able country lawyer in Erie County, New York, who could do this, and do it well. He was so extensively and affectionately known that we called him "Uncle Jim."

When he was elected district attorney of the county, he removed to Buffalo, and thereafter served a city constituency with ability and efficiency as a member of the state Senate and as a Representative in Congress.

After his removal to the city he occasionally delighted his old friends in the country by addressing them on pending political issues. I recall the forcible description of one of those meetings given by an enthusiastic participant. He reached his climax when he said:

"Uncle Jim was there. He talked more than two hours, and you could have heard him a quarter of a mile."

This ability to make what is called "a good speech" is not only something which in and of itself is impressive and attractive to those by whom the country lawyer is surrounded, but these good people are also apt to look upon it as a qualification intimately related to the successful discharge of any public duty.

If the conditions I have mentioned do not constitute opportunity they certainly lead directly to it. Whether a movement toward the country lawyer's entrance upon political life originates in his own laudable ambition or owes its initiative to the patriotic suggestion of others, in either case the prospect of his success will be greatly enhanced by his reputation among his neighbors, the

close intimacies created by incidents of his legal practice, the devotion of those whom he has faithfully and generously served, and a prevalent assurance on the part of those whom he aims to represent that he will honor them and serve the country well in public place.

Of course it cannot be reasonably claimed that city members of the legal fraternity are altogether negligent of public and political duty; on the contrary, instances are numerous in which they have rendered the highest and best political service. Nor can it be safely asserted that every country lawyer's advent in public affairs has been an undiluted blessing to the body politic: no one can deny that some of them have proved disgracefully recreant and shamefully dishonest.

We should also take into account,

in connection with the large proportion of country lawyers in our highest legislative bodies, the fact that a majority of all the districts represented are largely made up of rural population.

In conclusion, and after every fair concession and allowance has been made, it still remains established beyond controversy that in national affairs the country lawyer has had and still has an astonishing and significant amount of power and direction: that the practice of law in a rural community is calculated to strengthen mental traits which increase the promise of usefulness in public life; and that there are influences emanating from God through the works of His creation, which if recognized, and received with a pure and open heart, will point the way to the greatest and grandest statesmanship.

The Basis of Prosperity.

BY JAMES J. HILL.

In an address recently delivered before the Commercial Club of St. Paul, the celebrated financier and railroad magnate, James J. Hill, president of the directors of the Great Northern, he pointed out that the basis of a nation's prosperity lay in a wise use of its natural resources, especially those of the forests.

To build a city you must build the country that supports the city. All that you have, your churches, your colleges, your schools, your bankers, your merchants, your lawyers, your blacksmiths, all depend upon the man in the country. That man may be in the mine; he may be in the forest cutting the timber, and he may be cultivating the land. It is not difficult for you to estimate how few men are engaged in cutting the timber in the forest. The trees in Minnesota that

are worth cutting are practically all counted, and in ten years at the present rate of cutting, there won't be any left. Your forest isn't going to contribute very largely to the growth of the cities.

The mines in the northeastern part of the state are immensely valuable, and the state derives a great income and will derive a much greater income from the royalty of these mines, but the product of these mines cannot be used in Minnesota. They don't employ a great many

men. Most of the work is done with a steam shovel, and it is loaded into ore cars and carried down to the lake and there, by gravity, shot aboard of a steamer. At our new dock at Superior during the Summer they have loaded 10,000 tons of ore into a single ship in two hours. You see it doesn't take many men or much money to do that sort of work; it is done by gravity. These mines would be invaluable to the state if you had fuel to go with them; but the money they produce and the men they employ are away down in the Mahoning Valley, and the Ohio Valley, and scattered from Joliet through to Ohio, and now they are building up in Chicago quite a large industry.

That leaves you where you fall back on the man who cultivates the soil. He has a mine that will not be exhausted with proper care. The future of your city depends upon the proper cultivation of the soil.

The nation at large feels that it is immensely prosperous. We are cutting a wide swath; there is no doubt of it. But if we will get down closer and examine what we are doing; we are living prodigiously, and we are selling our heritage in every possible manner. We should insist upon better cultivation of the land. For on that one item depends your future growth and prosperity, and there is no other item to which you can look; no other source of wealth than that that comes out of the cultivation of the soil. And if the soil is protected, if it is intelligently handled, if your crops are properly rotated, if the land is fertilized, you have a mine in the soil that will never be exhausted; quite unlike the other mine. The millions and hundreds of millions of dollars coming into the Northwest

from the annual crops, while it is large, it isn't half as large as it ought to be.

Our public domain is exhausted. Last year over a million people came from across the Atlantic to the United States, and the natural increase certainly is a million and a half more. What is to become of these people? They are to be driven fairly into the factories and workshops, and no place else. They can leave our country and go to the Canadian Northwest, as many have gone. But that country will be populated to its extent very soon, much sooner than you think. It has not an unlimited area.

Try and cast your mind twenty or twenty-five years ahead. At that time we should have one hundred and fifty or one hundred and sixty millions of people. Where are they going? Who is going to feed them? They can manufacture. We have the raw material. We have the coal and the iron and the copper and the lead. They can manufacture. Who will buy it?

We have got to a point where we are selling our heritage; we are selling our rich deposits of iron and our coal and our rich soil, and exhausting it as well. People of other countries are exercising the utmost, closest intelligence in everything that pertains to economy in production. Take for instance the German nation to-day, and they lead the world or any period in the history of the world, in industrial intelligence and industrial management.

Great Britain, 15 years ago, loosened up all around. They thought, from a humanitarian standpoint, that it would be a nice thing for them to establish schools with playgrounds, croquet grounds, tennis

courts, libraries, all manner of things, and then give their people an opportunity to play in the afternoon of Saturdays. Those men over there told me they had to hire a second man for Monday and Tuesday in order to let the head man sober up after Saturday's and Sunday's debauch.

Now what has happened? Take Coventry and Spitalfield, take the glass industries of Great Britain, flint, glass, plate glass and all that sort of thing; what has become of it? The glass has moved bodily into Belgium, largely doing business on English capital.

"I was in England in November, and met a sad sight—Trafalgar Square filled with idle people, large numbers of idle people asking for bread up around Hyde Park. Why? The men who carry on the work, who paid the payrolls are no longer engaged in business. What they had they have turned into money, and have bought securities or something else, trying to save what they have got.

In the west of England, which was a great centre of broadcloth manufacturing, woolen goods, their output is less than a quarter of what it was twenty-five years ago. Germany is selling cutlery in Sheffield.

And I took pains to look around London, and to walk into the shops and find out. I couldn't buy a pair of lace-thread gloves that were not made in Germany. Underclothing stockings, cloths, almost everything made in Germany. They have a system of education in Germany. They educate their men. You can, if you want to carry on an experiment in Germany, get a first-rate chemist, thoroughly educated, thoroughly drilled and experienced, for 3,000

marks a year, \$750 a year in this country, and here you will pay \$5,000.

Now I am not going to undertake to say that their way is better than ours, but I want to impress this on you, that when these cities, when this country, has 150,000,000 of people, they have got to do something; they have got to earn a living. Who will buy the goods? Who will employ them? In what shape are they to meet the competition that England is meeting to-day? And a million and a half of idle men asking for bread in England and no bread for them except such as charity doles out. They have got to be carried out of Great Britain and a new place found for them. There is no other solution.

It is all well enough to talk about what we are doing. Examine it closely and you will find that we are doing nothing except selling our natural resources and exhausting them. When you dig a ton of ore out of the ground you can't plant another ton, like you could potatoes; it is gone. And when the fertility of our fields, the fertility of the soil is gone, where are we going to replace it from?

A few days ago I was in South Carolina. I saw the roses and the cornfields, the cottonfields, the trees, 15 or 18 inches, growing where once the land was cleared and cultivated, and to-day it wouldn't support four whin-poor-wills to an acre. Now they did just what I say; they lived in plenty and freely, and exhausted their land. We can't afford to do that.

In Great Britain, in 1790, after the Revolutionary War, the people were leaving in such numbers and coming to America and to other colonies

that there was danger of nobody being left to cultivate the land. They appointed a royal commission, and that royal commission is the foundation of the Royal Agricultural Society of Great Britain. They went through the country and examined the land and used their judgment as to what was the best course, what was the best crop, what a man could raise to the best advantage. They have kept it up, and through a system of cultivation they have raised their yield per acre until, in those old fields, cultivated for fifteen centuries, until now they get an average of twice as much as we do in Minnesota, because of superior cultivation. Their soil is certainly no better than most of ours, and the most of it I know is not as good.

In place of fifteen bushels to the acre we can raise thirty. No reason why we shouldn't, except that we do.

We are taking through Minnesota Transfer, or through the city here, carloads of manufactured cotton from the south, and raw cotton from the south, and those commodities are going to the Orient. It is all right for the country at large. It is all right to make a market, but it helps the man who is running the mill in South Carolina or North Carolina a great deal more than it does you, and it helps the man who is cultivating the cotton field in the south, but it doesn't find a market for your product.

We carry some flour. One year we carried 30,000 or 40,000 tons of flour from Minnesota to the Orient, but we don't do it any more. And if we go on treating those Oriental people as we have, we won't have any business with them. They are not compelled to buy from us.

There was a time when Great Britain bought three-quarters of all that we exported. That is not the case now. And within five years they will, from their own colony in the Northwest, be able to buy all the wheat they need, quite independent of us. But remember that we need, for our own home consumption, from 12,000,000 to 15,000,000 bushels — 18,000,000 bushels probably — more than we did the previous year. Within ten or fifteen years we will have no wheat to export. But the man who is going to eat the bread made from that wheat must have something to do. Somebody must furnish the payroll, and who will it be? Who will buy what he makes? Your representatives in congress, some of them I have no doubt will stand up, and it would be well if they would all stand up, and see if you could not have better trade relations with Canada.

We are building a canal at an enormous cost, and I am glad to see them build it. The people in the Gulf states for a long time following the war had troubles of their own, and if it is going to do them any good, build the canal. One reason for building the canal is in order that we may have close commercial relations with the people on the west coast of South America. The area of the country between the deep sea and the high mountains on the west coast of South America is very limited. I will undertake to say that there isn't a population there equal to 1 per cent. of the population of the globe. And it is a pretty poor 1 per cent.

We don't need any canal for our trade with Brazil. We took the duty off coffee so as to relieve the poor man from the tax on his cup of cof-

fee, and Brasil immediately added a tax equal to the tax we took off. We buy about three-quarters of all they sell, and we sell them about one-eighth of what they buy, and there is no toll lock between any of our Atlantic ports and the seaports of Brazil on the east coast of South America. We are not able to furnish them with practically anything in the way of exports except agricultural implements, and Germany will sell them those if we will send them over a model that they can build them on.

They are establishing German colonies in Brazil and in Uruguay. I had a letter from Uruguay, from the French consul or ambassador, and the Germans are coming there; Germans and Italians coming into the Argentines. And they are successful.

The Argentine has an area not unlike our Mississippi Valley, and it is as large as the Mississippi Valley, from Fort Snelling to Memphis, 200 miles wide, in some places 300. They are not so well placed in many respects as we are. They have not the start, they have not the capital, and they have not the enterprise. They don't wear overcoats as many days in the year. And that is one reason why, maybe, I am partial to the country I was born in.

Our trade—we export more to the Dominion of Canada than we do to the entire continent of South America with Mexico and Nicaragua thrown in—just about.

There is another advantage we have up there. If you should extend credit to those people up in Canada you could collect the debt. They are a law-abiding people, and if we could get that territory to the northwest

behind us so that in seeking the great markets of this country it will come here and pour itself out, it will do more to build you up than anything that I know of, because they have the soil and they have an industrious people.

A friend of mine was traveling north of the international boundary line, west of the Turtle Mountains, and he was surprised to find in that comparatively new country farmers living in stone houses with hot water heating plants in their basement, and that is not unusual.

Our State of Minnesota has not made the progress it ought to have made. We have a gauge on business in the business at our stations. Every month it is tabulated; every year it is totaled. And you would be surprised to see the number of stations in Minnesota where the business is not as good nor as great as it was seven years ago.

We have got to get our people to wake up; they have got to do better work. If they don't, you, yourselves, every interest, suffers with them.

We don't want to live extravagantly on what we have inherited; or what a kind Providence has done for us. Let us save up; let us keep it; so that in the future those who come after us will find a heritage there and a good living. For I tell you they will need it.

You stop to think. Many of us can remember the close of the Civil War. The different parts of the United States were farther apart in the cost of transportation and in the matter of time than the world is today. Everything has been brought together; distance has been eliminated, both as to time and as to cost.

Whatever there is in the world can't be scarce for a long time. If

anybody wants it, somebody would be willing to furnish it. It doesn't take long to bring anything from darkest Africa. All the world is beginning opened up.

We say we are not our brother's keeper, but we are. We may say that we have plenty in the ground, we have an abundance, we can go on and let those who come after us take care of themselves. All that we do from year's end to year's end is for those who come after us. Let us try to preserve the fertility of the soil for them; and if we have the yield that our fertile soil should give with proper care, the Northwest, this country, will be richer, stronger in every way, than it is even, or than the people think is possible.

Portions of the country, not as much favored as Minnesota, I know from my own experience, are growing so much more rapidly that there is no comparison. It helps to build you up here. Every merchant, every man who sells goods in a large way out of the city, knows that there are parts of the Northwest where the trade is not only growing rapidly, but they have the money to pay for their goods, they are prosperous. They are prosperous beyond measure. They have some advantage in the country being newer, but they are taking better care of it.

I have tried in my humble way to get the people of the Northwest to do that which would help them the most. I remember when, a few years ago—more years than we possibly care to say—the standard wheat that was sold in Milwaukee and Chicago was "Amherst Iowa." Now if I should ask a man if he knew the price of "Amherst Iowa" he might think I meant glucose; he wouldn't think it was wheat. But that was

the principal wheat they sold. They cultivated their land as we have, but as soon as they found the fertility of the soil failing, they went to cattle.

I got a book to-day, an official report from Washington, and in looking over it I find that all the live stock records show more favorable for Minnesota; the cattle dying from exposure and disease is less in Minnesota than it is in Iowa. I found that the percentage of hogs dying in Minnesota was exactly half of that in Iowa; but the number of hogs in Minnesota is only a small part, about a little more than a tenth, I think, of that raised in Iowa. I know there is no better state in the union in which to raise hogs than in Minnesota. I sell from 1,200 to 1,500 every year, raised within ten or twelve miles from where we are standing, and my land is not very rich. Some of you know that it is so sandy that I have to build a fence to keep it from blowing on my neighbor.

The people have got to be taught to help themselves, and if they will cultivate they will get a return that will make the yield of the mines look very small and insignificant. The great advantage the farmer has is that his mine is not exhausted; it is perennial; every year, if he will take care of it, he can renew his land and repeat the crop of the year before.

That is what is going to build your city up. You have here a centre, wholesale; it is headquarters for a number of railways—some of us remember how they were brought here—and you have an educational centre. I think that St. Paul has more colleges than almost any city of its population in the country. You want to cultivate them.

Somebody I saw within a day or

two thought that we were spreading ourselves a little too widely in languages in the common schools. I would like to see an industrial school, looking forward to the time when these young people will have to come into competition with those that are skillfully and scientifically trained, to start them; to qualify them for the work that they have to do. If we had an industrial school here that was even open at night it could do more good than many people imagine—to teach them to write a good plain hand and to spell correctly.

I am not going to find fault with education; it never hurt anybody. But if in place of spending so much time and so much money on languages and higher studies, if we fit-

ted them for the life that they are going to follow, for the sphere in which they are going to move, we would do more for them.

I know that in two or three, more or less, railroads in which I am interested, the payrolls cover 80,000 to 90,000 people. We have tried all manner of young men, college men, high school men, and everything else, and I will take a boy at fifteen years old who has to make a living—his chances will be better if he has to contribute to the support of a widowed mother—I will take him and make a man of him, and get him in the first place, before you would get most of the others to enter the road with him; simply because he has to work, he has to work, he has the spur of necessity. He must work.

Industrial Securities as Investments

BY CHARLES A. CONANT IN THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

Board advice on the subject of investing in industrial securities is given by Mr. Conant in the following extract from a lengthy article in the Atlantic Monthly. By means of facts and figures he illustrates his theories, which embody caution and conservatism in the handling of stocks. To the young investor, Mr. Conant's words are particularly valuable.

THE value of industrial securities as investments varies according to the particular security under consideration, in the same manner as other securities which have not acquired the definite and assured character of investments for trust funds. But securities which have reached the latter stage are only occasionally those upon which large profits can be made. It is those which have an element of uncertainty—at least, of speculative profits in the future—which afford the opportunity for anything beyond the three to four per cent., which can now

be earned upon gilt-edged securities.

There cannot be large profits, especially for the outsider, without some risk. When the insider gets hold of a given property, with whose merits he is familiar, but which has not yet attained a high price on the market, he takes the risk that his judgment will be justified finally by that of the community. In many cases his conclusions are confirmed and great fortunes are made. But in all such ventures the insider, in addition to knowing the possibilities of the balance sheet of the property in which he thus speculates, takes the risks also of competition, change of

fashion, increase in the cost of raw material, and, in many cases, the creation of a demand which has not yet arisen. Some of these factors are what may be called natural economic factors; others—like the "strike hills," against which the life insurance companies have spent their money profusely at Albany—are purely arbitrary, incapable of definite calculation in advance.

Some of the great industrial stocks have already passed through the preliminary tests of value, and may be considered on the road to the position of stable investment securities. This is particularly true of some bonds. There may still be some doubt, for instance, of the ability of the "Steel Trust" to continue through good times and had to pay dividends on its seven per cent, preferred stock or to resume dividends on its common stock, but hardly anything save a catastrophe can deprive it of the ability to pay the interest on its five per cent, bonds. These bonds were quoted down to 65 in the crash of 1903, and remained as low as 68 3-4 during a part of 1904. They have since advanced, until the quotation is around 98. This does not put them on the same footing as a municipal three and a half or four per cent, bond, or a first-class railroad bond paying the same rates; but a security paying five per cent, which is near par, may be considered a comparatively safe investment for a business man who keeps in touch with the market. Something of the same kind may be said of the four per cent, bonds of the Consolidated Tobacco Company, which sagged to 51 1-2 in the crash of 1903, and remained as low as 53 3-4 a part of the following year. After the conversion of half of them into six per cent,

preferred stock of the American Tobacco Company had been completed, in the autumn of 1904, they sold as low as 71 in January, 1905, but gradually climbed up to 80 in the autumn of that year. A four per cent, bond at eighty is the same thing as a five per cent, bond at par, so that Tobacco bonds stand practically upon the same basis as the Steel fives, or perhaps a shade better.

To the person speculatively inclined, the rise in some of these securities is seductive. The man who had the courage to buy Steel fives at 65, when the market was at its lowest in 1903, would have been able in two years to realize about \$33 upon an investment of \$65. Upon an original investment of \$6,500 he would have made a profit of \$3,300. In the case of the Tobacco bonds, he would have done still better under the conversion plan which was brought out in the autumn of 1904. This plan permitted him to exchange the old bonds of the Consolidated Tobacco Company, whose quotations have been given for 1903 and 1904, for fifty per cent of the amount in new four per cent, bonds of the American Tobacco Company, and fifty per cent, in six per cent, preferred stock of the American company. The latter is now selling at about 105, so that upon his original investment of \$53 he would now realize \$40 for his bonds, and more than \$50 for his stock, or a net profit approaching eighty per cent. These figures are based upon payment for the securities outright. Had he taken the risk of margin, he would, of course, have made a much larger percentage upon the money actually deposited with the broker.

There is another side, however, to the alluring spectacle of profits

which these figures present. Few men have the courage to buy securities boldly and steadily in a falling market. Even if the would-be investor is familiar with the principle that he should buy when prices are low and sell when they are high (to which too many of the general public are "strangely obtuse"), yet he would be confronted from moment to moment by the doubt whether the securities were going lower. In other words, only hindsight, and not foresight, enables one to tell when the market has "touched bottom."

A five per cent, security which had fallen to 65, or a four per cent, security which had fallen to 52, would be under suspicion by all but insiders, who knew exactly what assets were behind it. It would be a security which would not in any case be recommended by a careful broker or hankster to a woman or a minor, whose sole dependence was on a small principal. To such persons honest brokers and hanksters have no right to recommend risks. Even where they are reasonably confident of success, they usually learn by experience that a loss causes hard feelings and subjects them to the just criticisms of the courts. A man of intelligence, who is willing to take moderate risks is justified in doing what he will with his own. His position should be very different towards trust funds in his custody, or any other funds towards which he exercises an informal trusteeship by acting as adviser for those who ought not to enter into speculation.

In buying industrial securities, as indeed, in buying other types, patience is an important requisite. The man who becomes discouraged after buying a security at 90, because he sees it hanging about that quotation

for several weeks or months, is not well fitted to buy securities for the rise. It is not often possible even for the most skillful speculators to buy at the lowest point. If they are sure that the securities they hold represent solid assets and steady earnings, they need not be frightened by a temporary gust of depression in the stock market. If they are satisfied that the properties are capable of progressive development and are under sound management, they must be willing to wait months, and sometimes years, for them to advance in value.

It is in this element of time, perhaps, that more mistakes are made than in almost any other element of the problem. The results may come eventually which the sanguine promoter and speculator anticipate. The logic of the situation may seem to exclude the possibility that such results shall not come. But it often happens that the patience and capital of the pioneers are exhausted before the fruition of logical reasoning and sound hopes is attained. Then others reap where the first have sown. This has been the case over and over again with railways, whose profits have finally gone into the hands of those who have acquired them under foreclosure or reorganization, and with some of the great trusts, from which the water has been squeezed by unexpected changes in general trade and financial conditions, even when the enterprise itself was sound.

Some of the greatest fortunes have been made by those who have selected good securities when the properties were undeveloped or the general market was depressed, and have stuck by them until their value came to be appreciated by the public. Reading Railroad stock is a case in point. Its minimum quotation in 1901 was 24

1-2; in the big crash of 1902, 32 1-4; in 1903, 37 1-2; and in 1904, 38 3-4. In the autumn of the latter year, its merits began to dawn upon the investing public. It was advanced rapidly to a high price of 70, and a low price of 61 1-2 in September; a high price of 78 1-2 in November; 82 5-8 in December; 90 3-8 in January, 1905; 97 1-8 in February; 100 3-4 in June, and later in the year, by successive stages, to 129 1-8 at the close of October, and finally to 140 early in November. Good industrial securities have gone through this experience to a larger degree than railways, because it has been only recently that their merits have come to be recognized. United States Steel preferred, as already pointed out, was below 50 in the crash of 1903. It gradually emerged from the cloud to a maximum price in 1904 of 95 5-8. It was not until April, 1905, however, that its substantial solidity as a 7 per cent stock carried it to 104 7-8 and later on in the autumn to 105 3-4. The preferred stock of the United States Rubber Company also required several years to reach its strong position around 110 in 1905. Being an eight per cent stock, it is likely to go still higher and to carry with it the second preferred, which pays six per cent, and was quoted at the close of last year around 80.

To hold stock for a rise requires thorough knowledge of the property represented, certainty that its merits are such as to carry it eventually to a higher value, and a mind, sufficiently serene and firm to witness undisturbed the ebb and flow of market prices. It is by this policy of patience and serenity that the Rothschilds and others have made great fortunes, by looking up stocks when they were cheap and awaiting the

progress of the years to give them value. How much can sometimes be made in this way may be judged from the fact that an investor who had put \$36,875 (including commissions) into 1,000 shares of American Smelting common stock when it was selling for 36 3-4 in October, 1903, would have been able to realize \$157,000, or a profit of \$120,000, in November, 1905. Yet it is doubtful if one man in America—outside of original holders, who were unmoved by market fluctuations—had the patience and foresight to pursue this course.

There is no doubt that the purchaser of some of the industrial stocks now on the market will realize a large profit on them some time. The difficulty is to be certain that the ones which he selects for investment are those which have a substantial value which will not be impaired by any of the influences which have been suggested in discussing the character and position of industrial securities. That some of these stocks are relatively worthless has been the sad experience of the last few years, but this very experience has been in the nature of a winnowing process, and has given a higher average value to those which have withstood the stress and storm of disturbed markets.

It is not intended here to recommend speculation on margins under any circumstances. Such speculation is a legitimate trade, but can be practiced with safety only by those who make it a trade and who are in daily touch with the market. The outsider who plunges into speculation on margins upon the strength of some "straight tip" usually ends by seeing his margins wiped out. A temporary gain is likely, as at the gam-

ing table, to tempt him to larger ventures, and, ultimately, to larger losses. It is as foolish for the outsider to expect to make money against the sharp wits of the professional speculators as it would be for a man without expert training to stand up against Jeffries or "Kid" McCoy, or to take the place of the engineer on the "Twentieth Century Limited." Speculation is a trade at which lifelong practice does not master all the possibilities, and which requires, in addition to profound study and accurate knowledge, a temperament which is swayed by neither optimism nor pessimism. Such a temperament must never be carried along by hopes which are not justified by facts, but must see facts in their true proportions, and draw inferences from them which are accurate not only from the qualitative, but also from the quantitative standpoint.

The general public who are not pro-

fessional speculators usually buy on a rising market. "Bringing the public into the market" is sought by advancing prices. If the public come in freely at high prices, they can then be "shaken out" by allowing the market to go down. The professional speculator knows by both processes how to shear the wool from the "lambs" who venture into Wall Street. Such speculation cannot be recommended to any person who does not make it his profession. To the investor, who hopes occasionally to make a profit by good judgment, it can only be recommended to study properties carefully before investing in them, to buy in periods of depression, when the excited and panic-stricken are selling, and to hold on patiently to a property he is assured is good until the general public come to realize the soundness of his judgment by paying the price which he demands.

Work

BY DR. WILLIAM OSLER

How can you take the greatest possible advantage with the least possible strain? By cultivating system. I say cultivating advisedly, since some of you will find the acquisition of systematic habits very hard. There are minds congenitally systematic; others have a life-long fight against an inherited tendency to diffuseness and carelessness in work. A few brilliant fellows have to dispense with it altogether, but they are a burden to their brethren and a sore trial to their intimates.

My Seventieth Birthday

BY MARK TWAIN.

On the occasion of his seventieth birthday, which was celebrated within the past few months, the famous American humorist, Mark Twain, was tendered a banquet, at which he delivered the following characteristic speech. This we gladly reproduce with a few slight alterations, at the request of a valued reader of *TEN BEST MAN'S MAGAZINE*.

I have had a great many birthdays in my time. I remember the first one very well, and I always think of it with indignation; everything was so crude, unesthetic, primeval. Nothing like this at all. No proper, appreciative preparation made; nothing really ready. Now, for a person born with high and delicate instincts—why, even the cradle wasn't whitewashed—nothing ready at all! I hadn't any hair, I hadn't any teeth. I hadn't any clothes, I had to go to my first banquet just like that.

Well, everybody came swarming in. It was the merest little bit of a village—hardly that; just a little hamlet, in the hickwoods of Missouri, where nothing ever happened, and the people were all interested and they all came; they looked me over to see if there was anything fresh in my line. Why, nothing ever happened in that village—why, I was the only thing that had really happened there for months and months and months; and although I say it myself that shouldn't, I came the nearest to being a real event that had happened in that village in more than two years.

Well, those people came, they came with that curiosity which is so provincial, with that frankness which also is so provincial and they examined me all around and gave their opinion. Nobody asked them, and I shouldn't have minded if anybody had paid me a compliment, but nobody did. Their opinions were all

just green with prejudice, and I feel those opinions to this day. I stood that as long as—well, you know I was born courteous, and I stood it to the limit. I stood it an hour, and then the worm turned. I was the worm; it was my turn to turn, and I turned. I knew very well the strength of my position; I knew that I was the only spotlessly pure and innocent person in that whole town and I came out and said so. And they could not say a word. It was so true. They blushed, they were embarrassed. Well, that was the first after-dinner speech I ever made; I think it was after dinner!

It's a long stretch between that first birthday speech and this one. That was my cradle-song and this is my swan-song, I suppose; I am used to swan-songs—I have sung them several times. This is my seventieth birthday, and I wonder if you will all rise to the size of that proposition, realizing all the significance of that phrase—seventieth birthday.

The seventieth birthday! It is the time of life when you arrive at a new and awful dignity; when you may throw aside the decent reserves which have oppressed you for a generation and unafraid and unashamed upon your seven-terraced summit and look down and teach—unrebuked. You can tell the world how you got there. It is what they all do. You shall never get tired of telling by what delicate arts and deep moralities you climbed up to that great place. You will explain the process and dwell on the

particulars with senile rapture. I have been anxious to explain my own system this long time, and now at last I have the right.

I have achieved my seventy years in the usual way; by sticking strictly to a scheme of life which would kill anybody else. It sounds like an exaggeration, but that is really the common rule for attaining to old age. When we examine the programme of any of these garrulous old people we always find that the habits which have preserved them would have decayed us. * * * I will offer here, as a sound maxim, this, that we can't reach old age by another man's road.

We have no permanent habits until we are forty. Then they begin to harden, presently they petrify, then business begins. Since forty I have been regular about going to bed and getting up—and that is one of the main things. I have made it a rule to go to bed when there wasn't any body left to sit up with; and I have made it a rule to get up when I had to. This has resulted in an unshivering regularity of irregularity. It has saved me sound, but it would injure another person.

In the matter of diet—which is another main thing—I have been persistently strict in, sticking to the things which didn't agree with me, until one or other of us got the best of it. Until lately I got the best of it myself. But last Spring I stopped frolicking with mince-pie after midnight; up to then I had always believed it wasn't loaded. For thirty years I have taken coffee and bread at eight in the morning, and no bite or sup until 7.30 in the evening.

Eleven hours! That is all right for me, and is wholesome, because I have never had a headache in my life,

but headachy people would not reach seventy comfortably by that road, and they would be foolish to try it. And I wish to urge upon you this—which I think is wisdom—that if you find you can't make seventy by any but an uncomfortable road, don't you go. When they take off the Pullman and retire you to the rancid smoker, put on your things, count your checks, and get out at the first way station where there's a cemetery.

I have made it a rule never to smoke more than one cigar at a time. I have no other restriction as regards smoking. I do not know just when I began to smoke; I only know that it was in my father's life-time, and that I was discreet. He passed from this life early in 1847, when I was a shade past eleven; ever since then I smoked publicly. As an example to others, and not that I care for moderation myself, it has always been my rule never to smoke when asleep and never to refrain when awake. It is a good rule. I mean, for me, but some of you know quite well that it wouldn't answer for everybody that's trying to get to be seventy.

I will grant, here, that I have stopped smoking now and then, for a few months at a time, but it was not on principle, it was only to show off; it was to pulverize those critics who said I was a slave to my habits and couldn't break by bonds.

As for drinking, I have no rule about that. When the others drink I like to help; otherwise, I remain dry, by habit and preference. This dryness does not hurt me, but it could easily hurt you, because you are different. You let it alone.

Since I was seven years old I have seldom taken a dose of medicine, and have still seldom needed one. But up to seven I lived exclusively on

allopathic medicines. Not that I needed them, for I don't think I did; it was for economy; my father took a drug store for a debt, and it made cod-liver oil cheaper than the other breakfast foods. We had nine barrels of it and it lasted me seven years. Then I was weaned. The rest of the family had to get along with rhubarb and ipecac and such things, because I was the pet. I was the first Standard Oil Trust. I had it all. By the time the drug store was exhausted my health was established, and there has never been much the matter with me since. But you know very well it would be foolish for the average child to start for seventy on that basis. It happened to be just the thing for me, but that was merely an accident; it couldn't happen again in a century.

I have never taken any exercise, except sleeping and resting, and I never intend to take any. Exercise is loathsome. And it cannot be any benefit when you are tired. But let another person try my way, and see where he will come out.

I have lived a severely moral life. But it would be a mistake for any other people to try that, or for me to recommend it. Very few would succeed you have to have a perfectly colossal stock of morals; and you can't get them on a margin; you have to have the whole thing, and put them in your box. Morals are an requirement—like music, like a foreign language, like piety, poker, paralysis—no man is born with them. I wasn't myself; I started poor; I hadn't a single moral.

Three score years and ten!

It is the scriptural statute of

limitations. After that you owe no active duties; for you, the strenuous life is over. You are a time-expired man, to use Kipling's military phrase; you have served your term, well or less well, and you are mustered out. You are become an honorary member of the public, you are emancipated, compulsions are not for you, nor any bugle call but "lights out." You pay the time-worn duty bills if you choose, or decline if you prefer—and without prejudice—for they are not legally collectable.

The previous-engagement plea, which, in forty years, has cost you so many twinges, you can lay aside forever; on this side of the grave you will never need it, again. If you shrink at the thought of night, and Winter, and the late home-coming from the banquet and the lights and the laughter through the deserted streets—a desolation which would not remind you now, as for a generation it did, that your friends are sleeping, and you must creep in a-tip-toe and not disturb them, but would only remind you that you need not tip-toe, you can never disturb them more—if you shrink at the thought of these things, you need only reply:

"Your invitation honors me, and pleases me because you still keep me in your remembrance, but I am seventy; seventy, and would nestled in the chimney-corner, and smoke my pipe, and read my hook, and take my rest, wishing you well in all affection, and that when you in your turn shall arrive at pier No. 70 you may step aboard your waiting ship with a reconciled spirit, and lay your course toward the sinking sun with a contented heart."

Other Contents of Current Magazines.



In this department we draw attention to a few of the more important topics treated in the current magazines and list the leading contents. Readers of *The Busy Man's Magazine* can secure from their newsdealers the magazines in which they appear. :: = :: = ::

AMERICAN INVENTOR.

"The New York Automobile Shows" are briefly described in the February number. "Some Researches in Nerve Physics" are continued and there are the usual departments.

Lumbering in the Northwest is the title of a short illustrated article on an important industry.

The Industry of Umbrella Making is described in brief form with several interesting illustrations.

APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS.

The publishers of Appleton's are building up a strong magazine, which is making a definite place for itself among American periodicals. The February number is to our mind the best number yet issued. There is a return to color work, with reproductions of four celebrated Russian paintings, accompanying an article on "Russia Through Russian Paintings." Another paper on "Art and the Federal Government" gives occasion for the publication of several

interesting pictures. "Mexico's New President," "Franklin and the French Intrigues," and "The Macedonian Question" are three noteworthy contributions.

The Looting of Alaska continues Mr. Beach's disclosures of the political and judicial corruption that was rife in Alaska a few years ago.

The Game of Statehood, by Alfred Henry Lewis, is a commentary on the proposed creation of the new States of Arizona and Oklahoma.

Japan: Our New Rival in the East is the fourth of the series by Harold Boles on the commercial future of Japan.

ARENA.

The portraits, which appear from month to month in the Arena, are worth attention. They are admirably reproduced and preserve all the qualities of the original photographs. In the February number are to be found, among others, portraits of Maurice Maeterlinck and Edwin Markham.

Railroad Discrimination, by Professor Parsons, outlines the causes which

have led to the giving of rebates and other reduced rates.

Uncle Sam's Romance with Science and the Soil describes how the agricultural department is dealing with the problem of forest preservation.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

A solid table of contents is to be found in the February Atlantic, of a literary and general interest. Fiction is represented by three short stories. The remainder is all solid matter.

Exploration, by N. S. Shaler, traces out the origin of the desire to seek out new things, examines its motives and seeks to discover its future gratifications.

The United States Senate, by William Everett, is a sane estimate of the functions of the Senate, with some reference to its excessive use of power.

The Year in Mexico, by F. R. Guernsey, discusses the development of Mexico under President Diaz' guidance, politically, socially and industrially.

The Telephone Movement traces the evolution of the telephone, showing how it has been gradually brought into existence.

BADMINTON.

For the lover of out-door sports and pastimes the Badminton is par excellence the leading magazine. Its wealth of interesting pictures, its clear letter-press and its many articles and stories, make it a most welcome arrival in any home. The February number has many excellent features. A description of "Tobogganing in the Engadine," with many illustrations, is timely, and "Motoring in France" is a brightly written account of a personal tour. A sketch of Mr. Arthur Coventry appears in

the series of "Sportsmen of Mark," and there is also a useful article on "Hunting in the Shires on Nothing a Year." Besides three stories, there is a series of prize photographs from all parts of the world.

BOOK MONTHLY.

No literary publication is read with more genuine pleasure by us than the Book Monthly. Every month the table of contents contains some gems. The February number has an interesting interview with John Burns, president of the Local Government Board, on his books. Other readable articles are "Welsh Wales," "Our Son Poetry," "Mark Twain at Seventy," and "Scott in Ireland."

BRITISH WORKMAN.

The February number opens with a portrait and sketch of "General Gordon: the Christian Hero." In the series of "Men Who are Working for Others," Mr. William Baker, Dr. Barnardo's successor, is taken up. "Chelsea and its Old Soldiers" and "Letter-Scrappers" are two interesting accounts of modern philanthropies.

BROADWAY.

This eminently readable little magazine has some interesting titles in its February number. The stage is, as usual, fully covered in a couple of articles, but, in addition, we have: **Manhattan's Food Detectives** describes how the food of New York is carefully inspected.

Birth and Youth of Wall Street throws interesting light on the origin and early years of New York's great financial centre.

Traveling by Electricity shows the steps that are being taken to electrify the steam railways.

CANADIAN.

An interesting feature of the February Canadian Magazine is a series of pictures of "Rocky Mountain Wild Flowers," described by Julia W. Henshaw. In "Wall Paintings in Europe," by Albert R. Carman, appear several admirable reproductions of noted paintings. The second instalment of "Reminiscences of a Loyalist," by Stinson Jarvis, is to be found in this number. Goldwin Smith contributes "English Poetry and English History," and Professor D. R. Keys writes of "Canadian Monographs on English Literature."

CASSELL'S.

As frontispiece to its February number Cassell's Magazine has a mounted reproduction of Miss Dicksee's painting of "The Children of Charles I." The first article takes up the work of Alfred East, showing several examples of his work. The remainder of the number contains much fiction and two or three general articles.

A General Election describes the various formalities that are gone through in conducting an election campaign in England.

Sofa and the Bulgarians gives a well-illustrated description of the capital of Bulgaria and its inhabitants.

Arsenals of the G.P.O. introduces the reader to that department of the English post office, which has to do with supplying the electricity for the telegraphic service.

CENTURY.

The February Century is a mid-winter fiction number, containing sev-

eral good short stories. Specially amusing are "The Bribe that Went Astray," by Elliott Flower, and "The Intellectual Miss Lamb," by Florence Morse Kingsley, both writers of ability. A new serial by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, called "A Diplomatic Adventure," begins in this number.

The President and the Railroads is another view of the rate regulation problem, interpreted by Charles A. Prouty of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL.

As usual, the publishers of Chambers's Journal supply their readers with a rich bill of fare, and in the February number there are many interesting things. Sir Alexander Muir Mackenzie contributes a two part article on "Bygone Perthshire or Social Life Fifty Years Ago." "The Habits of Wild Animals" are discussed by Captain Baldwin. "Toastiana" traces the origin and development of the custom of toasting. In "Fish Hospitals" we are told how the diseases of fish are treated.

Tips and Tipping is an interesting essay on a subject that is being more and more discussed as the evil grows.

A Sea Railway discusses the plans for a railway which will connect Key West with the southern mainland of Florida.

The Hurry and Bustle of Modern Life is a lament by one who regrets the rush and hurry occasioned by modern inventions.

Old Irish Silver and What it Fetches tells how old silver is being sold by the old estates in Ireland and describes its character.

CHAUTAUQUAN.

The principal content of the February issue is "A Reading Journey in China," which is sub-divided into three parts, "The Southern Ports," "The Coast Provinces" and "American Interests in China." A great many photographs lend added charm to this instructive series.

COLLIER'S.

In its issue for February 3, Collier's Weekly contains Captain Roald Amundsen's account of the first navigation of the Northwest passage and the location of the magnetic pole.

In the issue for February 10, the chief article is on "The Lincoln Birthplace Farm," which is profusely illustrated with photographs of the farm as it is to-day. This is followed by an account of the movement to found a Lincoln Farm Association.

In the issue for February 17 appears the \$1,000 prize story "At Ephesus," by Georgia Wood Pangborn, and "The Puzzler," an amusing yarn by Roderick Kipling.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

The weekly issue for January 31 contains an important article on the "Cultivation and Prospects of Para Rubber in Ceylon and the Malay Peninsula." An editorial on "The Curse of the Credit System and Imprisonment for Debt" opens up a vexed question. "India's Mineral Wealth," is discussed by the director of the Geological Survey.

CONNOISSEUR.

What a delight it is to inspect the contents of such a splendid publica-

tion as the Connoisseur and to let the eye drink in the exquisite pictures and articles it illustrates. The February number is rich in good things. First we have an account of "The Pernazzi Collection of Wrought Iron Work in Florence." This is followed by an estimate of the work of Houdin, the artist, with many illustrations of his paintings. Then comes a description of "The Collection of Silver Plate of His Imperial Majesty the German Emperor." "Alençon Lace" is treated by M. Jourdin, and there is a short article on "The Furniture of Windsor Castle." Charming colored reproductions of Wyllie's "London from the Tower Bridge" and Fulleylove's "Christ Church" add to the attractiveness of the number.

CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

As a leading article for the February number, the editor has provided an exhaustive article by the Rt. Hon. G. Shaw Lefevre on "Rival Navies," contrasting the armaments of Britain, France and Germany. Principal Donaldson, of St. Andrew's University, discusses "Scotch Education." In "The Making of a Statesman," J. S. Mann reviews the life of Lord Randolph Churchill. The recent election has called forth a brilliant article by H. W. Massingham on "Victory and What to do With It," while Professor Dicey asks "Can Unionists Support a Home Rule Government?" Among the other important contents of this issue are "The Celtic Spirit in Literature," "A New Departure in American Politics," "Nervous Breakdown" and "Thought: Consciousness: Life."

CORNHILL.

"Society in the Time of Voltaire" is the title of an article on French society before the revolution, which appears in the February issue of the Cornhill Magazine. In the same number Andrew Lang contributes a paper on "Freeman versus Froude." The two serials "Sir John Constantine," by A. T. Quiller-Couch, and "Chipping," by Stanley J. Weyman, maintain their interest, while in the department, "From a College Window," appears a delightful chat on writing. There are several other articles and two short stories.

COSMOPOLITAN.

The February number of the Cosmopolitan is strong in many ways. From the remarkable serial by H. G. Wells, "In the Days of the Comet," to the amusing story by W. W. Jacobs, "His Lordship," the contents pass through every range of interest.

In many respects the March Cosmopolitan is a remarkable publication. In it there begins the first of David Graham Phillips' articles on "The Treason of the Senate," in which he attacks Chauncey M. Depew. In it also Jack London tells "What Life Means to Me. Sir Gilbert Parker contributes to it a striking story, "The Whisperer." There is a set of six pictures, illustrating "The Girl of the Middle West."

Famous Forgeries tells with many illustrations about some of the most famous forgeries in the criminal annals of the world.

Socialistic Government in London, by Charles Edward Russell, throws light on the reforming work of the

Leeds County Council, an organization which could not legally exist in the United States.

Are Great Fortunes Great Dangers?
—the opinions of President Eliot, John Wanamaker, Henry Clews and others, some for and some against the great fortune.

CRITIC.

Hon. John Morley is a contributor to the February Critic, writing entertainingly on "The Companions of Reading." Julian Hawthorne attacks modern journalism, claiming that it is destroying literature. Other readable articles are "The Making of Books," "Out-of-doors from Labrador to Africa," "Women and the Unpleasant Novel," "What we read to Children."

ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED

The February number opens with "A Century of Music," illustrated from photographs of the great musicians of the past century. A second instalment of "Stories of H.M. the King," follows. "Lost Lombard Street" describes a part of Chelsea that has disappeared, while "In the Land of the Setting Sun," an interesting account of a little-known part of Morocco is given.

Life in the Workhouses gives a journalist's own impressions of a week's stay in a workhouse under regulation conditions.

EVERYBODY'S.

"French Finance," the longest serial ever published, is brought to an end in the February number, though still more articles from Thomas W. Lawson will appear in future numbers. In the current issue

appears the opening chapter of Sir Gilbert Parker's novelette, "The Stake and the Plumb-Line," and several other very good pieces of fiction. An illustrated sketch of King Alfonso of Spain is readable.

Reporters of To-Day, by Hartley Davis, takes up reporters in many American cities and tells stories of their work.

FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

British politics naturally occupy the centre of the stage in the February number of the Fortnightly Review. We are given "Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's Opportunities," "Political Parties and the New Ministry," "The Position of the Irish Party" and "Labor Parties: the New Element in Parliamentary Life." The second and concluding portion of Leo Tolstoy's, "The End of the Age," appears as the first article. "The Revolutionary Movement in Russia; its Aims and its Leaders," and "The Anarchy in the Caucasus," are kindred subjects discussed in this number. Henry James, the novelist, contributes some interesting "New York: Social Notes," and there is a readable criticism of "As You Like It."

An Object Lesson in Protectionist Politics, by F. A. Channing, takes up the case of Massachusetts as a contrast to England.

A Leafer's Reformatory describes a mammoth reformatory for loafers and tramps recently opened in Austria, which is accomplishing useful reforms.

GEOGRAPHICAL JOURNAL.

As the organ of the Royal Geographical Society, the Geographical

Journal occupies a prominent position. Its February number contains the following valuable contributions, several of which are handsomely illustrated: The First Exploration of the Hob Lumha and Sosbon Glaciers," "Bathymetrical Survey of the Freshwater Lochs of Scotland," "The Ordnance Survey Maps from the Point of View of the Antiquities on Them," "Survey Work by the Alexander-Gosling Expedition in Northern Nigeria," "Longitude by Telegraph around the World," "Climatic Features of the Pleistocene Ice Age," etc.

GRAND.

A series of articles on "The Natural and the Supernatural" begin in the February number of the Grand, and the publishers ask for the co-operation of readers in supplying experiences. Joseph Hutton's "Life of Sir Henry Irving" is continued, as is also John Oliver Hobbes' serial "The Dream and the Business." In "Marriage in England and America," Mrs. Alec Tweedie chats entertainingly about English and American girls. There are several short stories in the table of contents.

Bound West in Winter gives a graphic picture of a voyage across the Atlantic on a big ocean-liner in midwinter.

Hands Across the Sea tells about an interesting correspondence that is being carried on between school children in England and America.

IDLER.

The Idler is mainly a magazine of fiction. It is edited by Robert Barr,

who contributes much of his writing to its pages. There are seven stories in the February number and two articles of more solid interest. In one of these the Countess de la Warr pictures the nights of the abdication of the Emperor Napoleon, and in the other George Hollomby Drury explains his claim to the Dukedom of Portland.

IRISH MONTHLY.

The Irish Monthly is an interesting little publication, neatly printed and containing much good matter. In the February issue appears a commemorative article on Edward Kelly, an essay "Concerning Shepherds," another on "The Ennobling of Labor," a page or two of "Sundry Sayings about Reading," a chapter of a serial story, "Dunmara," notes on new books and several poems.

MCLURE'S.

There are at least two exceptionally good stories in the February McClure's, "The Praying Skipper," by Ralph D. Paine, and "Wild Waters," by Lloyd Osbourne. The first is a most pathetic sketch of an old sea captain. In special articles the number is rich.

Two Years in the Arctic contains the graphic story of the adventures of the second Baldwin-Ziegler Arctic expedition in 1904-1905.

Private Cars and the Fruit Industry continues Mr. Baker's indictment of the methods of the beef trust.

The Gentleman from Essex is the story of Everett Colby of New Jersey, a rich young man, who entered politics and made some discoveries.

MONTHLY REVIEW.

A most entertaining essay on "The Fascination of Parliament," by Michael MacDonagh, opens the February issue of the Monthly Review. This is followed by "Lord Byron and Lord Lovelace," a presentation of Mr. John Murray's side of the estrangement between Lord Lovelace and himself. "Lord Randolph Churchill" is the subject of a sketch, occasioned by the recent publication of his life. The president of Magdalen College writes learnedly of "Ancient and Modern Classics as Instruments of Education." "Socialism and the Man in the Street" is discussed by W. R. Malcolm. Ronald McNeill contrasts the bisterians "Froude and Freeman." In "A Forgotten Princess," Reginald Laeas writes about the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Charles I. Rupert Hughes tells pleasantly of "A Pilgrimage to Canossa." There is also a supply of fiction.

MOODY'S MAGAZINE.

The investor, banker and man of affairs will find much to interest and instruct him in this new financial magazine, the third number of which appeared in February. The pages devoted to a "Critical Comment on Current Events" are able written and cover a broad field. The subject, "Federal Supervision of Insurance," is discussed at great length by thirteen eminent American financiers.

Modern Get-Rich-Quick Schemers, by John Moody, throws an interesting light on the false schemes which

take in so many unsuspecting investors.

College Graduates in Demand shows how the college man is making his way in industrial establishments and in the world of business in general.

New Cotton-Picking Machine describes a new and inexpensive machine which will solve the problem of a scarcity of labor.

Financial Situation in Russia throws light on the actual situation of affairs in the country which is so torn by internal strife.

MUNSEY'S.

"New York's Great New Library" occupies the place of honor in the February Munsey. This is followed by "Famous Mezzotints," with reproductions of noted engravings. "The Quest of Ancestors" tells of the increasing interest in genealogy. "The English Duchesses" contains a number of interesting photographs.

The Question of Co-Education is discussed by President Hall of Clark University, who places himself in opposition to the custom.

The Sons of Old Scotland in America recounts the prowess of Scotchmen in all walks of life in America. There are many portraits.

The Last of the Great Forty-Niners —a character sketch of D. O. Mills, the veteran financier, who assisted materially in America's industrial development.

NATIONAL.

In the National Magazine for February the most notable article is the story of a quarter-century of the Christian Endeavor Society's existence, under the title "The World for Christ." There are also interesting

articles on "Washington and Lincoln," "Gourds and their Uses," and "Birth and Death of the Human Race," besides several stories.

OUT WEST.

The February issue is characterized as an Arizona Number, and a lengthy illustrated article on Arizona occupies the major portion of the magazine. The many excellent half-tones, with which the article is embellished, add greatly to its attractiveness.

OVEELAND MONTHLY.

The Overland Monthly for February is chiefly notable for an outburst of vituperation hurled at such supposedly "over-rated" personalities as Kipling, Barrie, Irving, Bernhardt and Queen Victoria, which if it were not so brutal, would be tolerably amusing. The balance of the number is principally filled in with stories, though there is an article describing the work of the soldier in times of peace and another telling of "The Japanese Art of Flower Arrangement."

PACIFIC MONTHLY.

Some charming illustrations of western scenery are to be found in the February Pacific Monthly. Among the special articles may be noted "The War for Range," an outline of the present-day struggle between cattle men and sheep men, and "Russia's Great Tragedy," the imperial conspiracy against the intellectual development of the people.

PALL MALL.

Pall Mall for February is a General Election number. The articles referring to the election are "Behind

the Scenes at a General Election," "Literature and Politics," being sketches of John Morley and Auguste Birrell, "The Centenary of William Pitt" and "Pity the Poor Candidate." Mention should be made of two exciting stories by Canadians, "Her Majesty's Mail," by Norman Duncan, and "The Claim Jumpers," by Clive Phillips Wolley. "Sport on the Roof of the World" will interest huntsmen, and "The Life of a Star" those who make a study of science.

PEARSON'S (AMERICAN).

The March Pearson's is notable for the number of its short stories. A new serial called "The Plowwoman," by Eleanor Gates, a clever young author, begins its course. In the series of "Stories of the States," the state of Maryland is taken up. In "Historic Weddings of the White House," an opportunity is given to say something of the Roosevelt-Longworth ceremony.

PEARSON'S (ENGLISH).

In its series of "Pressing Problems of To-Day," the February number contains "The Prevalence of Insanity," written by the editor and extensively illustrated. "The Art of the Age" is full of admirable reproductions of famous paintings. Under the title "Stalking Politicians," the best work of several English cartoonists is taken up and illustrated. "In Tight Corners" narrates the most momentous events in the lives of famous soldiers, travelers and sportsmen.

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

From every point of view the

Quarterly Review is a magnificent production. Typographically it is an admirable piece of book-making, and from the literary standpoint, its contents are authoritative. The January issue contains thirteen important papers on politics, economics, science, art, literature and music. Possibly literature occupies the foremost place in the current number. We have "Originality and Convention in Literature," Plato and his Predecessors," "Fauny Burney," and "Hazlitt and Lamb," as representative of this topic. Science is represented by "The Light Treatment of Disease," art by "Art under the Roman Empire," music by "The Riddle of Music," economics by "The Cost of Government," "Gold and the Banks" and "The Unemployed and the Poor Laws," while politics discusses "The Congo Question," "The Unionist Record" and "The Disintegration of Russia."

RECREATION.

The February number has many good articles, each and all of which are well illustrated. "Field Sports in the Army" is the leading content. "From the Delaware to Alaska" is a graphic description of a lengthy voyage.

Down the Saskatchewan gives an excellent picture of the primitive means of transportation still in use in the Canadian North-West—snows.

REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

The February issue is in the main devoted to the progress of the southern states of the Union. The reader is supplied with illustrated articles

on "The South's Amazing Progress," "The Development of our Gulf Ports," "How Galveston Secured Protection against the Sea," "The Growth of Southwest Texas," "Building up a State by Organized Effort." In addition we have

How Science Helps Industry in Germany, showing how the government has provided public testing stations, where any manufacturer can have an opportunity to make experiments.

President Harper and his Life Work, a short character sketch of the recently deceased president of Chicago University.

The French Presidency and the American, contrasting the functions of the two presidents and the different conceptions of their offices.

ROD AND GUN IN CANADA.

Among the readable contents of the February issue may be noted "Winter Camping in Canada," "Canadian Winter Sports," "Two Thousand Miles down the Yukon in a Small Boat," "Winter in the Canadian Woods," "Fish and Game Protection in Quebec," "A Canadian Alpine Club," etc.

ROYAL.

Stories, skits and poems largely predominate in the February Royal, all bright and entertaining. In the series, "Survivors' Tales of Great Events," two veterans tell of "Saving the Guns at Maiwand." "My Lady's Veil" is an entertaining article describing the evolution of the veil. Sportsmen will read with interest "Round the Year with the Gamekeeper."

ST. NICHOLAS.

For February the publishers of St. Nicholas provide several interesting features for the young folk. There are three serial stories, besides "The Boys' Life of Abraham Lincoln." An instructive article tells of the growth of the locomotive "From the 'Rocket' to the 'St. Louis.'" "Charming Caracas" is an illustrated sketch of the capital of Venezuela. "The Language of the Map" throws interesting light on the origin of geographical names.

SATURDAY REVIEW.

The English elections have occupied the attention of the Saturday Review during the past few weeks to the exclusion of almost all other subjects.

In the issue of January 27, under the heading of "Insurance," appears a pithy editorial "On Starting New Companies," and under that of "Village Portraits" appears a clever sketch of "The Politicians." "Stones of Oxford" is a interesting paper on the modern works of repair at Oxford.

Among the non-political articles in the issue of February 3, we find "The Arrival of the Motor-omnibus," "Surplus Insurance Funds," French and English Church Music," and "The English Lawn."

SCRIBNER'S.

Stories occupy considerable space in the February Scribner's, all of a meritorious nature. There is a readable article by Francis Wilson, in which he gives his recollections of the veteran actor Joseph Jefferson. "Villas of the Venetians" gives occasion for the publication of a

number of fine pictures of Italian homes.

The New China, by Thomas F. Millard, interprets the awakening of China from two standpoints: first, from external causes, and second, from internal causes.

SPECTATOR.

As in the Saturday Review so in the Spectator, the election hawks largely. In the issue of January 27, with which comes the monthly book supplement, there appear articles on "Russian Problems," "German Socialism of To-Day," "Christianity in Japan" and "An Excursion in a Calendar." In the issue of February 3 there is an instructive editorial on "The Opening up of the Sondan." "The Proposed Experiment in Militia Training" discusses the Spectator's own scheme for which the publishers are raising funds. The nature article in this issue deals with "Ducks." In addition there are numerous editorials on the political situation.

STEAND (ENGLISH).

The Strand is particularly strong just at the present time. It is running two notable serials, "Sir Nigel," by Sir A. Conan Doyle, and "Port of Pook's Hill," by Rudyard Kipling, in addition to other important articles. The art feature in the February number is "My Best Picture," by the most eminent French painters. Under the title "What is the Finest Dramatic Situation," leading English playwrights give their opinions. "The King of Spain and His Palaces" is an entertaining sketch.

SUCCESS MAGAZINE.

There seems to be more of interest in the February Success Magazine than usual. The stage is treated in

"Progress of American Playwrights" and "Henry Irving's Fight for Fame." "Illustrators and Cartoonists of the Present Day" is a well illustrated article.

In the March Success Magazine begins a new serial by David Graham Phillips, entitled "The Second Generation."

Crossing the Ocean in a Palace, by Samuel Merwin, tells in an entertaining manner of a trip backward and forward across the Atlantic on the mammoth Amerika.

Five Million Women now Work for Wages, by Juliet Wilber Tompkins, describes the innumerable ways in which women now earn their livings.

Estimating our Giant Wheat Crop is the story of H. V. Jones, who, year after year, makes a more accurate forecast of the American crops than the combined efforts of 250,000 government experts.

Fighting the Telephone Trust tells the dramatic story of the fight of 6,000 independent telephone companies in the United States against the Bell Company.

The Shameful Misuse of Wealth points out how churches, in the erection and upkeep of which millions of dollars have been spent, are standing useless six days out of seven.

Go into Business for Yourself shows the advantage a man possesses when he is working for himself.

SUNDAY STRAND.

Modelled on the Strand Magazine and yet with a special religious turn to its contents, the Sunday Strand provides much matter of solid worth, produced in attractive form. The February number contains two serial

stories, one for adults by Orme Angus, and the other for children by E. M. Jameson, several short stories, interviews with James Whitcomb Riley and William Baker, successor to Dr. Barnardo, and

The Bible in Japan, the engrossing story of how the Bible was translated in Japanese and brought into that country.

WATSON'S.

Tom Watson's editorials are the brightest features of the February number of Watson's Magazine, which has just been increased in price to fifteen cents per copy.

Farmers' Organizations, by J. A. Edgerton, gives extensive information about the various farmers' organizations that have been formed in the United States.

Railway Reorganization points out how railroad stocks have been inflated and demands a thorough reorganization.

WINDSOR.

"The Art of Mr. George W. Joy," with many illustrations of his work, occupies the place of honor in the February Windsor. There is a generous instalment of Anthony Hope's serial "Sophy of Kravonia," and a long list of short stories. "Chronicles in Cartoon" supplies reproductions in colors of cartoons of modern English statesmen. "The Esiquette of the Court of Spain" is an elaborately illustrated description of life at the royal palace in Madrid.

WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION.

Stories occupy considerable space in the February number. "Wild Animals of the Stage," and "Beau-

ties of the Stage" are two articles of theatrical interest in this number, both elaborately illustrated. "The Carnival Queens of the South" gives scope for some pretty illustrations.

The March number is as rich in good short stories as the February number. "Affairs of State" is a new serial starting in this number. "The Romance of an American Princess" tells the story of Alice Roosevelt. "A Missionary Heroine on the Roof of the World" relates the thrilling experiences of Miss Annie Taylor, founder of the first mission in Tibet.

The Dog Heroes of St. Bernard is a capital account of the splendid St. Bernard dogs, who save life in the Alps.

WORLD TO-DAY.

By means of tint blocks the publishers of the World To-Day make their numerous illustrations very attractive. The reproductions of the work of the new English Art Club in the February number are especially interesting. Several important articles appear in this number, notably:

Workingmen's Insurance, a study of the problem, by Professor Henderson of the University of Chicago. **The Erie Canal and Freight Rebates,** showing how the railways have injured the business of the canal and what steps are being taken to enlarge it.

WORLD'S WORK.

There are several able articles in the February World's Work that merit the attention of busy men and women. These are almost without exception illustrated with a plentiful supply of photographs. "Marvels of

Photography," "What Shall Haiti's Future Be?" and "The Diplomatic Masters of Europe" are three articles of general interest.

A City's Fight for Beauty outlines the work that has been done in Kansas City towards beautifying the poorer districts.

The Pure Food Bill gives the story of how the United States Senate killed an important measure.

YOUNG MAN.

The Young Man is an English publication, which is too little known in this country. It preaches a virile

manhood that is inspiring. In the February number we are treated to a capital character sketch of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the new British premier; a centenary appreciation of Mungo Park, the African explorer; an essay on Shakespeare's Henry V.; a criticism of Winston Churchill's life of his father, Lord Randolph Churchill; two articles of a religious character and an excellent serial story, "God's Englishman." Though small in comparison with other periodicals, the Young Man is full of good matter.



The Busy Man's Book Shelf

Some Interesting Books of the Month Reviewed



Since the February number of *The Busy Man's Magazine* appeared, several of the early Spring books have come to hand. These are nearly all novels. In fact practically only novels are placed on the market about this time of the year, because publishers hold all their more important books until the Fall, when a better sale can be counted on. Of the first novels of the season, the following will be found interesting:

Karl Grier. By Louis Tracy. Toronto: McLeod & Allen. Cloth, \$1.25.

Mr. Tracy has introduced a wonderful thing into his new novel—a sixth sense or, as he calls it, telegony. With eyes like a telescope and ears like a telephone, Karl Grier was very much like a living installation of wireless telegraphy, but so naturally and sanely has the author arrayed the astounding details of his hero's story and so rationally has he carried on the chain of incidents which marked the growth and fading of his mysterious faculty that the whole story is far from being without sentimental interest and contains a happily-ending love story.

On the Field of Glory. By Henry Siemkiewicz. Translated by Jeremiah Curtin. Boston: Little, Brown & Co., Cloth, \$1.50.

The author of "Qao Vadis" appears at the height of his power in this masterly novel of mediaeval Poland. The period is that of King John Sobieski and the second siege of Vienna by the Turks in 1683. The story is not so much of war and siege as of love. Only in the closing pages is the blare of trumpets heard, when amid the waving of banners, the prayers of priests and the shouts of many voices, the king and his faithful Poles move in stately procession out of Cracow to go forth to crush the enemy "On the Field of Glory." It is in unfolding the love romance that the poetic power of the author rises supreme.

The Arncilffe Puzzle. By Gordon Holmes. Toronto: McLeod & Allen. Cloth, \$1.25.

As a bit of light reading to cheer and enliven a weary brain, "The Arncilffe Puzzle" can be recommended. The story begins with an encounter in a leafy covert beside a trout stream between a man, who has

done things in tropical Africa and elsewhere and a woman both young and beautiful, and it presently introduces the mysterious poisoning of the rich British peer who owns the covert and dominates the countryside. The girl is the peer's secretary and turns out also to be his residuary legatee. The author corrals an old lawyer, a borsley estate agent, an imposing British matron, a Scotland Yard man, a poaching gipsy and several other characters and then begins to unravel the mystery.

The Last Spike and Other Railroad Stories. By Cy Warman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Cloth, \$1.25.

Of the little coterie of writers of railroad stories in America, none takes a more dramatic view of his subject than Cy Warman. To him the railroad is not merely a commonplace mechanical device, but it is a huge living, breathing being, with feelings and passions, like to those of the men who live by it and on it. This romantic vein is even more marked in this last volume of stories than in any of his former work. The stories are thoroughly up-to-date, and in the earlier portion of the book we are given glimpses of the life of the engineers of the Grand Trunk Pacific as they are struggling across the northern prairies towards the Rockies.

The House of Mirth. By Edith Wharton. Toronto: McLeod & Allen. Cloth, \$1.25.

Mrs. Wharton has scored a distinct triumph with her latest novel, both in England and America. By it she has won to a foremost place among contemporary American writers. While the story of Lily Bart, the heroine of "The House of Mirth," may be painful and even repulsive to the reader, yet no one can read the book without concurring to Mrs.

Wharton a remarkable skill in laying bare the human heart. Lily Bart, who drops from the higher levels of society down and down to poverty and a miserable ending, is an object lesson of the remorselessness of modern fast society that will not soon be forgotten.

Saints in Society. By Mrs. Baillie Saunders. Toronto: The Copp Clark Co., Limited. Cloth, \$1.50.

The theme of this story, which by the way was the winner of a £100 prize in a first-novel competition in England, is a somewhat unusual one. It depicts the sudden rise to power and position of a man and woman from the lower classes, without the usual passage through a middle grade. The man is injured in character by his success, while the woman, who necessarily suffers by her husband's deficiencies, is in herself strengthened by sorrow, and comes out of the fire purified and refined. The character delineation of the two and of the lesser characters of the story has been admirably done.

Double Trouble. By Herbert Quick. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Toronto: McLeod & Allen. Cloth, \$1.25.

Herbert Quick has created quite a distinctive comedy novel, based on the old idea of a dual personality. Florian Amidon, a quiet, reserved business man, starting off on a holiday trip to some fishing reserve, suddenly awakes to find himself translated into another man and well on the way to New York. It happens that the other man had the reputation of being a bold, sporty individual, and the lover of any pretty woman who chances in his path. This oscillation of the hero into the body of such a man gives opportunity for the working out of many a dramatic situation.

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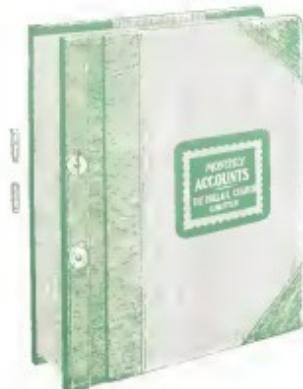
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